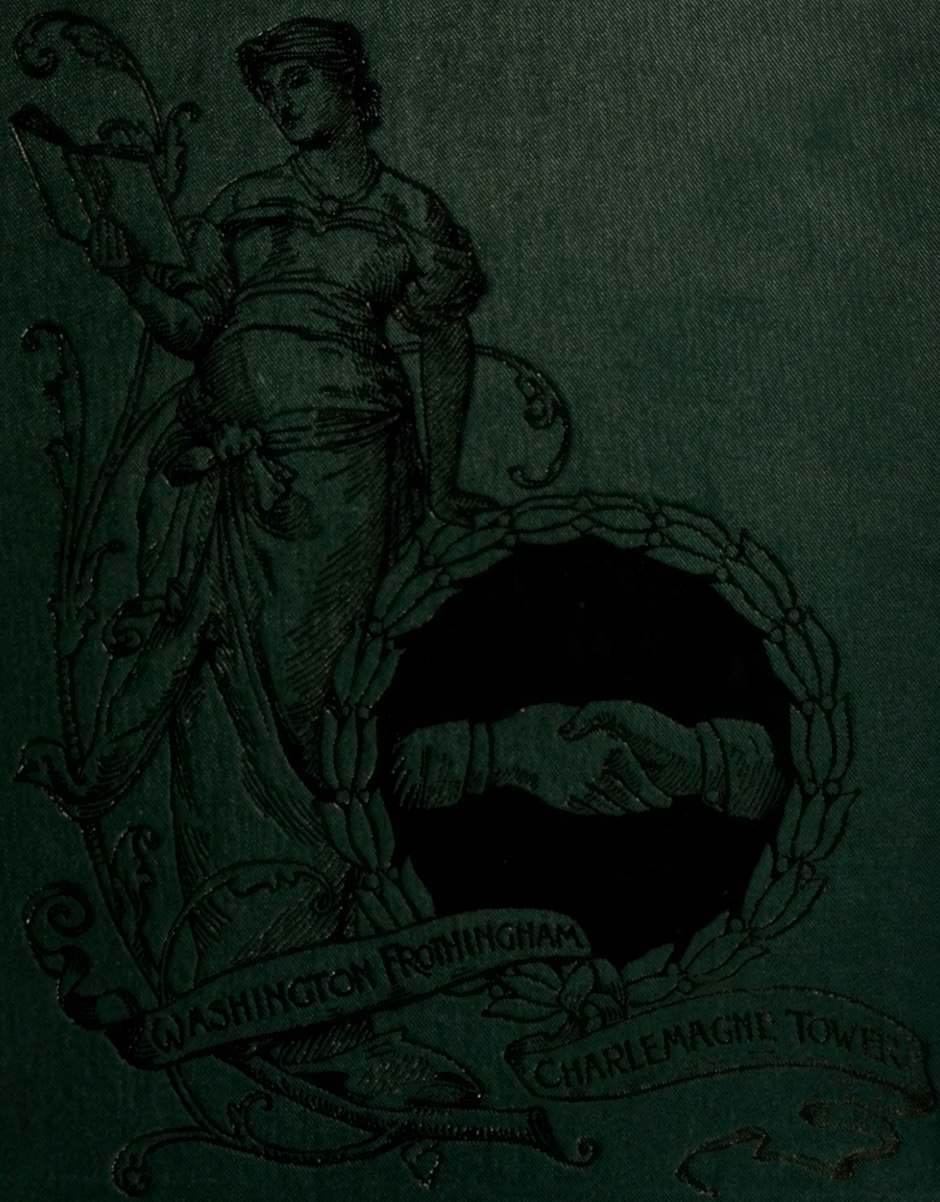


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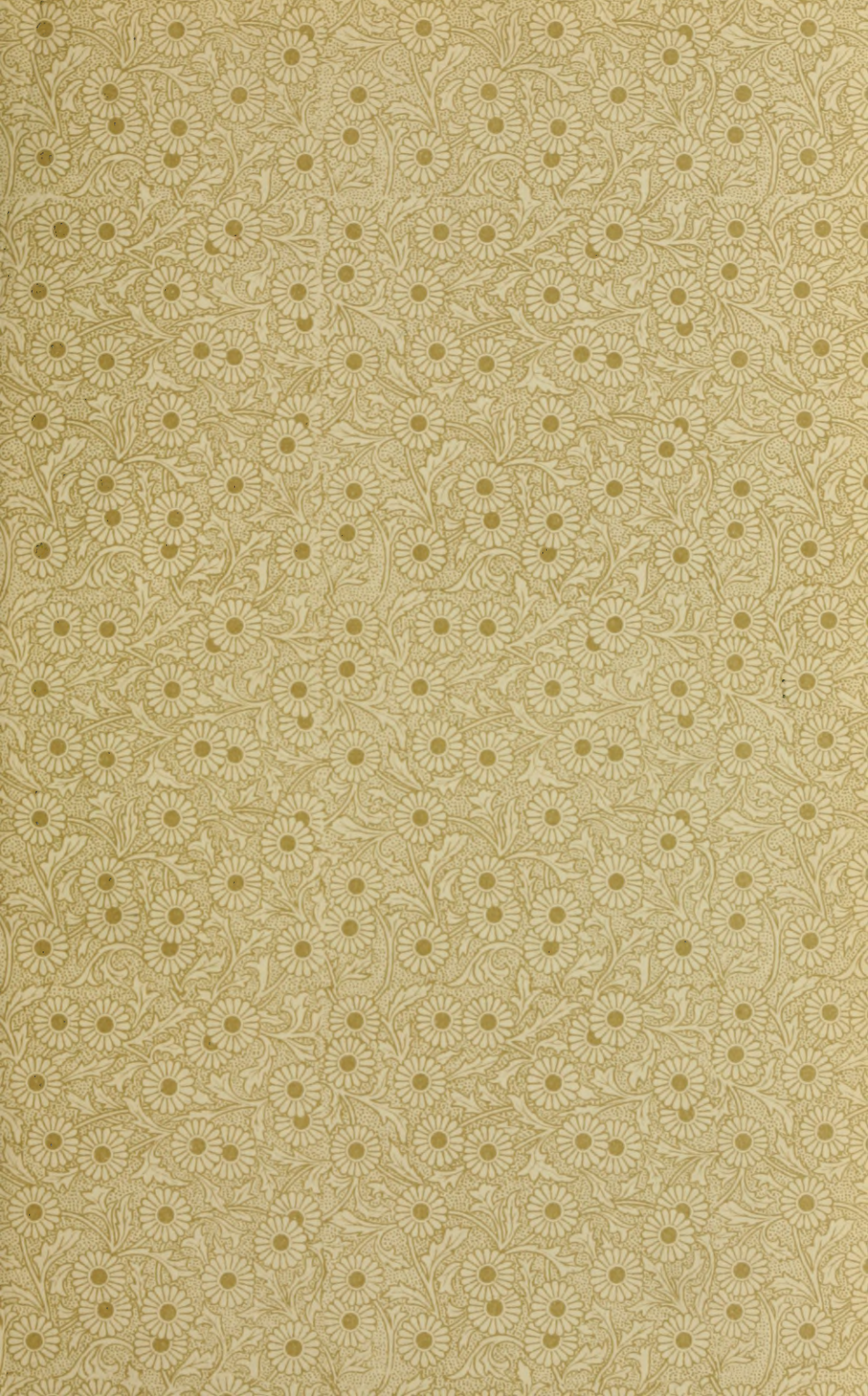
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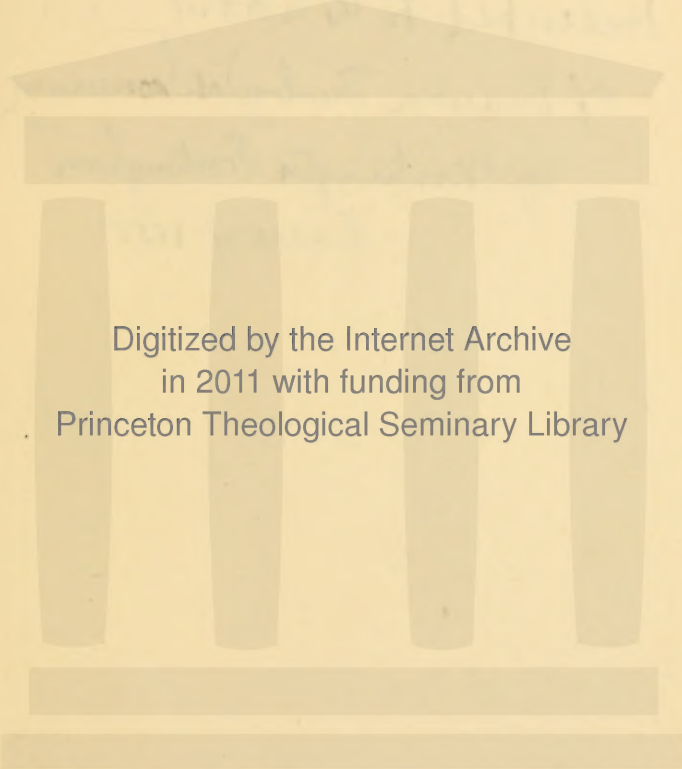
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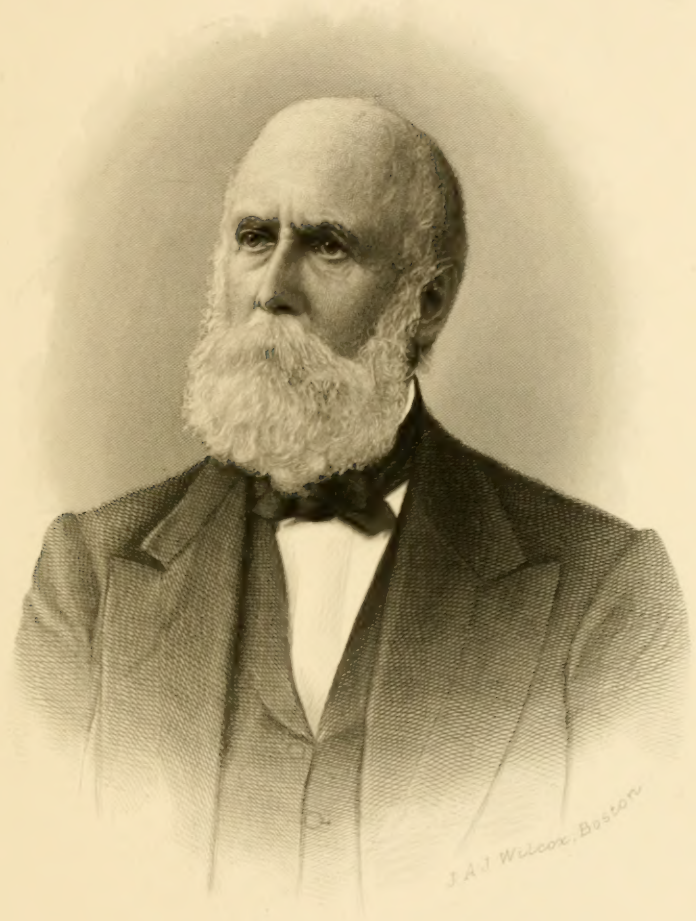


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OUR BOOK

OR

Literary Rambles of a Journalist

BY

WASHINGTON FROTHINGHAM

AND

CHARLEMAGNE TOWER



SECOND EDITION.

THOUGH NONE SHOULD READ ME, HAVE I LOST MY TIME IN ENTERTAINING
MYSELF WITH PLEASING AND USEFUL THOUGHT? — *Montaigne.*

NEW YORK:

G. W. Dillingham, Publisher,

SUCCESSOR TO G. W. CARLETON & CO.

LONDON: S. LOW, SON & CO.

MDCCCXCII.

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MARY FROTHINGHAM.

PREFACE.

Reader, if you find this volume of any value, your thanks are due to CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, whose liberality and public spirit not only originated its publication, but furnished the means by which it was accomplished.

True, it had previously been suggested that some of my newspaper contributions might be worthy of book shape, but I knew that this could only be done at a pecuniary loss which I was not prepared to meet. Then, too, I naturally shrank from the task of preparing so laborious a work, being already under a very heavy pressure of daily toil.

The reader can, therefore, imagine my surprise at receiving from an entire stranger, the proposal mentioned below. It led me, burdened as I was, to make a beginning, being impelled in no small degree by what might be called the "moral support"—that is the interest felt by a man of Mr. TOWER's position and attainments in my productions.

Under this influence and with the aid of an efficient secretary, I compiled a selection extending over the work of a quarter century, and have classified the articles to assist in reference.

Nearly three years have elapsed since Mr. TOWER's proposal was received, and during this interval he has advanced a large sum of money—much more indeed

than I could have expected, and this has placed the publication beyond all risk of loss. While thus fulfilling his pledge, he has harmonized with me in the plan that should there be any contingent profit in the work, it should enure to benefit a scheme which I have long cherished, but have been unable to accomplish.

Having thus introduced Mr. TOWER's proposal, I have thought proper to add a few extracts from some of his letters:

PHILADELPHIA, *November 16, 1886.*

REV. WASHINGTON FROTHINGHAM:

I have frequently read with great interest the weekly letters, of which I am informed you are the author, and I have been so impressed by them, containing as they do individual and local histories, that it occurred to me they should be reprinted and put in book form. I presume you have copies from which this can be done. I write you now, to ask if this would be agreeable to yourself. I do not solicit any share of profit, if there should be any, but I would cheerfully, if permitted, share in the cost or in the losses that might be incurred. You will gratify me by acknowledging this letter and particularly by complying with my request for publication.

Respectfully and truly yours,

CHARLEMAGNE TOWER.

PHILADELPHIA, *December 27, 1886.*

DEAR SIR — I was gratified by the receipt of your letter and particularly by your inclination to allow a republication in book form, of at least a portion of your letters.

Let me suggest to you to select from your stock sufficient to make a satisfactory production, and permit me to caution you against being too limited in your selection. Your writings have cost much labor, and are so valuable that not many of them can be spared. Better be profuse than omit anything that may be useful in local or personal history.

Respectfully and truly yours,

CHARLEMAGNE TOWER.

PHILADELPHIA, *March 19, 1887.*

DEAR SIR — I am pleased to learn from your last, that the future book is started, and that you hope to yet see it in real existence, and I am not surprised at your remark “Alas! how long a task it will be.” I have myself believed that the work would be larger, and would require more time than you had at first expected, and your present conviction that “Even at the greatest amount of reduction, it will be a large volume, and that if the book reaches publication in two years, it will be as expeditious as can be expected,” is very natural. Take heart, however, and push it on; we will yet see the realization of these expectations, and I suggest that you increase your assistant force.

Respectfully and truly yours,

CHARLEMAGNE TOWER.

PHILADELPHIA, *September 19, 1888.*

I really hope that there may arise to you out of this undertaking, some profit — the greater the better. I was only anxious at the out set, that the many facts, incidents, and the abundant diversified information, which you had embodied in your published letters, should not be lost, but should be all published and made accessible in a condensed and inviting, as well as a durable form.

If there should be any profit from the work, I shall be the more gratified that I have said and done, what I have, since you tell me that you shall appropriate it to a “pet scheme” of yours. Please accept my thanks for this benevolent purpose — “a posthumous effort,” though you say “it must be” — and my sincere wishes that you may have an abundance with which to accomplish the purpose.

Very truly yours,

CHARLEMAGNE TOWER.

Under such encouragement, added to continued health and ability to work (for which I should be more thankful than I am), the task has been continued until it has at last reached completion. Of course the book could have been indefinitely enlarged, but it has passed the proposed limit and is already almost too cumbrous for convenience.

To those who, knowing my clerical position, inquire why there is so little religious matter in its pages, I reply that the latter are made up, not from pulpit, but from newspaper work, whose profits, meagre as they are, have enabled me to accomplish a clerical service which otherwise would have been impossible.

Such being the origin of the present volume, its title justly sets forth the combination in the work, making it really, *OUR BOOK*.

I would add, however, in justice to Mr. TOWER, that I placed his name on the title page without asking consent, the interest he has manifested in the joint effort being my only excuse for this liberty. He had suggested that it should be published under one of my best known pen names, but I preferred my own method.

WASHINGTON FROTHINGHAM.

Since writing the above, I have been pained to learn of the death of my honored patron, which took place at his country seat in his native town, among his kindred and the friends of early days, and under circumstances which befit the close of a long and useful life. I forbear giving utterance to my feelings under such a shock -- the greater since I knew how deeply he was interested in our mutual project. His hope to "see a realization of these expectations" has been denied, thus giving another proof of the vanity of human wishes. The book now becomes in some degree at least a monument to his memory, and death adds a sad and solemn consecration to our combined effort for public instruction.

OBITUARY.

CHARLEMAGNE TOWER'S DEATH.

[From the Utica Herald.]

Oneida county lost one of her most famous sons, and a thriving village was bereft of its greatest benefactor in the death of CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, which occurred July 24 (1889), at Waterville. He was one whose life of integrity, patient labor and great good to others, whose widely extending influence as a citizen and as a professional man, in war and in peace, made him one of the remarkable men of his country and of his time.

CHARLEMAGNE TOWER was the seventh in descent from John Tower, who came to America from Hingham, in Norfolk, England, with a colony led by Rev. Peter Hobart, and settled in Hingham, Mass., in the year 1636. His father was Reuben Tower, who was born in Rutland, Worcester county, Mass., February 15, 1787, and who moved to Oneida county in the early part of this century. His father was active in the development of the public improvements of his time in New York, notably the Chenango canal, and was a member of the Legislature in 1828. He died in St. Augustine, Fla., March 14, 1832, whither he had made a horseback journey for his health. Charlemagne's mother was Debora Taylor Pearce Tower, who was born in Little Compton, R. I., July 6, 1785. Charlemagne was born April 18, 1809, in the township of Paris.

HIS EDUCATION.

His education began in his native place, was continued at Oxford Academy, Clinton Academy and the Utica Academy, where he was assistant teacher in 1825. He taught school in the common schools of Paris and Marshall for two consecutive years, when he was fourteen and fifteen years of age. Shortly after he

was also engaged as a clerk in the store of Hart & Gridley, merchants of this city. He entered the freshman class at Harvard University, for which he prepared under the tutelage of Rev. Caleb Stetson of Cambridge, Mass., in February, 1827, and was graduated in the class of 1830, with high honors.

Among his classmates was Charles Sumner, with whom he formed a close acquaintance. The friendship lasted until Mr. Sumner's death. Many of the letters of their continuous correspondence are published in Peirce's "Life of Sumner." Another of his classmates, with whom the intimacy of college life was perpetuated, was John O. Sargent, who has been president of the Harvard Association of New York, and who is at present living in that city.

BEGINNING AT LAW.

After graduation in 1831, Mr. TOWER began the study of law in the office of Hermanus Bleecker, an old Dutch patrician of Albany. The death of his father in the following year recalled him to Waterville, the home of his family, where he continued his studies. Later he went to New York city and finished his course in the study of law in the office of John L. & James L. Graham. He was admitted to practice in the courts of New York State at Utica, in October, 1836. His beginning in the profession was made in the office of Graham & Sanford, New York, and it was continued in Waterville, where he was also engaged for several years in manufacturing and commercial pursuits. He finally returned to his practice and attained a high position at the bar of Oneida county.

REMOVAL TO PENNSYLVANIA.

Legal questions in connection with his charge of the well-known Munson estate, then in litigation, led him to Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, in 1846, and he remained a resident of that State, retaining the old family homestead at Waterville as his summer home. The Tower estate is indeed a feature of the village. It has often been described. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended upon it, and \$50,000 is expended each year in keeping it up. The benefits thus accruing to the village have been very great. He lived in Pottsville until 1876, when he removed his home to Philadelphia.

Mr. TOWER's career at the bar in Pennsylvania extended over a period of more than twenty years, and was exceedingly active and laborious. He became especially noted as an authority upon the titles of lands, being brought in contact with some of the most difficult and intricate questions of law upon that subject. The best legal talent of the day was called upon to conduct the widespread litigation over the great coal fields of the State, involving estates of large value.

Mr. TOWER had a wonderful faculty for mastering the smallest details of his cases, and he prepared to meet the most exacting inquiry, even going out upon the lands themselves with his corps of engineers, and without regard to the physical difficulties of the country, running the lines and establishing the monuments himself. Such was the confidence established in his knowledge, good judgment and high integrity, that it was not unusual to hear him quoted in open court as authority. Several of the great leading battles in which he was engaged were protracted for more than twenty years and carried to a successful issue on his part.

BRIGHT AND LOYAL WAR RECORD.

Mr. TOWER's devotion to the Union was uncompromising and enthusiastic. At the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, although he was fifty-two years of age and had a family of children and business interests that needed his constant attention, his loyalty became immediately active. He raised two companies and part of a third in Pottsville within a week, and proceeded with them to Harrisburg, where they were mustered into the United States service April 21, 1861. The men were equipped out of his own purse.

Mr. TOWER received a captain's commission at the time of the muster and commanded throughout the term of three months' service, Company H, Sixth Regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, to which his men were attached. He declined to accept higher rank because he had promised to stay with his men. He took part in the campaign under the command of General Robert Patterson, and was at the battle of Falling Waters, Va., one of the earliest engagements of the war, having crossed the Potomac river at Williamsport, June 21, 1861.

At the end of the three months' service, he and his men were mustered out of service at Harrisburg, June 26, 1861, and Mr. TOWER

returned to his family. He afterward enlisted another full company for three years' service, paying to each man a bounty of five dollars. This became Company C, Forty-eighth Regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, which performed distinguished service under the command of Captain Henry Pleasants, afterward brigadier general and engineer in charge of the Petersburg mine, who was his lieutenant during the three months' service. On August 15, 1861, the Tower Guards, who had served under Mr. TOWER, marched to his residence in Pottsville and presented him with a handsome sword bearing an appropriate inscription. Mr. TOWER served as United States provost marshal for the tenth Pennsylvania congressional district from April 18, 1863, until May 1, 1867, when he resigned, having won distinction at Washington by his administration.

AFTER THE WAR.

When the war was over Mr. TOWER returned to the practice of his profession, which he continued until his removal to Philadelphia. He had acquired large bodies of coal lands and other business interests, to the development of which he devoted himself after his retirement from activity at the bar in 1872. He was one of the promoters and for many years a director of the Northern Pacific railroad. In connection with Charles B. Wright he rendered particularly valuable assistance to the company. In all the vicissitudes of the enterprise Mr. TOWER never lost confidence in its ultimate success, and the great part it was to play in the development of the country through which the road was built. With his other property, he had extensive interests in lands in Washington territory, Dakota and Minnesota. He was a member of the G. A. R. and the Loyal Legion.

GREATEST UNDERTAKING.

Probably Mr. TOWER's most successful enterprise was the development of the great Vermillion iron district in Minnesota, undertaken when he was seventy-two years of age. These ore bodies, to which his attention was first called in 1875, and to which he sent several investigating expeditions, that reported favorably, lay in St. Louis county, Minnesota, ninety miles northeast of Duluth. The country presented almost insurmountable obstacles. But the indomitable courage of Mr. TOWER did not yield in the least.

The opening and working of iron mines so far from the border of civilization, implied a formidable expenditure; a railroad one hundred miles long must be built and equipped, and docks, and harbors must be built. Experienced business men drew back from the enterprise, but Mr. TOWER single-handed, determined to carry it through. He built the railroad, erected docks and all the buildings necessary, and in addition had so far developed the mines, that when the railroad was completed, their product was ready for shipment.

The first shipment was made to Cleveland in August, 1884. A town called Tower sprang up at the mines which to-day employ from 1,500 to 1,800 men, and another at the railroad terminus on Lake Superior. The shipment of ore from Tower in 1884, the first year, was 68,000 tons, and in 1887 had increased to 400,000 tons. This enterprise to-day gives support to 5,000 people, and is growing steadily.

This industry, planted by the hand of a single man in a remote and difficult country, will be a grand monument to Mr. TOWER's memory. It placed Minnesota, hitherto unknown as a mineral producing district, in the space of four years, among the foremost iron markets of the United States. A syndicate was formed in 1887 which purchased the entire property for \$6,000,000, Mr. TOWER retaining, however, a large interest.

Such is the record of the life of this remarkable man. He lived to see his enterprise thoroughly successful and increasing in importance and benefit to the country every day. His life of eighty years made its influence felt in every direction throughout the United States and resulted in good to thousands of people, and it will continue to be felt for years to come.

The funeral was attended by a multitude from far and near and amid this general sorrow his remains were laid to rest by the side of his ancestors in hope of a glorious resurrection.

INDEX.

A.

- Actors' graves, 336—their fame transitory, 395—difficulties in retirement, 391—their jealousies, 404—their marriages, 408—their greatest danger, 416.
- Adams, John, his marriage, 8—his defeat and disappointment, 583.
- Addison, originates "talking one to death," 57—satirized by Pope, 67—wedded infelicity, 15—attempt at journalism, 333.
- Ages of literary women, 85.
- Alexander family, 578—James W., his forty years' correspondence, 175.
- Alone in Africa, Miss Landon, 47.
- Amateur theatricals and performers, 405.
- American magazines—first periodical issued in America, 60.
- Ancient Mariner, by Coleridge—a failure when first published, 52.
- Ann street, interesting associations, 327.
- Anonymous publications, noted instances, 111.
- Astor, Waldorf's, novel, 40 — Astor library, 42, 337.
- Astronomy, Wordsworth's humane notions, 231—hard times in Saturn, 232.
- Augustin's love of the theatre, 361.
- Autobiography, dramatic, 166—general details, 167—the earliest in our language, 170.
- Author's difficulties, 28—their small pay, 30—their sufferings, 37—their graves, 134.
- Authors and aunts—early care thus given to Scott, Gibbon, Gray and Lamb, 308.

B.

- Bachelors, literary, 8.
- Bacon, absurdity of his claims to authorship of Shakespeare, 354.
- Bainbridge captures the "Java," 507.
- Bancroft finishes his history at eighty-four, 49.

- Barlow, Joel, personal sketch, 86—his painful death, 88.
- Battle of New Orleans, 498.
- Bayard Taylor's fine appearance, 4.
- Beaumont and Fletcher, their literary union, 286.
- Beggar's opera, written to ridicule the Italian opera, 34.
- Benefits, theatrical, 400.
- Bennett's early struggles to establish the "Herald," 339—his death, 328.
- Benjamin, Park, publishes the "Evergreen," 61.
- Berkeley, Bishop, his famous line, 57.
- Betterton's Hamlet, the first on record, 400.
- Biblia Pauperum, its rarity, 94.
- Bibliomania, some noted instances, 90.
- Blair, Professor, a dupe to Ossian, 102.
- Blue Laws, origin of the term, 123.
- Bohemian life, 43.
- Book making, 23—books declined and yet successful, 27—book names and origin, 54—high prices of rare works, 92.
- Booth, Junius Brutus, 365.
- Boswell, contemporary with Gibbon, 207—his lottery ticket mania, 208—seven years writing the life of Johnson, 49.
- Botta's life of Washington, 478.
- Boydell's Shakespeare, its great cost, 92.
- Bradford, William, first printer in New York, 313—his rare book, 314—his jealousy of Franklin, 315.
- British and American naval battles, 506.
- British Spy—written by William Wirt as a retort on foreign tourists, 594.
- Bronte, Charlotte, and her sisters, their ambitions and sorrows, 82.
- Brown, Charles Brockden, publishes his novels anonymously, 114—dies at 39, 133.
- Bryant finds consolation in translating Homer, 37.

- Burke publishes his maiden work anonymously, 112—his death, 131.
- Burney, Miss, publishes *Evelina* anonymously, 112.
- Burr, Aaron, his biographers, 541—fictions concerning him, 542—buys Richmond Hill, 544—voyage up the Hudson, its incidents, 545—Theodosia's marriage, 546—Burr portrayed by an English tourist, 549—Burr's first wife, 550—settles in New York, 551—Theodosia's sorrows begin, 555—Burr in quest of a wife, 556—asks Theodosia's counsel in the effort, 558—almost engaged to Celeste, 562—the power of women over him, 566—his letters from Europe, 566—his return, 567—marries Madame Jumel, 570—is divorced, 571—his death, 571—portraits by Vanderlyn, 573—Burr opens the mysterious trunk, 574—his daughter's sad letters, 575—lost at sea, 576—Alston, Burr's son-in-law, his sorrows, 576—Burr's grave, 577.
- Burns' personal beauty, 2—pictured by Scott, 213—Scott's high estimate, 213—Burns compared with Byron, 214—Lockhart's tribute to Burns, 215—Burns contrasted with Allan Ramsay, 215—Burns' death marks new birth of genius, 215—his letters, 174.
- Byron's lameness, 2—his satire on the Prince Regent, 67—Byron ridiculed in *Rejected Addresses*, 155—his autobiography suppressed, 168—his first love, 266—he visits the Orient, 267—publishes *Childe Harold*, 261—his marriage, 269—reason why his wife deserted him, 270—life in Italy and Greece, 273—death and burial, 275—his descendants, 276—his influence on Scott, 278—his artificiality, 279—his talent as an amateur player, 406—receives £2,500 for his tragedies, 388—he eulogizes Washington, 493—wants to start a paper, 335—his regrets over his past life, 347—his noblest utterance, 280—*Hours of Idleness* published in a country town, 284—Byron never knew the name of the critic that attacked it in "*Edinburgh Review*," 285—did not at first intend publishing *Childe Harold*, 284—his interesting letters, 174—love of scenes of boyhood, 310—builds a vault for self and dog, 181—indifference to his title, 41—writes the *Corsair* in ten days, and the *Bride of Abydos* in four, 282—his small head, 283—his request to be buried with his dog, 286.
- C.
- Cadell, the publisher, gives Gibbon a dinner to celebrate the completion of his great work, 28.
- Campbell, Thomas, his genius and sorrow, 121—his death scene, 125—*Exile of Erin* claimed by another man, 145.
- Candidates, disappointed, 583.
- Cary, Phoebe and Alice, their struggles and triumphs, 84—their graves, 135.
- Castle of Indolence, written by Thomson to condemn indolence, 289.
- Caxton's publications, 94.
- Channing, William E., 297.
- Childe Harold, its first name, 55.
- Chesterfield's letters, 173.
- Chatterton's fraud, 103—his grand utterance, 58—his death, 120.
- Churchill, the satirist, 129.
- Cibber, Colley, reminiscences, 394.
- Citizen of the World, by Goldsmith, 335.
- Clergymen and their titles, 157.
- Clay's defeat and disappointment, 584—his oratory, 516.
- Clinton, DeWitt, his bitter humiliation, 581—his exaltation, 582—his property sold after his death by the sheriff, 501—his vases bought by the Grand Lodge and restored to the family, 502.
- Comparison between Scott and Napoleon, 197.
- Comus, played as a benefit, 401.
- Congress, the first meets in Albany, 451—the second in New York, 453—the third in Philadelphia, 454.
- Controversy about Ossian, 102.
- Contrast, a play written by Royal Tyler, 381.
- Coleridge, family troubles, 20—epitaph on himself, 119—tribute to him by Charles Lamb, 163—Coleridge & Wordsworth in partnership, 238—effect of opium on Coleridge, 165—his wonderful gifts, 164.
- Cooper, fine personal appearance, 4—his reason for writing the *Pilot*, 33.
- Cooke, George Frederick, sudden death, and monument erected by Kean, 364.
- Costly books, 92.
- Cottle, Joseph, publishes for Southey,

- also for Wordsworth & Coleridge, 46.
 Courtship, how killed, 19.
 Couplet saves two poets, 139.
 Cowper's love, 15.
 Croaker & Co. (Halleck & Drake), 287.
 Criminal autobiography, 170.
 Cushman, Charlotte, buried in Mount Auburn, 367.
- D.
- Danton's expectation of fame, 136.
 Davidson, Lucretia and Margaret, their rare precocity, 83.
 Davis, John, originates the false story about Jefferson, 592—satirizes Jefferson, 594—his travels in America, 589—his description of Washington city, 590.
 Davenant, Sir William, founder of the British stage, 418.
 Dead of 1832, impressive poem, 118.
 Death on the stage, 393.
 Death of editors, 328.
 Decatur captures the "Macedonian," 507.
 Declaration of Independence, its signers, 463—their ages and death, the two oldest, 465—Fourth of July, an interesting celebration, 466.
 Debut on the stage very expensive, 398.
 De Foe's vicissitudes, 180.
 Dennis, John, the poet, Pope's kindness, 401.
 De Quincey's confessions create a sensation, 35.
 Dickens' domestic unhappiness, 9—his first appearance in America, 176—his object in writing *Oliver Twist*, 35—his death, 132—dies in possession of his copy-right, 47.
 Disappointed candidates, 583.
 Doctor, The, by Southey, 112.
 Doctors of divinity, 188.
 Dodsley the publisher, formerly a servant, 138.
 Doyer street, a memorial of Washington, 487.
 Drake, Joseph Rodman, personal sketch, 133.
 Drama, The Greek, 360—mortuary record, 362.
 Dramatic literature,
 Dramatic salaries in old times, 376.
 Dryden alters the *Tempest*, also *Troilus and Cressida*, 179.
 Duel, the last fatal, in New York, 540.
 Dunciad, by Pope, published anonymously, 112.
- Duyckinck brothers, their great service to American literature, 287.
 Dying abroad, noted instances, 595.
- E.
- Eacker's duel with Philip Hamilton, 538—his grave, 539.
 Editors' deaths, impressive array, 328.
 Edwards, Jonathan, his humiliation, 581.
 Elzevirs, their rare editions, 29.
 Emerson, R. W., early lectures in Boston, 298.
 Evelina, by Mrs. Burney, issued anonymously, 112.
 Everett's address on Washington, 480.
- F.
- Farmers' Museum, its interesting features, 187.
 Father Prout's joke on Tom Moore, 155.
 Fay, Theodore, his judicious remarks on Shakespeare, 426.
 Federalist, originally appeared in a newspaper, 325.
 Fielding's new reading of Shakespeare, 426.
 First monthly magazine in America, 60.
 First American play, 380.
 First libel suit in New York, 324.
 First in war, first in peace, etc., its author, 499.
 Fitch, John, first inventor of the steamboat, 505—his sad fate, 505.
 Forrest, Edwin, personal facts, 365.
 Formosa, fabulous description by George Psalmanazer, 100.
 Founder of British stage, 417.
 Franklin, Benjamin, his scheme of union, 452—his service in old age, 457—his pen name, 321—his early difficulties, 323—falsely accused of plagiarism, 134—his autobiography, 169.
 Franklin, James, reason for his imprisonment, 320.
 Frankenstein, by Mrs. Shelley, its strange character, 42.
 Fulton, Robert, builds the "Clermont," 503—description of that vessel, 504—his brief career, 504.
 Fun turned to fact, in the Suez canal, 65.
- G.
- Garrick, personal sketch, 369—originates the fund for decayed actors, 398—chief characteristics, 370.

- Gay's object in writing the *Beggar's Opera*, 34—his humorous expectation of fame, 137.
- Genius, its volcanic outbursts, 332.
- Gibbon's early love, 9—Gibbon a modest author, 28—his autobiography, 168—his tribute to his aunt, 308—his death, 128—his style censured by Noah Webster, 179—he corrects a Paris professor, 178—is the first author surgically examined after death, 283—receives \$30,000 for *Decline and Fall*, 31.
- Goethe, Byron's admiration of his genius—his eternal sunset, 160.
- Godfrey, Thomas, writes *Prince of Parthia*, 185.
- Goldsmith's raillery on Garrick, 371—his early love, the "Jessamine Bride," 8—receives £500 for a play, 388—his *Citizen of the World* written for the newspapers, 325.
- Government hostility to early printers, 323.
- Grant memories, "Let us have Peace," 169.
- Graves of authors, 134.
- Gray's *Elegy*, 160—his letters, 173.
- Grave oldest of any author, 119.
- Greeley's death, 328—his humble beginning, 328—his confessions, 309—his rapidity, 331—publishes the *New Yorker*, 340—pen portrait, 332—makes the same political blunder as Burr, 544.
- Greek drama, its character, 306.
- H.
- Hallwell's magnificent edition of Shakespeare, 351.
- Halleck writes closing lines of *Drake's American Flag*, 287—his share in *Croaker & Co.*, 287—his beautiful tribute to Joseph Rodman Drake, 118—his grave, 134.
- Hamilton, Alexander, wonderful precocity, 524—his thirteen ties, 526—duel with Burr, 527—the funeral, 531—his will, 533—he is honored by the Cincinnati, 534—house where he died, 536—his monument, 538—Hamilton and Eacker duel, 538—Eacker's grave, 539—Hamilton the chief author of the *Federalist*, 325.
- Harvard College ridiculed by James Franklin, 320.
- Hancock, John, his eloquence, 467.
- Happiness from self denial, 18, 21.
- Harleian miscellany, a curious collection, 93.
- Harvard College caricatured, 319.
- Hasty Pudding, by Barlow, 88.
- Hawthorne, 296—his dreamy aspect, 5—his unfinished work, 50—his dramatic power, 422.
- Historical cycles, 518.
- Hoffman, Charles F., starts the *Knickerbocker*—author of "Monterey"—becomes insane, 263.
- Holmes, O. W., his poem saves the Constitution, 297.
- Homer mentions the faithful dog Argus, 182.
- Howard, John, the philanthropist, his last tour, 462.
- Hull captures the "Guerriere," 507.
- Hyperion, by Longfellow, meaning of the name, 55.
- I.
- Ichabod, by Whittier, a satire on Daniel Webster, 68.
- Imaginary plagiarism, 153.
- Inauguration, Washington's, 459.
- Inlaying and illustrating books, 289.
- Intemperance of actors, 416.
- Interpolations and alterations of books, 120.
- Ireland, Samuel, his Shakespeare fraud, 105.
- Irving, Washington, his cheerfulness, 195—his personal appearance, 232—first visits Europe and meets Allston, 234—early literary efforts, 235—loses his betrothed, 236—his acquaintance with Burr, 238—his second foreign tour and dark hours, 240—edits "Analectic Magazine," 61—success at last, 243—meets John Howard Payne, 244—coins the "almighty dollar," 59—amateur dramatic player, 406—publishes *Life of Columbus*, 248—return from Europe, 249—mission to Madrid, 250—life of Washington, 252—his death and burial, 255—his will, 256—his three sisters, 257—Irving and the ghost, 260—Irving's sorrows, 264.
- J.
- Jackson's defense of New Orleans, 499—he does not know his election to the presidency three weeks after it occurred, 586.
- Jealousy of actors, 404.
- Jefferson's poverty, 558—his regrets for attacking Washington, 475.
- Johnson writes *Rasselas* in a week, 35—his failure as an editor, 334—

- his opinion on Chatterton and Ossian, 104—his mental disease, 195—his fear of death, 127—biographical sketch, 200—touched by Queen Anne for scrofula, 167.
- Jones, Paul, his naval victories, 521.
- Journalism, old papers, 311.
- Jumel, Stephen, buys the Morris house, 565.
- Junius, full review of the wonderful unknown, 217—extracts from his letters, 219—his generosity, 48, 220, 229—scope of information, 221—consciousness of danger, 222—method of communication, 223—his style examined, 225—his hidden friendship, 225—reason for stopping his letters, 226—who was Junius? 220.
- K.
- Kean, Charles, and Ellen Tree, 428.
- Kean, Edmund, his versatility, 414—erects a monument to Cooke, 365.
- Keats' death, 161—Byron's words concerning him, 161—buried at Rome, 162—his St. Agnes' Eve, 162—his melancholy confession, 196—Keats and Drake, a parallel, 163.
- Kemble family, rare histrionic gifts, 409.
- Kemble, John Philip, his Hamlet, 362.
- Knowles, Sheridan, writes Virginius, 376—his triumph, 375.
- L.
- Lamb, Charles, his tragedy rejected, 51—his social life, 52—his sister's insanity, 51—his farce damned, 423—his painful letter, 174—suppresses his retort on Southey, 183—finds leisure painful, 289—tells the origin of Elia, 55—why he never married, 8—Lamb & Coleridge in partnership, 238—Mary and her brother, also in literary partnership, 288.
- Lame poets, 2.
- Lamia, by Keats, found in modern society, 17.
- Lawrence, Captain James, his death and funeral, 508.
- Landon, Miss, her sad fate, 47.
- Latimer's sermons, 175.
- Lear forbidden by British government, 390.
- Ledyard, John, his remarkable travels—buried near the Pyramids, 522.
- Lessons to authors, 28.
- Lenox, James, his rare books, 94—his library contains 3,000 Bibles, 95.
- Lewis & Clark, their wonderful exploring tour, 517.
- Libel suit, the first in New York, 324.
- Library, first collected in Rome, 90.
- Literary marriages, 5.
- Literary sisters, 82.
- Literary women, their ages, 85.
- Literary frauds, 97.
- Literary autobiographies, 167—the three most important, 166.
- Literary correspondence, 172.
- Literary publishers, 138.
- Literary copartnerships, Beaumont & Fletcher, also Halleck & Drake, with other noted coworkers, 286.
- Literary bachelors, 8.
- Livingston, remarkable family, 455.
- London "Times," £5,000 offered for a file, 331.
- Longfellow, not a poetic face, 4.
- Lotteries, Boswell's mania for, 208.
- M.
- Macaulay's lesson to public men, 581.
- Macready's irritability, 167, 375—his emotions at Kean's funeral, 396.
- Madison's public services, 506—his eloquence, 510.
- Margaret, by Judd, its high character, 42.
- Mad poet, McDonald Clarke, 114.
- Marriages, literary, 5.
- Marriages of actors, 408.
- Married men in public life, 461.
- Marshall's life of Washington, 477.
- Matrimonial difficulties, 22.
- Matthews, the comedian, 363.
- Mazarin Bible, its rarity, 95.
- McPherson, publishes Ossian, a fraud, 101.
- Melancholy authors, 195.
- Melmoth, the Wanderer, a strange story, 42.
- Metamora, a prize play written for Forrest, 404.
- Midnight in Wall street, 602.
- Milman's Apollo Belvidere, 139.
- Milton's domestic troubles, 16—his grand-daughter, 401—his first publisher, 30—his tribute to Shakspeare, 118.
- Mirror, New York, conducted by Morris & Willis, 61.
- Monroe, President, his poverty, 457.
- Moore, Thomas, personal sketch, 71—the smallest poet, 2—was paid £3,000 for Lalla Rooke, 31—visits America, 74—satirises Washington city, 76—his marriage, 79—and death, 81—his letters full of filial

affection, 173—falsely accused of plagiarism, 155.
Munchausen, Baron, in joke prophesies the Suez canal, 64.

N.

Napoleon's famous utterances, 197—his conscience awakened by crime, 200—Napoleon on the stage, 407.
National matters, 450.
Neglected literary beauties, 139.
New Orleans battle, 499.
New York printers in the olden time, 313.
Newspaper, the first in America, 312.
Newspaper files, their value, 331.
Noah, M. M., personal reference, 330.

O.

Old publishers, "The Elzevirs," 29.
Old theatrical costumes, 403.
Ophidian, The (Madame Rachel), 402.
Ossian a fraud, 101—controversy concerning its authenticity, 101—Professor Blair a dupe, 102.

P.

Pacific railroad, its projector, 519.
Paine, Thomas, 290—interviewed by Gran' Thorburn, 298—his will, 294—his namesake, 295.
Parallels, remarkable, 141.
Parker, Theodore, dies abroad, 119.
Paul Jones, his naval achievements, 521.
Paul and Virginia, its curious origin, 158—translated during the Reign of Terror, 158.
Payne, John Howard, personal sketch, 385—is the original of Irving's Buckthorn, 258.
Peculiar books, 42.
Penalty of success, 193.
Pen names, interesting list, 108.
Pepys' diary published 122 years after his death, 193.
Periodical literature, 59.
Play writing, 379.
Players' benefits, their antiquity, 400.
Plagiarism, remarkable instances, 140—imaginary, 153.
Play actors' sufferings, 374.
Plays, unsuccessful, 422.
Pleasures of Hope, its first appearance in America, 121.
Poetical collections, their defects, 139.
Poe's Raven, its first appearance, 53—

his tales due to morbid intellect, 195—he might have been a tragedian, 421.

Poor Man's Bible, the earliest book ever printed, 94.

Pepe's deformity, 1—his letters published in self defense, 172—bitterly attacked by other writers, 190—his generosity, 190—and his quarrels, 192—his satire on Addison, his life a long disease, 127.

Popular utterances, their origin, 56.

Porter, Jane and Anna, gifted sisters, 83.

Portfolio, published for twenty-seven years, 61.

Pressure for the stage, its folly, 398.

Presbytery aping prelacy, 579.

Prince of Parthia, first American tragedy, 135.

Princeton memories, 578.

Prologue, the earliest ever written, 420.

Prologues and epilogues, 367.

Professional reading performed for publishers, 25.

Psalmizer, George, his Formosa fraud, 97—his penitence, 100—never reveals his name, 101.

Publishers and authors, 45.

Purchas' Pilgrimage, the author a stay-at-home traveller, 196.

Q.

Quincy, John, the first American amateur of Shakespeare, 354.

R.

Rachel, the Ophidian, 402—described by Mrs. Ritchie, 403.

Randolph's opposition to the War of 1812, 514—his burning oratory, 515—duel with Henry Clay, 513.

Raymond, Henry J., his death, 328—his rapidity and elegance of style, 331.

Religious lessons, 640.

Remarkable parallels in poetry, 141.

Resurrection of the devil, 388.

Rejected books, yet successful, 27.

Rejected Addresses, declined by Murray, 27—its skillful imitations of authors, 154.

Rich authors, 40—American, 41.

Rich copyrights, 47.

Richardson, author of *Clarissa Harlowe*, 138—is ridiculed by Fielding, 138.

Rivington, James, the Tory printer, 318—his malicious fraud, 107.

- Robinson Crusoe, said to be written by the Earl of Oxford, 357.
 Roscius, the young, his brilliant success, 383—loses popularity, 385.
 Rowe and Dryden, 55.
 Rowley Papers, by Chatterton, 103.
 Ruin from stock speculation, 635.

S.

- Sands, R. C., only poet buried in New York, 114—his Dead of 1832, 115.
 Satanic Press, the first, 318.
 Satire, three greatest, 66.
 Saved by a couplet, 139.
 Savage, Richard, his sad fate, 44.
 Salmagundi, its brief career, 62.
 Schuyler unjustly superseded by Gates, 581.
 Scott, Gen. Winfield, his political defeat, 585.
 Scott, Walter, autobiography and diary, 168—his lameness, 2—love matters, 10—his wife, 13—his small brain, 283—his regret at unfraternal conduct, 346—large fee for Marmion, 30—his dogs Camp and Maida, 182—serves as a newspaper reporter, 336—his immense earnings, 48—his Waverly lies two years unfinished, 52—claims the right to deny authorship, 36—his sermons, their enormous price, 304.
 Self denial and happiness, 18.
 Sensation created in London by the capture of the British frigates, 508.
 Sheridan's genius and misery, 364.
 Shelley's unhappiness, 10.
 Shilling, the old theatre price, 378.
 Shakespeare's expressions in modern slang, 347—Rosalind can only be played by a tall woman, 349—his critics, 349—Hamlet, new reading by Henry Irving, 350—Halliwell's grand edition, 351—Shakespeare's geography, 351—his rambles, 352—First American amateur, 353—Shakespeare abandons his family, 341—noble conduct of his wife, 341—slow progress of his fame, 342—his family troubles, 343—he ridicules his wife, 344—but changes censure to praise, 345—names used in his plays, 424—his commentators, 425.
 Siddons, Mrs., her wonderful power, 410—her sufferings after retirement, 391—she encourages Macready, 411—Irving's admiration, 410.
 Simms, J. R., publishes Tryon County Committee, 194.
 Southey's marriage, 7—novel courtship, 14.
 Sparks' Life of Washington, 479.
 Speculation, its dangers illustrated by a tale, 603.
 Spectator, Addison's reason of its failure, 333.
 Stage fright, described by Macready, and by Anna Cora Mowatt, 425.
 Stage solecisms, 382.
 Stage fever, its dangers, 398.
 Stuart's portrait of Washington, 484.
 St. Paul's church yard, interesting graves, 601.
 St. Leon, by William Godwin, its peculiar character, 42.
 Sufferings of actors, 374—especially after retirement, 391.
 Suppressed works, and reasons why, 192.
 Swift, dies like a tree, at the top, 130—his epitaph, written by himself, 131.

T.

- Taylor, Bayard, the unequalled tourist, 596—his grave, 134.
 Tempest, extended analysis, 429—its combination of evil and good, 434—its beautiful moral lesson, 444—confession made by its author, 448.
 Telegraphy would have saved the battle of New Orleans, also that of Toulouse, 500.
 Temple of Fame, by Pope, its application to journalism, 44.
 Theatre, old prices revealed by Shakespeare, 373.
 Thomson wrote Castle of Indolence, to show the curse of indolence, 289—his death, 128.
 Times, London, rise and decline, 326—£5,000 offered for a file, 331.
 Tooth-ache in verse, 45.
 Tourists in America, early, 586.
 Treaty, the first national, 456.
 Tributes to genius, varied and peculiar, 117.
 Trinity church, its two centuries, 598—Anneke Jans, 600—its history, graves, 601.
 Tryon County Committee, its interesting record, 194.
 Twice mentioned book, 171.
 Tyler Royal, writes the Algerine Captive, 185—personal sketch, 382.

- U.
 Unsuccessful plays, 422.
 Unfinished works, extended detail, 48.
- V.
 Virgil's efforts for fame, 136.
 Virginius declined by John Murray, 27.
 Virginius brought by Macready to America, 378.
 Vitality of an author, its proof, 56.
 Volcanic outbursts of genius, 282.
 Voltaire and Goethe, their extreme age, 131.
- W.
 Walpole, Horace, his Castle of Otranto, 40.
 Warner, Susan and Anna, personal sketch, 84.
 War of 1812, the war vote in Congress, 513.
 Washington's limited education, 485—his farewell address, the original MSS., 485—antagonism to State supremacy, 486—Doyer street a memorial, 487—first visits New York, 48—Mary Phillipse, his first love, 490—marriage, 492—Byron's eulogy, 493—R. G. White's beautiful tribute, 494—Washington's death, 495—the funeral, 499—his namesakes, 461—libelled, 468—his high temper, 471—his sympathy, 473—his biographers, 475—his monument and its origin, 480—his life in New York, 482—his portraits, 482—his inauguration, 459.
 Washington city, projected, 461.
 Wealth and authorship, 40.
- Webster, Daniel, satirised by Whittier in Ichabod, 68.
 Webster, Noah, good example to literary men, 28—edits American Magazine, 60.
 Weems' Life of Washington, 476.
 Wellington, lesson to public men, 581.
 Weld, the British traveler, makes a tour in America, 586—describes General Washington, 587—his opinion of New York, 588.
 Whittier's suppressed poem, 69—his great satire, 66—his tribute to L. E. L., 70.
 White, H. K., Byron's tribute to, 117.
 Wilkins, Peter, and the Flying Islanders, 115.
 Wilkins, Bishop, his voyage to the moon, 115.
 Williams, Helen Maria, translates Paul and Virginia, 158.
 Woodfall's offer to divide profits with Junius, 46.
 Wordsworth publishes Peter Bell anonymously, 114—his suppressed tragedy, 188.
 Woman's discernment, 18.
 Women of letters, 194.
- Y.
 Young Roscius, his success, 383—and decline, 385.
 Youth, an injudicious plea in authors, 25—Byron and other instances, 25.
- Z.
 Zeluco, a strange story, 42.
 Zenger, Peter, sued for slander, the first action of the kind in America, 324.

APPENDIX.

THE FORGED LETTERS OF WASHINGTON. A mystery to Washington, but traced by the author to James Rivington, 647.

PRESS NOTICES OF FIRST EDITION.

This book is a fine collection of literary miscellany — how books have been written and published, popular pen pictures of noted authors, curious facts from the literary world. One cannot turn a page without finding facts of value, and all told in a most off-hand and entertaining way.— [Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Is just brimming with literary information of every conceivable kind. * * * The book contains upwards of three hundred essays and sketches by Mr. Frothingham, collected from various publications and dealing with almost every topic. * * * There are many bits of information to be gleaned from this book that would be an inroad on time and a trial to patience to collect elsewhere.— [Boston Post.

A fascinating volume, full of all manner of curious things.— [Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

A strange history attaches to this volume. Mr. Frothingham has long been a writer of letters on topics chiefly literary. Charlemagne Tower, a Pennsylvania millionaire, whom Mr. Frothingham had never seen, wrote expressing admiration of the letters and offering to defray the expense of republication in book form. A volume of more than six hundred pages is the result, but Mr. Tower did not live to see it, having died too soon. Fine steel plate engravings of the author and Mr. Tower face each other, and the pronoun in the title is used in recognition of Mr. Tower's share in the work of producing the book.— [New York Herald.

There is not a chapter which does not afford entertainment and instruction.— [Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

This book covers the field of literature and kindred subjects, and many of the articles are brilliantly written. The book is copiously illustrated and will be found of interest.— [New Haven Palladium.

It contains pen pictures of popular authors, together with curious facts in literature and a wide survey of the world of brainy thinkers. The crisp and racy style in which the book is written renders the work one of great value.— [Baltimore American.

The history of the work is one of the curiosities of literature. Our Book is the cream of a quarter century of journalism. During this period the author has been investigating almost every subject that comes within the higher scope of his profession, and the present work is the result. The volume is beautifully printed and bound.—[St. Louis Republic.

This work presents pen pictures of popular authors, together with curious facts in literature. "Journalism" portrays the struggles of the profession from Franklin to Greeley, and sketches the former giants of Printing House Square. "The Drama" shows the development of the histrionic art as illustrated by Garrick, Kemble and others, and a third, describes the political leaders of former times.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.

The book presents much condensed and curious information. * * * It might serve as a book of reference for items of interest about almost any man of prominence in the classes mentioned. * * * The subjects are as various as the size of the chapters. They cover a wide field—interesting and instructive facts—about authors, actors and statesmen of all ages and countries; something about book-making, libraries, monuments and Aaron Burr's love affairs.—[New York Epoch.

The author has been a great reader of many kinds of books, chiefly of biographies and memoirs of authors, great and small, poets, playwrights, novelists, essayists, has read largely and in many directions, and he has written largely also. "Our Book" covers a great deal of ground.—[New York Mail and Express.

"Our Book." The author has a happy faculty of grouping facts of personal interest, and his book contains a great fund of information. The many curious facts given could only have been obtained by an immense range of reading, practical and earnest, and from the observation of leading men and events in a large city. The candor of these sketches is another pleasing characteristic.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Our Book" is the title of a collection of rare bits of literature, history and personal reminiscences in the fields of literature, journalism, the drama and history. Here are curious facts in literature, and a wide survey of the world of brain-workers. The work embraces 646 pages, each closely condensed and illustrated by portraits, both on wood and steel. Upon the whole, "Our Book" is one the most unique volumes that has appeared in many a year. Its crisp and racy style renders its world of information still more attractive.—[Kansas City Times.

Our Book.

GENIUS AND BEAUTY.

It is an admitted fact that genius and beauty are rarely found in the same person. The handsomest man of London society in the opening of the present century was Count Dorsay, but he was in every other point very inferior. Wellington, the chief soldier of his age, was impaired by his prodigious nose, and both Rogers and Southey, as well as Henry Kirke White, suffered from the same excess. Pope was partially deformed, and notwithstanding his fine eyes was a facile object for the caricaturist. Hence he speaks of "the libelled person and distorted shape." Another reference to his personal defects is as follows :

" There are who to my person pay their court,
I cough like Horace, and though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;
Such Ovid's nose — and sir, you have an eye.
Go on, obliging creatures — bid me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me."

Goldsmith was hardly of passable appearance, and Johnson was huge and clumsy. Gibbon was corpulent and suffered from a rupture which still more impaired his form. Burke was awkward and ungraceful, and John Wilkes, the so-called champion of liberty, was the worst looking man in England. What an ill-looking set the famous Literary Club must have been.

Byron had a fine face, but his club foot was a perpetual humiliation, and the consciousness of this defect seemed never to abate. This is illustrated by the following incident: One night as Byron and some friends left the theatre, one of the "link boys" volunteered to illuminate the way, expecting the usual fee. "This way, my lord," exclaimed the light bearer, uttering the title at random. "How does he know you are a lord?" asked one of the friends. "Know me," exclaimed the poet, "why they all know me; I'm deformed." Walter Scott was a man of fine personal appearance, but he too was lame—having been injured in infancy—and walked with a peculiar limp. When Lady Blessington first met him she exclaimed, "Why, sir, have you got hurt?" "Yes," was the reply, "about fifty years ago."

Campbell, the author of *Pleasures of Hope*, though a small man, was considered handsome, but his life was a failure and its miseries afford a painful contrast with his pretty face. It is probable that Burns was the noblest specimen of manly beauty that British authorship ever produced. Walter Scott, who saw him in his prime, said that "his eyes literally glowed," and added that having seen most of the distinguished men of that age, none of them had such eyes as Burns. Bulwer was considered a handsome man, and so was Lockhart, but on the other hand Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, Shelley, and most of the *literati* of that day were of very plain appearance.

Coleridge had large, expressive eyes, but this was all that was noticeable on his countenance, and Dickens retained till the last that cockney aspect which was the more apparent from his excessive display of jewelry. Moore was the smallest poet—in point of stature—in the entire Parnassian list, and he would have given half his beauty for six inches of height.

The pigmy of literature, however, was M. G. Lewis, compiler of *Tales of Wonder*, a now forgotten book. Viewed from behind, he was often taken for a half-grown boy, and yet this little fellow had influence in literary circles. His specialty was the weird and the horrible, and he induced Scott to write a number of harrowing ballads for the *Tales of Wonder*. He thus really started Scott into authorship, for after the latter had written *Glenfinlas* and the *Eve of St. John*, the way was open for higher effort. They appeared in *Tales of Wonder*, and in this manner the pigmy led forth the giant.

AMERICAN GENIUS.

In earlier days American genius was more favored in point of personal appearance than that of the old world. In military life there were Washington and Winfield Scott, who were the finest looking men of their day. In orators, both Daniel Webster and Edward Everett may be mentioned — both having been not only men of eloquence but also of remarkably fine personal appearance, while in literature there were Cooper, Irving and Bayard Taylor. Irving in his latter day was often solicited to sit for his portrait, but he uniformly referred to the picture taken by Leslie and the bust by Ball Hughes. The former is in the Lenox gallery, and is of such small size that it is generally overlooked; but it is a gem of art and is a correct picture of the author when in the fulness of manly beauty. The bust is in the Mercantile library, and, though of maturer years, is also a fine specimen of manhood. In point of personal appearance indeed, Irving held high distinction. He stood five feet ten and was well built, and then his countenance had a genial

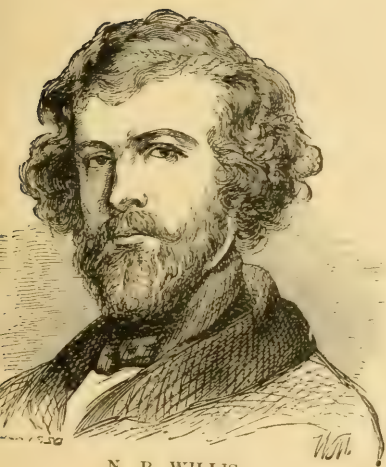
as well as an intellectual expression, which, indeed, was the best exponent of his character.

N. P. Willis always looked as though he had just stepped out of a bandbox. He was of light build and stood about five feet nine. He dressed in the best taste and his appearance in the Broadway afternoon promenade was so pretty that he was a great favorite with the ladies. His partner, George P. Morris, who once was so popular as a song writer, was a short, stout man, with a dull countenance, which would hardly suggest "Woodman Spare that Tree." Poe was of rather undersize and dressed in good taste for one so wretchedly poor. His face had a sad, dreamy, intellectual look, which would at once rivet attention.

Longfellow was not of poetic countenance. Before he became gray he was a blonde and the most striking feature was his nose, which was altogether too prominent for beauty. When I first saw him his face was clean-shaven, and this rendered the nasal organ the more conspicuous. I think that he afterward wore full beard and moustache in order to give the rest of his face more fullness and thus reduce the nose to reasonable proportions.

Bayard Taylor was a man of very fine personal appearance. He was tall and well-shaped, and his countenance was marked by power. He too had a prominent nose, but it was one which gave dignity and strength to his face. Edward Everett was also a man of unusually fine appearance, and this added much to his admirable oratory.

James Fenimore Cooper, however, bore the palm among the *literati* of America. He was the beau ideal of physical development, combined with intellect. The former, however, was most conspicuous. He was six feet and finely proportioned. His movements were easy and had that air which belongs to the naval service in which he



N. P. WILLIS.



J. FENNIMORE COOPER.

passed his early years. His head was large, and his features were of a leonine cast, while his clear, gray eyes were radiant with power. He was one of that class of authors whose personal appearance was superior to their writings. I saw him once plead in court, the case being one of his libel suits, and the impression became at once indelible. Those libel suits (like libel suits in general) were a great blunder, but they certainly developed a surprising gift of eloquence. Cooper, indeed, was the only American author whose oratory excelled his books.

Hawthorne was well built and had an abstract dreamy look which suggested his mysterious character. Halleck and Bryant, though diminutive in stature, were dignified in countenance. This reference to Bryant leads to the remark that some of our leading editors were noted for ungainly appearance. Greeley, though well shaped, was awkward in manner, and in his early days had a verdant look. Bennett was huge and clumsy with repulsive features, while Raymond had a powerful but an unattractive face and his deficiency in stature surprised those who felt the power of his pen. M. M. Noah was tall and ungraceful and the same statement applied to David Hale, founder of the Journal of Commerce, but he had unusually fine eyes and a face of great power.

LITERARY MARRIAGES.

It has been questioned whether such unions can be advantageously formed, but I think that experience is in the affirmative. Progressive education is necessary, and the one having the best attainments will of course be the educator. Woman is generally ready to learn,

while a man, from the affected importance of the sex, often objects to receiving lessons from his wife. This, however, is a great mistake. Another error on the part of literary men (including the clergy) is the expectation of conjugal praise. Clergymen are generally pleased with flattery, and as long as the wife administers it her words are acceptable, while judicious criticism is unpalatable. To illustrate the benefit of the latter, I may refer to such a man as Scott, the commentator, who habitually read his sermons to his wife before pulpit delivery, and found her suggestions very valuable.

Literary people are more liable to matrimonial difficulties than most other classes, because they so rapidly exhaust one another. A literary man who is obliged by his profession to advance in knowledge will soon reach a higher plane than that occupied on the wedding day, and will of course leave his wife behind unless she maintain a proportionate advance. Here will be found an increasing separation of thought and culture such as never could occur under other circumstances. Hence the wife of a *litterateur* may become merely his housekeeper instead of a companion.

By the same rule we may notice the unsuitableness of a woman, strictly literary in taste, marrying an illiterate man. We have a number of female writers who have attained rank in the world of letters, but are married to men whose only distinction is found in their wives. The latter pursue a path which leads to mental culture, while the former are engrossed with business. The woman finds that her husband does not equal her progress and he soon ceases to be a real companion. She must pursue a solitary path or find congenial society elsewhere. Sad illustrations of this are found in Mrs. Hemans and Madame De Stael, but American society has enough examples without seeking them abroad.

The best read man of his day was Robert Southey, and he was one of its most versatile writers. He was a tolerable poet and a popular biographer, as well as a frequent reviewer, and though not profound, was laborious and learned. He lived at Keswick, and his studies were prosecuted in his own house. Here he had a congenial companion in his wife, whose health afterward failed, but he cherished her to the very last. As he said in a letter to his publisher:

I have declined joining a literary club to which I have been elected. Surely a man does not do his duty who leaves his wife to evenings of solitude, and I feel duty and happiness to be inseparable. I am happier at home than any other society can possibly make me. With Edith, I am alike secure from the weariness of solitude and the disgust which I cannot help feeling at the contemplation of mankind.

Edith eventually sank beneath slow disease, and her husband at last surrendered her to the grave. After her death he married Caroline Lisle Bowles, who had won position as a popular writer. She lived to see the laborious *literateur* suffer intellectual paralysis, and watched over him after he had become reduced almost to second childhood, which occurred a few years before his death.

Turning to public life, it is a matter of note that many of our best statesmen were very happily married. Jefferson lost his wife before she had passed middle life, but their union was of a very happy character. It was, however, only of ten years' duration. After his death, which was forty years subsequently, there was found in his drawer a parcel inscribed, "A lock of our first Lucy's hair, with some of my dear wife's writing." The memory of that wife was cherished to the very last.

John Adams was still more fortunate. He married Abigail Smith, the daughter of a clergyman, and their letters prove their union to have been one of intellect as well as one of affection. Madison also married one

who was in every point adapted to the position which destiny assigned her. The value of woman as a companion of a statesman is one of the lessons taught by Walter Savage Landor in his *Pericles* and *Aspasia*, and it is to be remembered that as soon as Napoleon cast off Josephine, his true and devoted wife, fortune ceased to favor him, and he went rapidly to ruin.

LITERARY BACHELORS.

I might continue this subject long enough to fill a volume without exhausting it, but before I go any farther I may be met by the inquiry why are men of genius so often bachelors? To this I reply that such instances are not owing to any thing like a want of appreciation of woman's value, but generally to unfavorable circumstances. Most of our celibate authors have been in love, but found that its course did not run smooth. Irving, for instance, was engaged to a maiden whom he lost by death. Charles Lamb remained unmarried in order to devote himself to his lunatic sister Mary, whom he kept as an inmate of his house until her death. Lord Macaulay never married, but it is probable that this was due to some youthful disappointment. He might have had

“A love that had an early root,
And early had a doom;
Like trees that never come to fruit,
But perish in their bloom.”

Goldsmith was deeply in love with the charming Miss Horneck, whom he styled “the Jessamine bride,” and even Pope, though a life-long invalid, expressed his admiration of Martha Blount, but neither of these men married. The one was prevented by poverty — the other by ill health. Hume seems almost the only distinguished writer who was formed for celibacy. He was naturally cold and apathetic, and indeed any one who could defend

suicide by such ingenious sophistry, was unfit for social life.

Gibbon, when a student, was in love with Mademoiselle Churchod, the daughter of a poor clergyman. His father opposed the union, and the love-lorn student resigned his hopes of matrimonial bliss. The girl was talented and became a teacher, and afterward married the richest man in France, and was the mother of Madame De Stael. She entertained her former lover at her palace twenty years after the match had been broken.

To return to American authors, I am reminded that Percival proposed, but was refused. Indeed, he was unfit for married life by reason of his peculiarities. Halleck became deaf, and remained single. So did Tuckerman. Confirmed bachelors are very rare among editors, physicians, lawyers and clergy, and have always been so.

In conclusion it is very evident that wedlock has been beneficial to American *literateurs* as is illustrated by the lives of Hawthorne, Cooper, Longfellow and others who might be mentioned. Literary life indeed will never become so celestial that authors will cease to marry and be given in marriage, and if any one needs the richest blessings of domestic affection it is this class of so often over-tasked brain workers.

Most of the leading authors in Great Britain were married—some unhappily, the most recent case being that of Dickens. Such difficulties indeed have too often marred the history of genius as is found in Shelley, Byron and Coleridge. The first of this wonderful trio ran a rapid career. Before he was twenty-nine he had married twice, had abandoned his first wife who committed suicide, had achieved fame and reached a grave in the English burial ground at Rome. Byron was unfit to marry because of intense selfishness and lawless appetite.

Coleridge loved his wife, but was so addicted to opium that he was unfit for domestic life, and this led to a permanent separation. Bulwer's domestic troubles were among the most painful of this character, especially since he incarcerated his wife in a lunatic asylum as the most effectual way of escaping matrimonial incumbrance.

Tom Moore married a young actress whom he loved intensely, and who was his "Bessie" to the last. The later circle of poets, such as Thomas Hood, Proctor, better known as Barry Cornwall, and Ebenezer Elliot, were married men, and lived in a manner which commends home life to other *literateurs*. Hugh Miller courted with poetry and stone cutting in alternate exercise, and his "winsome marrow" delighted to read to him while he wore the mechanic's apron and plied his chisel and mallet.

SCOTT'S LOVE MATTERS.

Scott's early disappointment was very bitter, and although its full details cannot be given it may be said that when he was a poor barrister, living under the paternal roof he fell in love with a maiden whose rank was above his own, and whom he could not expect to win.

Still he hoped against hope. His father heard of the affair, and with the sober sense of mature years, informed the lady's parents of Walter's weakness, and they at once sent her on a protracted visit to distant friends.

Scott never knew the cause of her absence till years afterward, but he submitted to his fate, for as the income of his profession during the first five years averaged only £100 a year, he could not dare encounter the expense of a domestic establishment. The girl married soon afterward, and one of Scott's friends was so deeply interested and even alarmed concerning the result that he wrote as follows: "This is bad news to our romantic friend, and I

now shudder at the violence of his most irritable and ungovernable mind. It is said that 'men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love.' I sincerely hope it may be verified on this occasion."

Scott did nothing worse than to pen a few stanzas, which are worth reading in this connection. They are addressed to a violet and the following are the closing lines :

"Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drops' weight reclining;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining."

"The summer sun that dew shall dry,
E'er yet that sun be passed its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye,
Remained the tear of parting sorrow."

The maiden thus referred to was the only daughter of Sir John Stewart. She married Sir William Forbes, the opulent Edinburgh banker, and died in 1811, but she had lived long enough to see her former lover the author of *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, which rendered him the chief poet of the age. The year after her death he introduces her and also himself in *Rokeby*, and it is creditable to him that much as he had evidently craved to give utterance to his feelings he suppressed them until the one whose memory might have been deepest moved had passed away. She is the Matilda in *Rokeby* who rejects the young poet Wilfred in favor of the warrior chief, and Scott thus describes his hopeless passion :

"Wilfred must love and woo the bright
Matilda heir of Rokeby's knight:
To love her was an easy test
The secret empress of his breast.
To woo her was a harder task,
To one that durst not hope or ask."

The same idea of hopeless love and blighting disappointment breathes through Wilfred's song of which I give the first and last verses :

“O Lady twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress tree:
 Too lively glows the lilies light,
 The varnished holly’s all too bright;
 The Mayflower and the Eglantine,
 May shade a brow less sad than mine.
 Then lady weave no wreath for me
 Or weave it of the cypress tree.”

* * * * *

“Yes! twine for me the cypress bough
 But O Matilda twine not now:
 Stay till a few brief months are passed,
 And I have looked and loved the last.
 When villagers my grave bestrew,
 With pansies, rosemary and rue,
 Then lady weave a wreath for me,
 But weave it of the cypress tree.”

It is an interesting feature in Scott’s history that the husband of his first love was his chief creditor during his bankruptcy, and no doubt fellow feeling did much toward that leniency which the unfortunate author received. Sir William Forbes and Sir Walter Scott were then both widowers and from the grave itself arose a bond of sympathy. Her death was deeply felt by Scott, for although he had been married twelve years the old flame was not extinguished. Rokeby appeared the next year, and Lockhart says “that there is nothing wrought out in all Scott’s prose more exquisite than the contrast between the rivals.” Six years afterward Scott wrote thus to Miss Edgeworth: “Matilda was attempted for the person of a lady who is now no more, so that I am flattered with your distinguishing it.” As this took place nearly twenty years after the disappointment, it illustrates the tenacity with which the author held to his first love.

MUTUAL SORROW.

When Lady Forbes died Scott was so affected that he called on her mother and they both fell to weeping over the sad affair. It is a curious incident in domestic history

to see a man carry his first love so tenderly through life, while married to another woman to whom he always showed great attachment. Scott evidently made Matilda the ideal or dream wife who accompanied him to the last. During his latter days he said by way of consolation to a young lover who had suffered a similar disappointment, that "scarce one person out of twenty marries his first love, and scarce one out of twenty of the remainder has cause to rejoice at having done so. What we love in these early days is rather a fanciful creation of our own than a reality. We build statues of snow and weep when they melt."

Ten years previous to his death Scott copied some verses written by his early love. "I leave it," says Lockhart, "to the reader's fancy to picture the mood in which the gray-haired man may have traced such a relic of his youthful dreams." Twenty-six years after this disappointment Scott wrote *Peveril of the Peak*, in which he draws on his own experience for the remark that "there are few men who do not look back in secret to some period of their life at which a sincere or early affection was repulsed or betrayed."

HIS WIFE.

A few years after his disappointment Scott met a beautiful French girl, an orphan and heiress of £4,000. She was known as Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, and was the daughter of Jean Carpenter — or Charpentier — a royalist who fled at the outbreak of the revolution. In this courtship Scott was more moderate than in the first, and writes to his mother of his "anxiety lest you should think me flighty or inconsiderate," and adds "that experience is too recent to permit my being so hasty in my conclusions as the warmth of my temper might have otherwise prompted." It is generally admitted that Scott was

not well mated in the marriage which followed. His wife, who by her husband's baronetcy became Lady Scott, was deficient in intellect and her weaknesses often distressed her husband, especially as they were so generally the theme of literary and social gossip. On one occasion when Jeffrey dined at his house after issuing a severe *critique* on Marmion, to which Scott, of course, made no reference, the wife said to the guest when he departed, "Well, good-night Mr. Jeffrey, dey tell me you have abused Scott in de Review, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid you well for writing it." This outburst of feeling annoyed Scott deeply, especially as soon afterward it became a matter of humorous and satirical comment.

SOUTHEY'S METHOD.

The method which Robert Southey pursued is worthy of notice. He was in love with Edith Fricker, a girl as poor as himself, and was obliged to leave England for Portugal for the purpose of improving his fortunes. Just before the vessel sailed he married Edith and his maiden bride bade him a sad farewell at the wharf, and went home wearing her wedding ring as the only memento of the occasion. Southey desired to send her money, and knew that she would not accept it from one not legally her husband. This strange wedding was the beginning of a union marked by a more than usual degree of felicity. Upon the whole, it seems, as Shakespeare says, that "marriage and hanging go by destiny." It is, of course, very trying to be disappointed in love; as Orlando says, "O how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes," but it is an experience often met in the history of genius.

Campbell married his cousin and their children were deficient, one of the number becoming a lunatic early in

life. The poet, indeed, seems to have seen much sorrow, and though he was the bard of hope he was through life the victim of disappointment. Burns' experience in wedlock was all that could be expected under that dire poverty which was his fate through life. Going back still further in the literary record, Gray died a bachelor at fifty-five. His life was singularly uniform and presents few facts on which to base an opinion. It has been supposed, however, that he was disappointed in his affections, indeed one of the most powerful lines in the *Elegy* seems to have been an utterance of his heart :

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care or crossed in hopeless love.”

Cowper was deeply in love with his cousin, Theodora, but as he was really unfit for matrimonial life his friends interfered. The affection, however, which united this fond couple held its power to the last, and neither sought nor found another mate.

ADDISON AND MILTON.

Addison married the Countess of Warwick and the union proved uncongenial. He was a disappointed man and no doubt found the *Spectator* a consolation. In one of its essays (No. 607) he says, “it requires more virtues to make a good husband or wife than what go to the finishing of the most shining character whatsoever.” No doubt he wrote this from his own experience. His matrimonial infelicity led to a separation, and Pope gave him a severe hit when he spoke of

“Marrying discord in a noble wife.”

for though no name was mentioned the reference was too clear to be mistaken.

Fielding seems to have been the best mated author of

that day. His wife bore with his irregularities with great patience, and he has embalmed her in the lovely Amelia. Swift was the ogre of matrimony, and the only excuse for his horrible treatment of the woman whom he unwillingly wedded is that he was insane.

It may seem strange that Milton, whose married life was unhappy, should have made so beautiful a reference to the subject in his *L'Allegro* :

“There let Hymen oft appear,
In saffron robe with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With masque and antique pageantry.
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eve, by haunted stream.”

It may be replied that the above was written before the author reached that sad experience which clouded his domestic life. It is evident, however, that the latter inspired that prophetic view which Adam utters in *Paradise Lost*, and which so painfully portrays some of the infelicities of married life

“For either
He shall never find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain.
—— Or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet already link'd and wedlock bound.”

It is sad indeed to think how often this prophecy has been fulfilled, forming so large an element in poetry from Shakespeare, who moralizes on “the course of true love”—down to Whittier, whose touching lines will not soon be forgotten :

“For of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these — it might have been.”

As the author of the above has gone through life a bachelor, it is possible that he uttered on this occasion the lessons of his own experience.

One of the most striking poems written by Keats is the Lamia. The theme is the serpent turned into the woman, who enchants the Grecian youth, notwithstanding the expostulations of the old philosopher. In modern society the Lamia is the woman whose vanity is fed by the admiration and attention of married men, who, on the other hand, are fascinated by her graces of conversation or flattery. This is often done under a clear sky, and with no such attempt at secrecy as might involve guilt, and yet it cannot but occasion distress, and eventually break up family peace. These downward steps are seldom retraced, and the tendency is to a deeper descent in the path of ruin. The Lamia is frequently to be seen in what is called "good society," and much of the disruption found in such circles is thus to be explained. Men under such influences often lose self control and yet they cannot deny responsibility.

It may be noticed here that some of the best emotional poetry of the eighteenth century was written by a bachelor who, as some think, never intended to call any woman wife. Such, however, was the case with Pope. Perhaps he did not at first contemplate celibacy, and therefore consecrated the early products of his muse to love. Ill health and other reasons now unknown may have prevented marriage, though his intimacy with Martha Blount is a matter of biographical record.

Pope saw many instances of marriages in which wealth was the sole object, as is so frequently the case in our own day, and he writes thus:

"The gods to curse Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares;
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And to complete her bliss — a fool for mate."

This occurs in his epistle to the above-mentioned

Martha, in which he offers some excellent advice on marriage, but omits to give her the opportunity of becoming a poet's bride, which seems a great inconsistency.

WOMAN'S DISCERNMENT.

Speaking of courtship, a woman of some experience made the remark that the first refusal is never to be taken. A gentle urgency, a soft and tender pleading, is often necessary in order to remove those peculiar difficulties which occur under such trying circumstances, and therefore Theodosia Burr rallies her father (*vide* page 565), for not pressing his suit when wooing Celesta. "You took it as a plump refusal and walked off — I would have seen you in Japan before I would have gone farther."

A woman well read in modern fiction says, that she can readily tell the sex of an author by the manner in which husbands treat their wives. In a woman's novel, the former is more demonstrative of affection. He pets his wife, calls her "darling" and other fond names, often ridiculous but full of feeling. She says that wives crave such demonstrations which unfortunately they too rarely receive, and hence woman when writing naturally portrays her own heart.

HAPPINESS FROM SELF-DENIAL.

Is it to be understood that only rich folks should marry? If so, to what a narrow range must matrimony be limited? And then experience has shown that there is, relatively speaking, as much matrimonial trouble among the rich as among the poor. Poor people as they are often termed — meaning those who work for a living — are the very class to whom wedded life is the greatest boon. "Love in a cottage" may be a reality if the furniture be of a proper character. Self-denial is one of the chief elements in

domestic happiness, and a cottage furnished in this style will be a happy one.

Wedded life in its highest development is a new creation formed by the fusion of two harmonious natures, in which each seeks to promote the happiness of the other. If such be the case, selfishness is one of its worst foes, and Crabbe, while describing a match based upon it, writes thus :

“ Love dies all kinds of death ; in some so quick
It comes — he is not previously sick.”

Campbell, on the other hand, says :

“ — Time makes all but true love old ;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory’s mould,
And will not cool ;
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe’s pool.”

These lines were quoted by Irving, in reference to his dead sweet-heart, whose memory was cherished so dearly until the last.

SOUTHEY’S IDEAS.

Alas that courtship is so often killed by the wedding ring. Robert Southey says: “ I once saw a book on a blank page of which a servant girl had written thus, ‘ Not much love after marriage, but a good deal before.’ ” This sad confession may be true in every station of life where the follies or the cares exercise an unwholesome influence, but it is not so with well-constituted minds. The true view is that wedlock is the greatest privilege of our race. Like all other privileges, it is best won by sacrifice. All that one gives up in order to obtain love will be repaid, because love is its own reward. The highest attainments of wedded bliss are impossible to the selfish. True love is shown by the willingness to labor and endure hardship for the object of affection.

Southey, who wrote from deep experience says the dream of life can last with none of us

“As if the thing beloved were all a saint,
And every place she entered were a shrine,”

but it must be our own fault when it has passed away, if the realities disappoint us. He adds “that love is the best of letter-writers, because in such a correspondence the feelings flow from the heart, but he expresses his contempt for amatory poetry of any kind.

Coleridge and Southey were unequally gifted, the former being endowed with a splendid genius, while the latter had the gift of industry and was a laborious *litterateur*. His abilities were cultivated to a degree seldom equaled, and were driven with prodigious application. These men married sisters — poor girls — whom Byron contemptuously called the “milliners of Bath,” and whose subsequent history reveals a surprising difference.

Edith Fricker married Southey the literary drudge, while Sara married Coleridge the wonderful genius. The latter, however, squandered his abilities and passed most of his time in opium intoxication, until at the age of forty he abandoned his family, which was generously protected by Southey. For several years the latter shared his slender earnings with Sara Coleridge and her children, while the husband and father was begging the means of gratifying his depraved appetite. And yet in the point of love poetry Coleridge was a master. No wonder Southey formed a low idea of this style of verse, since his inebriate brother-in-law who abandoned wife and children, could write:

“All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stir this mortal frame
Are but the ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.”

The reason why Southey lived happily with his wife

while Coleridge made domestic life a failure, is found in the fact that the first based his love on self-denial, while the latter was selfish. Southey refused while living in London, to join a literary club, because it would take his evenings from home, but Coleridge would not abandon opium for any domestic considerations. The man who cannot sacrifice a depraved appetite in order to promote home life has a small chance of making himself or any other one happy by marriage.

SHAKESPEARE'S PICTURE.

See how naturally Shakespeare hits off this very idea in *The Tempest* :

Ferdinand (carrying logs in obedience to Prospero.)

There be some kinds of baseness
Nobly undergone. This my mean task
As heavy to me as 'tis odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labors pleasure. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up.
My sweet mistress weeps when she sees me work,
But these sweet thoughts do refresh my labors.

Enter *Miranda* —

Alas now! Pray you
Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile.
Pray set it down and rest you.
If you 'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while; pray give me that,
I'll carry it to the pile. You look wearily.

Ferdinand —

No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are near, * * * and for your sake
I am this patient log man.

Prospero then appears, speaking thus:

If I have too austere punished you
Your compensation makes a just amend.
All thy vexations
Were but trials of thy love.

The question with those who seek the joys of wedlock is, how many logs are they willing to carry?

MATRIMONIAL DIFFICULTIES.

A popular preacher recently addressing young men, said that "even if they were unhappily married they should not separate." This is all very well so far as it goes, but why not tell them how to prevent or forestall unhappiness? Shakespeare is better authority on this point than the clergy, for he makes one of his female characters utter the following :

"Alas, poor woman! Make us but believe
You love us. We in your motion turn
And you may move us.
Comfort my sister, cheer her, *call her wife.*"

The preacher might have improved the opportunity to tell these young men not to stop their courtship as soon as the bridal vow is uttered.

"How is matrimony to be made practicable in a great city?" To find an answer, however, has embarrassed reformers and political economists for ages. It was one of the important questions in Rome before the Christian era, and its importance is no less vital at present. One of the saddest features, indeed, of a great city is the vast number of young people of both sexes who, under more favorable circumstances, would be married, but are not. It is a beautiful idea that everyone has a mate. Alas for the sad reality that so many go through life without finding one even in wedlock — for in painful contrast with the blind search after the ideal — there is, too often that "incompatibility" which interferes with wedded bliss. Perhaps this may have suggested the lines by Mrs. Brooks, better known as Maria del Occidente :

"Many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial springs unfound, unquaffed,
Suffers, recoils, then thirsty and despairing
Of what it would — descends and sips the nearest draught."

This descending to sip the nearest draught is a sad

ature in society, especially as single life so often develops the highest usefulness which brings its own reward. Those who descend to sip the nearest draught, often find it bitter, if not poisonous. Marrying merely to be married, is only an importation of one of the worst customs in India.

BOOK MAKING.

Formerly publishers, in issuing a work, assumed all risks, but they now generally require authors to make their own stereotype plates. It will cost about \$400 to stereotype an ordinary novel, and hence an author requires not only brains but some cash. Next is the copyright, to obtain which he must comply with the legal requirement which will be furnished by the librarian of Congress. To secure the claim he must send two copies of the book to the Congressional library at Washington within ten days after publication.

This library is certainly unfortuate in being thus encumbered with immense quantities of trash. Just think what a collection it must be when every copyrighted volume, good, bad and indifferent, is forced upon its shelves.

When the stereotype plates are finished, the publisher, if he accepts the work, assumes the remainder of the expense. If the book be of an interesting character, and has a profitable sale, he will give a percentage of ten or even twenty per cent on the retail price. Out of this commission the author must expect to meet the expense of making the plates, and perhaps he may have a little over for his literary toil. It will however, be a successful book that yields \$500, and, indeed novels rarely do better than \$300 to \$500, while many fail to pay the

cost of the plates. There are few trades liable to greater risk than book making, as both authors and publishers have learned by experience.

A sad lesson of this kind is found in the life of Scott, which affords so impressive a contrast between grandeur and misfortune. His publishing house issued a number of valuable works, whose sale was unremunerative, and, in fact, the loss on these sunk a large part of the profit made on the Waverley novels. In a like manner our booksellers sometimes lose in one unsalable edition all the profits made on a half dozen successful works. A volume which has cost seventy-five cents to manufacture may be unsalable at a dime, and indeed may only be worth the price of old paper. Some writers are so desirous to see their names in print that they are ready to encounter the risks of sale, and many of those works which bear the imprint of respectable book houses are gotten up solely at the author's expense.

Even writers of repute are often required to stand a large part of the expense of publication. This was the case with Horace Greeley, who said that when he contemplated issuing a volume of essays, the scheme was proposed to the Harpers. The reply was: "Get your book stereotyped and bring us the plates, and we will publish it." Had it been any less distinguished man than Horace Greeley, the publishers would have required him to bear the entire expense of publication.

When a book has been printed, the work is only half done. However much it may have cost to manufacture, as much more may be required to advertise it. A large number should be presented to editors and critics, a few of whom may read the book, while others merely glance at the title page and contents. Being lately in the office of a leading daily, I saw a large pile of new volumes sent

in to be noticed. The first thing done was to number them, and I observed that the figures had reached beyond six thousand! Just think of that! Six thousand volumes passed into that office for criticism. The plea of youth is in bad taste, and now is rarely used. Byron published his *Honrs of Idleness* by "George Gordon Byron, a minor," and adds in the preface his age — "nineteen." How keenly the *Edinburgh Review* cut him for his weakness! The most excusable case was Henry Kirke White, whose poems were published at seventeen to assist his education, and he appeals to the critics to "scan his faults with an indulgent eye," but unfortunately they were deaf to this entreaty, and the severity of one review almost broke his heart. "Wherever I go," said he, "this review goes before me." He never indeed fully recovered from the blow, and it was this which inspired his poem on *Disappointment*.

Another instance is Bryant's "Embargo," which was accompanied by the certificate of his friends, that "the author was only thirteen." The "Embargo" is now very rare, and has brought \$41 at auction. Thirteen years after its publication, the author occupied the editorial chair of the *Evening Post*, which he held until death, after nearly half a century's service.

PROFESSIONAL READING.

Publishers generally employ some man of high literary character to examine whatever may be offered them. This person is called their "reader," and his duty is one of great importance, since both the destiny of the author and the profit of the employer are in his hands. Some houses of extensive character employ several readers, one to examine works of fiction, while to another is detailed the department of science. Such reading is always very trying work and a veteran reader once said to me with

emphasis, "A man's judgment is good for nothing after he has read two hours. He must then rest." Indeed, it is difficult for any one to divest himself of his own preferences and place himself in the attitude of the public. This must be done however, and it is done by a good reader. He must not only be able to say how a work pleases his own taste, but also how it will be received by book purchasers.

Here is the point where publishers often make great mistakes. For instance, Irving says, that after he had written the Sketch Book, much of which was done in England, he offered it to John Murray, the most fashionable publisher in London, who was patronized by Byron and other distinguished writers of the day. Murray declined the offer, coming as it did from an obscure American. Irving subsequently found a publisher in Miller, and the book sold readily. Miller afterward failed, and Murray was then glad to accept the business. Thenceforth he became Irving's publisher and found the American author a source of great profit.

IRVING AND THE SMITHS.

About the same time that the Sketch Book was seeking a publisher another equally interesting volume was a similar applicant. I refer to Rejected Addresses, by Horace and James Smith — which became one of the most popular books of its day. Horace Smith says: "Being strangers to the bookseller's method we little imagined they would refuse to publish our book, especially as we asked nothing for the copyright. Such, however proved to be the case. Our MSS. was perused and returned by several of the most eminent publishers. Well do we remember calling on one of the craft who inquired 'what have you written?' The reply was 'nothing by which

we can be known.' 'Then' said he 'I am afraid to undertake the publication.' The applicant suggested in reply that every writer must have a beginning, and the publisher then promised to look over the MSS. and give an answer the next day. The reply was a firm refusal accompanied by the observation 'these trifles are not deficient in smartness — but they will not pay for advertising and without it I should not sell fifty copies.'” Such was John Murray's curt dismissal of the young satirist. The latter adds, “our addresses might never have seen the light had not some good angel whispered us to apply to Miller, and no sooner had he looked over our MSS. than he immediately offered to assume all risk of publication and give us one-half the profits.” The result was a brilliant success. Murray also declined *Virginus*, which found another publisher, and proved one of the best hits of that day. A half century previously Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* was rejected by Manager Coleman, but he was over-persuaded, and it became a favorite.

Miss Mitford offered *Our Village* to the *New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by Thomas Campbell, but the work was declined. Fortunately, however, she found a publisher and the book proved highly popular. An illustrated edition has recently been issued in this country as a gift-book for which it is very appropriate. Kingslake's admirable book of travels *Eothen* was declined by several publishers, and he then issued it at his own risk and it succeeded. Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella* was declined by two London publishers, but was accepted by Bentley who found it very profitable. The *Diary of a Late London Physician* was one of the most popular works of its day, but for a long time its author sought in vain for a publisher. Eventually he tried Blackwood who saw its value, and this led to a long and brilliant

career of authorship. Fanny Fern's first offering was also declined, but in a few years she made \$75 a week. I do not mention these facts to encourage unwarranted presumption, but merely to show that professional readers sometimes make great blunders. Noah Webster set a good example to the literary world by asking no favors of publishers. Having spent the best part of his life in making a dictionary, he published it at his own expense and was three score and ten when the first edition appeared.

LESSONS TO AUTHORS.

Authors who may be disappointed in the expectation of profit should reflect on the example afforded by Shakespeare who never obtained a penny by book making. The progress of his works was very slow, and almost a century had elapsed before they became generally read. Addison was the first critic to direct public attention to the great dramatist, for, though Milton had spoken of him as "My Shakespeare," there were few to share his admiration. One of the first signs of general popularity was the fact that Jacob Tonson, in the year 1715, used a Shakespeare's head as his sign.

Speaking of authors and booksellers it may be said that Thomas Cadell of London, who published Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall, was the first of the craft to compliment an author by a special dinner. This occurred when the last volume was published, which took place on the fiftieth birthday of the author, the celebration thus being of two-fold character.

Gibbon was the most modest of authors. His first production, the "*Essai sur l'étude de la littérature*," was only published on the urgent request of his father. When the first volume of the Decline and Fall went to press he limited the edition to 500 copies, but the printer doubled

the number. The modest author was astonished to find three editions of equal size immediately called for, and he says it was soon to be seen on the parlor tables of the gentry, while the author's praise was a theme in general society.

Booksellers have generally been peaceable men, but Mathew Carey, formerly of Philadelphia where he was one of the founders of the trade, fought a duel with Colonel Oswald and was severely though not fatally wounded. Henry Knox, the young bookseller of Boston, became the Gen. Knox of the Revolution, and was Secretary of War under Washington.

OLD PUBLISHERS.

Looking back upon the early history of our literature, we find much that is interesting in the printers and publishers who pioneered the profession. The works of Aldus are among the gems of the great Tuscan library, and the term "Aldine" is now suggestive of high art. The Elzevirs stood at the head of the trade in Holland for a century. The founder of this house published one hundred and fifty first class works, and five of his seven sons pursued the same craft. The entire list of Elzevir publications is one thousand two hundred and thirteen, including seven different languages. The Stephens family, of Paris and Geneva, also maintained for a century and a half the dignity of the book trade.

Shakespeare's first posthumous publishers were two fellow actors, John Hemminge and Henry Condell, who issued the first collected edition seven years after the author's death. It is not probable that this work was remunerative since it is said that only two hundred and fifty copies were printed, and indeed it is doubtful whether any thing was made out of Shakespeare for the first hundred years.

Milton's publisher was Samuel Simmons, of London, who, in 1667, agreed to pay £5 for *Paradise Lost*, but an additional £5 was to be paid after one thousand three hundred copies should be sold. This occurred in two years. Seven years after the appearance of the first edition, a second was published. In 1681 the poet's widow sold the entire copyright for £8. Milton has never been as profitable to the trade as Shakespeare, but still the sale of his works has been remunerative. Shakespeare had but little idea of general literature as a traffic, and though he speaks of "books in the running brooks," they were not for sale, but were as free as water.

AUTHORS' PAY.

This subject has been handled in a very careless manner and generally contains an unusual degree of exaggeration. The record goes back to Dryden, who published his translation of Virgil in 1697, and it proved so popular that his reward was a sum equal to \$6,000, but this was the only good hit in his whole life. Pope began small and gradually advanced. His *Windsor Forest*, published when he was twenty-four, brought him £32—equal to \$156. Money was then worth much more than at the present time, but, admitting this, it is a small sum for a first-class poem. His *Homer* yielded equal to \$16,000, but he was ten years at the task. Goldsmith received \$105 for the *Traveler* and \$500 for the *Deserted Village*. The *Vicar of Wakefield* was also \$500, but his plays did much better, for the two brought him \$6,250, this being the equivalent in our currency.

Walter Scott received \$3,800 for the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and \$5,200 for *Marmion*, while the *Lady of the Lake* yielded double the last mentioned sum. Byron's muse was also profitable. He gave *Childe Harold* to his

friend and critic Dallas, who realized \$20,000 from its sale.

Tom Moore was paid \$15,000 for *Lalla Rookh* which, however, occupied a number of his best years. Campbell was the poorest paid of all modern poets for he only received \$100 for his first and best poem, the *Pleasures of Hope*. He wrote it early in life, and neither he nor the publisher ever imagined it would be so wonderfully popular. Southey, on the other hand, having a reputation, got large sums for his so-called poetry, and even the unreadable *Thalaba* brought him \$500. Now that these poems are so completely dead one cannot but be surprised that they ever had a place in literature.

OTHER WRITERS.

William Godwin received only \$400 for his *Caleb Williams*, but the reputation it brought him made his next book, *St. Leon*, worth five times as much. Godwin's novels were the literary wonders of that day, but no one reads them now. George Elliot (*Mrs. Lewes*) averaged \$10,000 for each of her novels. Bulwer's novels averaged him \$5,000, and Marryatt's one-fifth of that sum.

First-class biography pays well, and Moore got \$20,000 for his *Life of Byron*, and even half that sum for his *Life of Sheridan*. The most profitable work of this kind, however, was Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, which had an immense sale, not only from the fame of the author but because it was the first life of the wonderful soldier. It was written in the most hurried manner, and is no longer authority, but it brought the author—or rather his creditors, \$70,000.

Popular history is often remunerative and Gibbon received \$30,000 for his *Decline and Fall*, but as it was

the work of twenty years the profit is not so great after all. Prescott received \$7,500 from the Harpers for his *Conquest of Mexico*, with a royalty of \$1 a copy for all subsequent sales.

I have spoken of Washington Irving as the best paid American author, and it is evident that he was the most successful in obtaining foreign patronage. Although John Murray at first declined issuing the *Sketch Book*, he was afterward glad to publish all of Irving's works, and the entire sum realized by the author in England was £12,217 — equal to nearly \$60,000. All of this came from Murray except £1,000 which was paid by Bentley for the *Alhambra*. The highest price was for the *Life of Columbus*. This work is now but little read, and yet such was the interest in the subject that when published Irving received £3,150 from Murray, and \$9,000 from American publishers, in all about \$25,000. No American author has ever received so much for any work, except Mrs. Stowe, who has, as it is said, cleared \$40,000 on *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Irving's popularity increased rapidly during his latter days. Up to 1843 he had received \$63,000, and had been before the public nearly forty years. During the last eleven years of his life his publisher, Mr. Putnam, paid him \$88,000. The demand has continued since the author's death, and the commissions received by his heirs for five years were \$34,000.

Roe was the best paid author since Irving; his success, however, is much exaggerated. Grant's *Memoirs* yielded a richer return than any other American book, but the *General* was not included among our authors.

Hawthorne, who had more genius than any other American prose writer, never received much from his novels, though they are superior to any other production of American fiction.

I have often thought that the histories of books would add much to their interest. Hence the explanatory statements made by authors always attract my notice. Cooper says he was led to write the *Pilot* by reading the *Pirate* (by Scott), for it awoke the "determination to produce a work, which, if it had no other merit, might present truer pictures of the ocean and ships, than are to be found in the *Pirate*." Its success led Cooper to other marine novels.

Walter Scott says that Miss Edgeworth's admirable Irish sketches awoke the desire to portray Scottish character in a similar manner, and this led to *Waverley*. He therefore presented her a copy through the publisher, who soon afterward sent her an acknowledgment of her influence on the unknown author. Gibbon mentions that his life work (the *Decline and Fall*), was suggested during his first and only visit to Rome, while he was musing amid the ruins of the capitol one October evening. He heard the barefoot friars singing vespers, and the idea occurred of writing the history of those causes which brought the grandeur of imperial Rome to decay and ruin. To those friars the world owes a grand literary work.

Going back to antiquity it is evident that the perusal of the *Iliad* led Virgil to write the *Æneid*. In later times Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote* for the purpose of ridiculing knight errantry, and coming down to our own day Joseph Rodman Drake wrote the *Culprit Fay* in order to prove that the Hudson and its vicinity could be made the scene of romantic and imaginative poetry. It is very evident that a leading feature in *Salmagundi*—the letters of Rubadub Keli Khan—were suggested by the letters of Lien Chi Altongi in Goldsmith's *Chinese Philosopher*. Pollok tells us that the *Course of Time* was suggested by reading one of Byron's minor poems called *Darkness*, and Byron

himself says that his tragedy of *Werner* was drawn from the *Canterbury Tales*. The successful fraud of *George Psalmanazar* — the history of *Formosa* — no doubt led *Swift* to write *Gulliver's Travels*, and *Coleridge* says his *Kubla Khan* was the result of reading *Purchas Pilgrimage*.

Fielding was led to write *Joseph Andrews* by a desire to satirize *Richardson's Pamela*, and *Gay* wrote the *Beggar's Opera* to ridicule the foreign opera which had recently been introduced and which became so fashionable that lovers of old English amusements were indignant. The foreign opera sought its heroes in royalty and romance, and by way of contrast *Gay* took for his hero a highway robber. Very strangely as some would think, he gave to this production the name of *Beggar's Opera*, and yet there is not a beggar in it. Here, however, we may see another satirical hit. The foreign operas had high sounding names, but *Gay* determined, by way of contrast, to take the most contemptible one that came within the range of decency. Hence he called his play the *Beggar's Opera*, or opera fit for beggars and the public showed its appreciation of the satire by the extraordinary run which attended its performance.

Irving wrote his *Knickerbocker* history as a burlesque on the *Historical Society*, and *Dr. Mitchell* burlesqued *Knickerbocker* by his picture of *New York*. *Walter Scott* wrote *Ivanhoe* because he had been so limited to *Scottish* scenes in his previous works that they were often called the "*Scotch Novels*," and he wanted to show the world that he could handle other subjects with equal mastery. The *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, on the other hand, sprang from the request of a lady who hearing a border legend asked *Scott* to make it the theme of a ballad. The latter, when begun, led to the poem which was its author's first great effort of the kind.

Pursuing this theme a little further I find that Scott was indebted for one of his most popular characters to a friend who called on him and their conversation included a reference to Dundee. "Might he not," said the friend, "be made the hero of a national romance, and what if the story be delivered as from the mouth of Old Mortality, would he not do as well as the Minstrel did in the Lay?" Acting on this hint Scott produced that admirable romance in which this character is so prominent. Jedediah Cleishbotham, whose name appears in the *Tales of My Landlord*, was derived from a school master who was proverbially called Clashbottom from the severity with which he plied the birch. Tom Moore says that Scott told him that the *Heart of Mid Lothian* was suggested by an anonymous letter whose author he never discovered. It gave sufficient facts to encourage him to attempt what proved a very successful book. Miss Mitford's admirable series of sketches called *Our Village* was suggested by Irving's *Sketch Book*.

De Quincey wrote the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* to illustrate the horrors of that evil habit, just as Thomson wrote the *Castle of Indolence* in order to show the curse on slothfulness. The *Confessions* made a tremendous sensation and contain some of the finest pen pictures in our language.

Dickens wrote *Oliver Twist* in order to expose the abuses of the pauper system, and he also wrote *Bleak House* as an exposure of the ruinous delay of the Court of Chancery. He was almost the only first-class British novelist that made his pen subserve reform. Dr. Johnson wrote *Rasselas* to earn money to pay for his mother's funeral. Boswell says it was written in the evenings of one week. Campbell told a friend that he found the much admired couplet in the *Pleasures of Hope*,

And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonlaskai's shore,

in a poem called the *Sentimental Sailor*, now extinct. It certainly suggests desolation more vividly than any other couplet in our language, and shows what gems occasionally occur in ephemeral productions.

To return to Scott, it may be mentioned as a point of literary interest that he claimed the right to deny the authorship of the *Waverley* novels. Indeed in 1815, when the literary world was so excited concerning "the great unknown," he wrote thus to John Murray, who had credited him with *Tales of My Landlord*: "I assure you that I never read a volume of them until they were printed." True, he had not read them in their published shape but he does not say he had not read them in MSS.

Scott's position is thus expressed in his own words, "he who is not disposed to own a work must necessarily deny it—otherwise his secret would be at the mercy of all who chose to ask the question, since silence must always pass for assent." Cowper's best poem was called *The Task*, because it was done in obedience to the request of a dear friend. It does not appear that the ancient poets gave names to their works. Did Homer issue his immortal epic as the *Iliad*—or did Virgil call his best production the *Æneid*? No; these names were applied by others. Such authors indeed, cared little for book titles. They simply gave an initiatory idea, such as the *Wrath of Achilles*, with which Homer begins.

Virgil announces *Arms and the Man*. They no more thought of giving their works a name than Cheops did of naming his pyramid. Names, however, are very important since they often awaken interest, and it is very remarkable how authors are led in this choice. Scott says he got *Ivanhoe* from an old song which refers to three estates:

“Trig, Rig and Ivanhoe
 These three did John forego,
 For striking but a single blow,
 And glad he was to be let off so.”

Reference was thus made to the insult offered to one of the royal family, and this case may also be mentioned as the heaviest damages ever paid for assault and battery. Scott's attention was arrested by the name which proved a very fortunate selection. Book histories often reveal the power which grief has exercised on literature. In addition to the crowd of elegies and monodies there is Milton's grand lament over Lycidas, while Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, which some consider his best poem, was also occasioned by the death of a dear friend. Bryant also says of his translation of Homer — which really is his greatest work, “it helped in some measure to divert me from a great domestic sorrow.” He referred to the death of his wife, by whose side he was soon laid to rest. How much this reminds one of Pope's beautiful lines :

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
 Deaf the praised ear and mute the tuneful tongue;
 E'en he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays.

A still more striking instance is found in Queen Victoria, who was led, by the loss of the Prince Consort, to write a book in which she found solace by recalling the scenes of the happiest conjugal life in the entire records of royalty.

Even the *Æneid* opens with sorrow, and the *Iliad* closes with a lament over the mighty dead.

SUFFERINGS OF AUTHORS.

I have said that books are brain-children, and hence authors must expect parental sufferings. Who can see with indifference his son kicked and cuffed in public? Well, is it much better to see your darling volume mis-

represented and perhaps vilified in the papers? Just as some people have gone broken-hearted over the misfortunes of their children, so authors have been broken-hearted by the misfortunes of their books — aye and died of it too! What killed John Keats? What killed Henry Kirke White? Some of my readers will anticipate my reply — abuse of their brain-children. The latter were slaughtered cruelly by the critics. “Wherever I go,” said White, “that review follows me.” It followed him to the grave.

A modern writer describes Charlotte Brontë, reading in silence a critique of the London *Times* on one of her novels and stifling her emotions, while tears of agony ran down her cheeks. It was a critic’s attack on Byron’s maiden volume which awoke the poet’s genius as well as his wrath. If the critic had given the author a horse whipping it would not have been so unbearable as the assault on the first production of his intellect.

Trying, however, as it may be, authors must expect just such treatment. They must acquire an habitual toughness, and they will find an example in such a man as Pope, who was fearfully assailed by the petty scribblers of his day. He says of himself:

“Did some more sober critic come abroad,
If wrong I smiled, if right I kissed the rod.”

Scott made up his mind, when he entered the profession of literature, to read no criticisms and pay no attention to praise or censure, and if he had adhered to this rule it would have saved him a great deal of trouble.

LITERARY REWARD.

Money is highly desirable and authors have a right to expect it, and yet the best writers have received the least. Those who properly pursue literature find it to be its own

exceeding great reward. Hence the author of a book which proves a pecuniary failure may derive a benefit which is a real though imperfect compensation. This idea is thus quaintly expressed by Montaigne: "Though nobody should read me, have I lost my time in entertaining myself in pleasing and useful thought?" Byron said of the *Bride of Abydos* it "was written in four nights to distract my dreams of ——. Had I not done something at that time I must have gone mad. Whether it succeeds or not is no fault of the public. I am much more indebted to the tale than I can be to the most partial reader."

It is highly probable that Shakespeare found himself well repaid by the delight of giving scope to his genius, and neither he, nor Milton, nor Bunyan ever dreamed of pecuniary reward. Even Addison never earned any thing by his pen, and Pope was really the first British author who made literature a profitable profession. In this point, indeed Pope stood alone among all the writers of the first half of the eighteenth century. Even Johnson in the midst of his fame made but a scant living by his pen, and his support was in no small degree due to his pension. Genius must always work out its own development, even though, as in the case of Chatterton its fate be famine and despair. Coming to our own country, it may be added that during the first century and three-quarters of its existence no one made any thing out of authorship. Charles Brockden Brown was the first writer who cleared a profit, and this was very small. He wrote to a friend as follows: "Book making is the dullest of trades, and the most that an American can look for in his native country is to be reimbursed for his unavoidable expenses." Brown was the earliest American novelist, and held high rank in his day, but is now almost forgotten.

The poverty of authors is not without marked exceptions, and one of the most striking combinations of wealth and literature was found in Rogers, the poet banker of London. His works, though but little read at present, were at one time in vogue among the better class of British society, and his wealth enabled him to publish in the most splendid style. It was to rival this elegance that Campbell made such an effort to issue an illustrated edition of his own works as the closing labor of his life. Rogers was the richest author in the entire record of British literature, but in this point Waldorf Astor ranks him. William Beckford, author of *Vathek*, was another rich *litterateur*. He inherited an immense fortune, and invested a sum equal to \$2,000,000 in the Fonthill estate. The grand tower, which was 260 feet high, fell a few years after its erection, and the whole place eventually went to ruin. Beckford's last literary work is *Vathek*, which made a sensation at the time, but is now almost forgotten.

Going a little further back one meets Horace Walpole, the wealthy dilettanti, who maintained a private printing press, and rendered Strawberry hill so famous for its collection of literary curiosities. His principal work was the "Castle of Otranto," which, being full of horrors, eventually led to the harrowing spectre-haunted school of romance." Walpole was a very clever writer, and had he not been encumbered with wealth, might have won an enduring name in the literary world. In later days the Earl of Carlisle made an attempt at authorship, but it was a failure, and would now be forgotten had not Byron embalmed him in his early satire. Byron unkindly applied to the noble author Pope's caustic lines, italicizing one word in the following manner :

"What can ennoble knaves or *fools* or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

Another nobleman (the Earl of Derby) has recently given the world a translation of Homer, which, however, is no improvement on other efforts of the same kind. Lord Surrey was the chief poet among the British aristocracy until the appearance of Byron, whose literary distinction is far greater than that of mere birth. As a member of the peerage he would soon have been forgotten, but as the author of *Childe Harold* he has now greater fame than any other poet of his age. Even at the present day the sale of Byron's works exceeds that of the entire aggregate of contemporary British poets, and is only equalled by Tennyson. It may be mentioned as a peculiar feature in Byron that as he advanced in literary labor he became more indifferent to the distinction of birth. In his first production, for instance, he speaks of himself as a nobleman, but in his last he makes the British nobility the object of his keenest satire. He had learned that genius had a rank higher than that of mere blood, and that a place in the catalogue of high-born authors was small ambition for one who felt the power of true inspiration.

RICH AMERICAN AUTHORS.

The number of rich Americans who have ventured into authorship is small, and their success has not been of an encouraging character. Charles Astor Bristed became known by the pen name of Carl Benson, but his *Five Years at an University* was hardly a creditable work. Prescott, however, was rich before he began his history and, indeed, had not this been the case he could not have accomplished the work. Samuel Ward, who did some clever things in literature, inherited a fortune from his father, who was one of the banking firm of Prime, Ward & King, but he never fulfilled the promise

of his youth. Waldorf Astor is the richest of American *literateurs*, but his Valentino proved a failure and from these facts it is evident that great wealth is not favorable to the development of genius.

PECULIAR BOOKS.

This is a large class (mostly out of print and only known to book students) among which Zeluco is prominent. It is a tale intended to portray a man destitute of a moral nature, cruel and perfidious, and yet its author was a philanthropic physician and father of the general of whose burial it is said "not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note." Another peculiar story, though entirely different, is Margaret by Sylvester Judd which holds high rank in American fiction. Melmoth the Wanderer by Maturin was once widely read, and its description of the efforts made by a man who has sold his soul to the devil to escape the consequences, is indeed thrilling. Another is St. Leon by William Godwin — the autobiography of one who has reached immortality by occult science — also Frankenstein by Mrs. Shelley (Godwin's daughter) which is the strangest book ever written by a woman. Such books are occasionally called for at the Astor whose lofty dome and crowded alcoves sometimes seem like a literary cosmos. The pressure of brain work and research suggested here is crushing. Here are thousands of books of which I have never heard, and it is enough to bewilder one to look over the catalogue. At such times I feel the need of communion with nature and recall the lessons afforded by Wordsworth. The best students and *literateurs* combined city and rural advantages.

Gibbon wrote much of his great history in a room which commanded a view both of Lake Lemane and the mountains of Savoy. Irving did his life work at Sunny-

side, and Scott passed his best days in the valley of the Tweed. The students and *literateurs* of New York need some such suburban advantages, but the privation must be patiently endured. Pope never could have boasted of his grotto at Twickenham had he not been the best paid author of the eighteenth century.

BOHEMIAN LIFE.

There are few more striking contrasts in social life than that exhibited by the elegant leisure of a rich *literateur* surrounded by books and all the luxury of a cultured taste, and the grim poverty of a bohemian who writes merely for bread. Such a man knows not what leisure means. He snatches at subjects with a death grip and drives his quill with all the energy inspired by necessity. He will write rapidly and often elegantly, on all themes which may serve the market. He is a critic, paragraphist, essayist, historian, sermonizer, writer of tales, advertisements, or any thing else that may be required.

He is a visitor at a dozen offices, in each of which he is offering some article whose rejection is one of the things he has got used to. He has the run of all the magazines and may get two or three articles published in a year out of a score that are offered. He might be driven to despair were it of any use, but he has learned that the only way is to endure.

All the managing editors will recognize this picture in a group of men who driven by poverty, are urging articles into columns which are already crowded.

Such are some of the dark features of literary life. They are not confined to America. I may quote the impressive words of Hugh Miller—himself once an obscure and struggling genius. "I remembered," said he, "in crossing Westminster bridge that the poet Crabbe

walked on it all night when in distress and his last shilling expended. Here it was that Otway perished of hunger and Chatterton by suicide. And these were the very streets where Richard Savage and Samuel Johnson had so often walked from midnight to morning having no roof under which to find shelter."

Speaking of bohemians and journalists it is worthy of note that one of the best descriptions ever given of a newspaper office by any writer in advance of history, is afforded by Pope in the Temple of Fame :

“ There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
Of storms at sea and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favorites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxation new,
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.”

The author of the above lines certainly had a correct idea of what a newspaper ought to be, and though he does not aim in this sketch to describe one, yet nothing else will answer to the picture he has drawn.

SAVAGE.

There are some points in the life of Richard Savage which are worthy of mention, in addition to the mystery of his origin. He was the early companion of Johnson, sharing his deepest misery, and the friendship formed under such painful conditions was of an enduring character. Johnson says they often walked the streets of London together — hungry and homeless. Savage was the first poet whose life was written, and this may be considered the beginning of literary biography. Johnson wrote it under the intensity of friendship, and it is therefore the best of all his productions. Savage has gone to

oblivion and yet he wrote at least one couplet of impressive character :

“On earth success must in its turn give way
And e'en perfection introduce decay.”

The above is one of the deepest utterances of a reflective mind. Savage is the first poet that describes toothache and though Burns wrote a few painful verses on the same subject they are far inferior to the following picture of dental agony :

“A tooth's minutest nerve let anguish seize
Swift kindred fibres catch — so frail our ease —
Pinched, pierced and torn, inflamed and unassuaged,
They smart and swell and throb and shoot enraged,
From nerve to nerve fierce flies the exulting pain,
And are we of this mighty fabric vain.”

Savage died in Bristol jail in his forty-sixth year, being under arrest for debt. He had enjoyed the patronage of Lord Tyreconel, but lost it through reckless indifference to the proprieties of life. His death occurred in 1743, and as Johnson published his *Vanity of Human Wishes* soon afterward, I have sometimes thought that Savage's miserable end suggested the following painful picture :

“But see what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want — the *patron* and the *jail*.”

PUBLISHERS AND AUTHORS.

Publishers have occasionally been immortalized by their authors. We should have heard nothing of Jacob Tonson or of Lintot, had it not been for Addison and Pope. The former published the *Spectator*, and the latter the works of Pope, who was the only author of his day that made literature profitable. Coming down to a later age, John Murray is embalmed by Byron, who formed a close friendship for his publisher, and made him the subject of some brief poems, which have redeemed him from oblivion.

Junius both enriched and immortalized Woodfall,

and this is the only instance of a writer benefiting his publisher without receiving even the smallest share. Woodfall incurred heavy risks in this publication, but the sales of his paper, and also of the letters in book form, were sufficient remuneration. He offered to divide the profits with his anonymous contributor; but the latter generously declined, and advised the publisher to make all he could out of them — adding, in very sensible manner, that “without a competency a man could not be happy, or hardly honest.”

Walter Scott has given enduring distinction to his publishers, whose slipshod method of doing business resulted in their common ruin. The Bannatynes will always be remembered as long as Scott, and so will Constable — the latter having also been one of his publishers. It is a remarkable feature in Scott's character that the failure of the Bannatynes did not occasion any breach of previous friendship. He always spoke kindly of them, although their failure had wrecked his fortune and blasted the hopes of a life-time. Irving owed much of his success to Putnam, who became distinguished as the publisher of the most popular American author.

One of the most worthy of the book publishers of his day was Joseph Cottle, of Bristol. Byron ridiculed his brother Amos in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, whose readers may thus be prejudiced. Cottle had a tenderness in dealing with authors which is seldom found in the trade. He published for Southey, Wordsworth, Hannah Moore and Coleridge, and was always proud of his connection with this galaxy of genius. How patiently he bore with the faithless and irresponsible Coleridge! How generously he paid Southey for his cumbrous epics! Cottle was a prince in his line, and his name is an honor to the trade. Bristol should always revere his memory.

Such is the sad distinction of one of the most gifted writers of her day, and L. E. L. is the only poet that found a grave in the dark continent. What painful associations, indeed, cloud the history of Letitia Elizabeth Landon, who won such admiration, and, alas, awoke such jealousy! A baseless scandal crushed her youth, and led her, after achieving a name in literature, to accept a husband so unworthy of her that the marriage was only a legal sacrifice. Then came the contrast between the intellectual circles of London and the desolation of life in a lonely castle on the African coast—subjected to marital indifference and the treachery of the native attendants—until sudden death and a solitary grave closes the scene. The vein of tender and pensive emotion which characterizes her poetry awoke the admiration of Whittier (*vide*, page 70), and gives her enduring power over all kindred spirits.

RICH COPYRIGHTS.

It is a remarkable fact in literary history that three authors, each the greatest of his native land, Dickens, Scott and Irving, should each die in possession of the copyrights of his works. Irving and Dickens were sole proprietors, but in the case of Scott, who was bankrupt, possession was conceded by his creditors, and the author granted Cadell one-half interest in this property. The price fixed for the copyrights, from Waverley to Quentin Durward, was £8,500.

Four years previously Scott had, while under a severe pressure, sold the copyrights of seven of his best novels and eight of his poems for £12,000; but Constable, who bought them, failed in business, and they were sold at auction in 1827, when Scott was permitted to purchase them.

Taking into consideration the difference between the value of money, the sum of £8,500 must be estimated at \$80,000. This, as it must be remembered, was not for any new works, but for a series of novels which began seventeen years previously, and which had yielded enormous profits.

Scott earned nearly a half million of dollars during his literary career, which lasted twenty-six years, and had he not been involved in the ruin of the Bannatyne concern he would have been the richest *litterateur* the world had ever seen.

Dickens, like Scott, disposed of his copyrights and then obtained them by purchase, paying for each a large advance. This recovery was gradual, and when he became the sole owner of his works he was in receipt of an income which would have surprised even the author of *Waverley*. This is shown by the fact that a literary career of thirty-four years enabled him not only to live in handsome style at Gad's Hill, but also to leave a fortune of £80,000, which is equal to nearly a half million of dollars.

Irving never disposed of his copyrights, at least in America. He sold the privilege of publication in England, but being an American, he could obtain a copyright at home.

UNFINISHED WORKS.

The failure of literary enterprises seems the more painful when the author's hand is paralyzed by death, leaving some important task unfinished. Milton seems to have been much grieved over the fragment which Chaucer left of what should have been a fine poem and hence he exclaims:

" Call him up who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold."

No one, however, can assume the spirit and enthusiasm of an author, and for this reason, unfinished works defy

all supplementary effort. Hence those who have been engaged in great literary tasks have felt anxious to live for their completion. Such was the case of Gibbon, who spent twenty years on the *Decline and Fall*. Having enjoyed its first success, and having also silenced his antagonists, he soon afterward died.

Irving felt anxious lest he should be unable to finish his life of Washington. He was, however, permitted to do this, but died within six months from its completion. He was then seventy-six. Bancroft was thirty-four when he began his great national history, and seventy-four when the twelfth and last volume appeared. Ten years later he issued a revised edition, being then (at eighty-four) the oldest historian in the entire record.

Macaulay began his history of England at forty-seven and continued it until his death, which occurred twelve years afterward. As in the case of Irving, it was completed only a few months before his end. Pollok, who died in his twenty-ninth year, also saw his poem — *The Course of Time* — published. It was the great ambition of this noble young man to behold his work in print, and the six months which elapsed between its issue and his death gave him the assurance of its permanent success.

Boswell, who was seven years writing his life of Johnson, lived only four years after publication, and as he himself acknowledges, was highly elated with its rapid sale. These instances might be called narrow escapes from the risk, but on the other hand Dickens left *Edwin Drood* unfinished, and this also was the case with Coleridge's *Christabel*, which is so fascinating that the reader is much annoyed by the sudden break at its close.

Horace Walpole attempted a quarto edition of his works, but death interfered with its progress, and it remains unfinished, but this, however is no great loss.

Goldsmith never completed his life of Voltaire, and Hawthorne left the Dolliver romance unfinished, while the unfortunate Keats gives us, in *Hyperion*, the promise of a poem which never was fulfilled.

Matthew Henry was engaged for many years in his exposition of the Scriptures, but he left it unfinished, and other hands assumed as far as possible, the purpose of the author. He died at fifty-two, his task having reached no further than the close of the "Acts of the Apostles." Doddridge hardly lived as long as Henry, and hence considered it a special mercy that he finished his *Expositor*, but he did not live to see it in print. Sir Philip Sydney, who died when only thirty-two, left his *Arcadia* unfinished, and this accounts for its numerous defects.

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

The most remarkable in fiction is *Æneas'* thrilling description of the fall of Troy and his strange adventures, which fills two magnificent books of the *Æneid*. In point of literary interest, however, the most memorable of such occasions was the dinner given in Edinburgh in behalf of the Actors' Fund, where Scott for the first time acknowledged the *Waverley Novels*. This occurred February 23, 1827, and made a deep sensation throughout Europe. Scott's health was proposed in a glowing speech by Lord Meadowbank as "the Great Unknown, who now stood revealed." Scott made a very neat reply, closing as follows:

I am now at the bar of my country and am willing to plead guilty, nor shall I detain the court by a long explanation why my confession has so long been delayed. Like another Scottish criminal of more consequence (*Macbeth*)

I am afraid to think what I have done,
Look on't again, I dare not.

I have thus far unbosomed myself, and I mean seriously to state that when I say I am the author I mean the total and undivided author. * * * "The wand is now broken and the book buried." You will allow me further to say with Prospero, "it is your breath that has filled my sails."

The scene was deeply affecting, especially as Scott brought in as antithesis to the "Great Unknown," a pithy allusion to the "now small well known."

This acknowledgment gave rise to a very effective "gag" at the theatre a few nights afterward, Sir Walter being present. The play was *High Life Below Stairs*, and one of the characters asked, "who wrote Shakespeare?" The reply was, "Sir Walter Scott. He confessed it at a public meeting the other day."

CHARLES LAMB.

How rare it is to see a poverty-stricken clerk rise to fame! In the case of Charles Lamb it was poverty aggravated by still worse calamity. His father reduced to senility — his sister an occasional lunatic, and his mother the murdered victim of that sister's frenzy. Poor and without friends — a charity scholar and then a clerk, held to his desk six hours a day and six days in the week, except a brief annual vacation — his sole companion that unfortunate sister, their union being only broken when she was occasionally in the asylum.

Very natural that such a man, if he had any literary taste, should find in literature a consolation — but here we see his path strewn with difficulties. His first little book of poems a failure. His tragedy (*John Woodvill*) rejected when offered to a manager, and his farce (*Mr. H.*) damned in the most ruthless manner. It was well that he had a genial nature, which amid all these difficulties found utterance (as in *Elia*) and thus cheered the clouded scenes of his life. One of the most striking features in that early poverty was the close friendship between the charity scholars Lamb and Coleridge, the latter being "dear Col," and into this friendship Wordsworth was ad-

mitted. It was at Charles Lamb's that Coleridge recited his own poetry — as only he could recite it.

Then we have the gathering of genius on the Wednesday evenings at Lamb's which made the poor clerk's rooms a symposium of humor and literary conviviality, and gave him a distinction which he will always retain. It was a darkened life at first, but it is now lit up by fame. If Lamb had not been a humorist he might have perished like Chatterton in his early misery.

Speaking of Lamb's early ill success, it is curious to note how many of what are now considered first-class productions were at first unsuccessful. Here, for instance, is the *Ancient Mariner*, one of the most wonderful of imaginative poems, and one which has a place in every collection. Reader, can you credit the statement that when first issued it was a failure? It was called a *Poet's Revery*, and formed a part of *Lyrical Ballads*, a copartnership volume made by Wordsworth and Coleridge, and published in Bristol, because no London house would accept it.

Lyrical Ballads did not sell, and Wordsworth told the publisher that the chief reason was "that it contained Coleridge's poem, which no one seemed to understand." Motley's first volume was a failure; I refer to Morton's *Hope*, published by the Harpers in 1839. Cooper's first novel, *Precaution*, was also a failure.

Turning to Scott, his brilliant romance *Waverley*, lay unfinished in a drawer two years, having been unfavorably criticised by a friend. The manuscript met encouragement from another reader, and the book became a great hit. Novels sometimes do better by a change of name. Bulwer published his grand romance of *Zanoni* first under the title of *Zicci*, or the *Secret Order*, but soon changed it. Edgar A. Poe first published his

stories with the title of *Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque*, but it was not a taking name and was afterward dropped. Hawthorne republished the *Marble Faun* in London under the title of *Transformation*, but with his reputation such a change seems unnecessary.

What a striking contrast between an author and his books is suggested by the recent splendid edition of Poe's *Raven*. When that poem first appeared its author was leading a bohemian life in New York, and was an object of general pity in literary circles. I well remember the birth of the *Raven*. It appeared in the *Whig Review* for January, 1845, and though I knew the latter was ephemeral, I also knew that the poem was immortal. I have heard that Poe received \$15 for it, and if so this was all that it ever brought him. Four years afterward he died in misery.

Could the unfortunate author be restored to life and behold the *Raven* illustrated by the genius of Doré and published in such splendid style by the Harpers, he might feel at least that posterity had done him justice. Another work which Doré has illustrated in his best style revives similar associations. I allude to Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, which when first published, was an utter failure, and yet it eventually reached the highest rank in literature. Some of Longfellow's gems appeared in the *Knickerbocker* which is now forgotten. Among these were the *Psalm of Life* and the *Skeleton in Armor*. Charles F. Hoffman only wrote one thing which will live, *Monterey*, which is a martial outburst with the ring of a pæan. It first appeared in *Yankee Doodle*, a comic ephemeral, which only lived a few weeks.

In this day of literary fecundity one may look back with surprise to the time when an author was identified with his book. To write a good tale then gave a man dis-

tion. Goldsmith only attempted fiction in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, while his patron, Johnson, has given the world but one tale, *Rasselas*. Horace Walpole is the *Castle of Otranto*, Beckford is *Vathek*, and John Sterling is *The Onyx Ring*. Gifted as these men may have been, they exhausted their invention each in one literary effort.

The strange and horrible story of the Vampire is another instance, as its author never reappeared in any other work, and sank away to oblivion after creating a brief sensation in the literary circles of London.

BOOK NAMES.

These often arise from arbitrary circumstances. Dickens says "Boz" was a corruption of "Mose," a pet name for a little brother. Scott got the best title for a novel by glancing at an old triplet concerning "Trigg, Rigg and Ivanhoe." The poem which he first called the *Romance of Border Chivalry* was published with the much better name of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The same author having written a fine romance, was at loss for a suitable name, and his publisher, Bannatyne, suggested *Rob Roy*, and this ringing title aided its sale prodigiously.

Some of the most useful books have grown out of small beginnings. John Bunyan tells us that he did not expect to make a volume when he began *Pilgrim's Progress*. He says:

"When at the first I took my pen in hand
Thus for to write I did not understand
That I at all should make a little book."

Few who look at so small a volume as Butler's *Analogy* would think it was in the author's hands for twenty years; Thompson whose *Seasons* were so popular, wrote *Winter* first, but it is printed as the last in the series; Fielding wrote *Tom Jones* in the brief

leisure which he stole from the office of police justice in London. Never before or since has a police justice produced a first class novel. *Hyperion* does not sound like a book of travels, and *Longfellow* when thus using it displayed great ingenuity. It is derived from two Greek words, *hyper-eon* — going beyond or excelling, and is, therefore, applied to *Apollo*. *Longfellow* only meant that he had gone beyond his previous track, and it proved a very taking title.

Speaking of book names it seems very strange that *Byron* first called his greatest poem "*Childe Buren's Pilgrimage*." His friends remonstrated, and he then chose its present title. *Charles Lamb*, in his sketch of the *Old South Sea House*, says that "*Elia*" was the name "of a gay, light-hearted foreigner who fluttered there" when he wrote his first essay.

Wordsworth gave the very inappropriate name of "*the Excursion*" to a prolix series of scenes and meditations, but this misnomer, dull as it is to most readers, contains what *DeQuincy* ranks among the finest things in our language. It is the city seen in the clouds:

Here serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed — there towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars.

ROWE AND DRYDEN.

Jane Shore is the only one of *Rowe's* plays that has been performed on the American stage, and it recalls the name of an author who had almost gone to oblivion. *Rowe* died in 1718, being then forty-five, and was buried in *Westminster Abbey*. He wrote a half dozen plays, but none of them ever held first rank. The most that can be said of *Rowe* is that he was admired by *Pope*, who wrote his epitaph. The latter contains so pungent an

allusion to the neglect which Dryden's grave had suffered, that it led to the immediate erection of a monument. This incident connects these three men in a peculiar manner, and hence is interesting as a bit of literary history. Dryden died in London in 1700, when Pope was but twelve. The interment was in Westminster Abbey, but no memorial was erected and Pope felt keenly this neglect of a brother poet. Eighteen years afterward Pope was called to write Rowe's epitaph, in which he thus expresses his sense of the neglect by which so great a genius was dishonored:

"Thy reliques Rowe to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred place by Dryden's awful dust,
Beneath a rude and nameless slab he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide enquiring eyes.
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies."

The contrast thus shown between the affection of Rowe's widow and the ingratitude of the nation aroused such feeling that a monument was soon erected over Dryden's grave.

PROOF OF VITALITY.

An interesting feature in literature is found in the hold which some writers take on common parlance, thus incorporating their utterances in our language. Gray gives us the "bliss of ignorance," taken from his lines "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." His elegy also has afforded some very popular utterances. Gay on the other hand only lives by a couplet in the Beggar's Opera:

How happy I could be with either
Were t'other dear charmer away.

Goldsmith, considering his popularity, is surprisingly deficient in this point, but his scenes make up for the lack. I refer to "Moses going to the fair" in the Vicar

of Wakefield, and the exquisite pictures in the Deserted Village. Johnson gives us "not for a day but for all time," "to point a moral and adorn a tale," also "studious to please." The latter occurs in the prologue to *Irene*, and how little he thought it would survive that cumbrous and artificial tragedy.

Pope ranks next to Shakespeare. His bright things are incorporated so extensively into common talk that one hardly knows whence they came until one discovers them in his poems. One of the most common is "damn with faint praise," another is "the feast of reason and flow of the soul," but I have no space for any more and can only refer the reader to the original which will well repay careful and repeated perusal. Addison has done but very little in this line, but "talking one to death" is in the *Spectator* and the same idea is repeated both by Pope and Johnson.

Some of the old classics have contributed to the sayings of the present day and Homer bids us "welcome the coming and speed the parting guest," while "thunder out of a clear sky" comes from Horace and we are indebted to Virgil for the oft-quoted "*facilis descensus Averni*"—also for that noble expression of sympathy with which Dido welcomes Æneas. To these are to be added Cæsar's "*veni vidi vici*" and Constantine's "*in hoc signo vinces*." "Strike but hear" is also an ancient utterance. Coming down to modern writers Blair's *Grave* gives us "the better half" and also "angel's visits few and far between," which one also finds in Campbell.

Bishop Berkeley would long since have been forgotten had he not written that hackneyed line "Westward the course of Empire takes its way," and Thomson of the *Seasons* gives us "teach the young idea how to shoot," also "killing time," which is found in the *Castle of Indo-*

lence. Young of the Night Thoughts and also the satirist, gave the world many living utterances, and Dryden, though less fertile, speaks of "rule or ruin," "packing a jury," and bids us "beware of the wrath of a patient man." He also tells us that "great wit to madness is near allied."

Cowper is best known by his saying that "God made the country and man made the town." Swift is but little quoted and Sterne's best hits are "our army swore terribly in Flanders," and "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Chatterton, though he died at sixteen, left one grand utterance, "Oh give the mighty will, or give the willing power."

Tom Moore, with all his grace of rhyme and thought, has not entered largely into common use, but his "love me it were sure to die" is often repeated. Keats gives us "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and Mrs. Barbauld lives in her "Life we have been long together." Whittier's "it might have been" is too painful to die and Longfellow lives in his "lives of great men oft remind us," and some other pensive utterances.

John Randolph coined "doughface." Franklin's proverbs in Poor Richard's Almanac are now as fresh as ever and one meets them at every turn. "The school-master is abroad" is the only living utterance of Lord Brougham, who of all the brilliant *coterie* that gave the Edinburgh Review its fame, was the only man that shot a keen proverb into public use. Southey, though a life-long writer, failed in this point, even Tennyson has given us but two or three living utterances, while Browning has no hold on common parlance.

Byron is extensively incorporated into our language, and among his best things are "the glory and the nothing of a name;" "between two worlds life hovers like a

star"; "a book's a book although there's nothing in it." He entirely ranks Coleridge and Wordsworth, and yet the latter wrote two lines which Bryant quoted and credited to Shakespeare.

"The good die first but those whose life is dry
As summer dust, burn long in the socket."

Shelley is less quoted than any other man of high order of genius. Scott holds a medium position, and is ranked by Burns whose "a man's a man for a' that" is the best thing ever said in Scotland, and will be heard in common use as long as our language exists.

Irving's only noted saying is the "almighty dollar." Joel Barlow's cumbrous epics are forgotten — not so, however, "the man of straw." Campbell gives to common parlance "distance lends enchantment to the view"; and "coming events cast their shadows before." Milton has obtained a deep hold on our language by the bright utterances in *L'Allegro* and *Penseroso* where he speaks of the "light fantastic toe"; "linked sweetness long drawn out" and "dim religious light." His sonnets contain "peace hath her victories not less renowned than those of war." Also, "they also serve who only stand and wait."

Lord Macaulay and Edward Everett were admirable writers but they have no place in common parlance. I need hardly add that Dickens is more quoted than any other modern author, and he has written himself into our language to a degree that ensures permanent fame.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

When one considers the enormous size and wonderful perfection of Harper's *Monthly* or the *Century* it is certainly gratifying to national pride that they are American publications. In order, however, to appreciate their im-

ments it is necessary to compare them with the earliest efforts of a similar character. The first monthly periodical published in America was issued in Philadelphia by Andrew Bradford in 1741. It was called the American Magazine, and a copy of the first volume may be found in the New York Historical Society. It did not, however, receive sufficient patronage and hence never reached a second volume. The next effort of the kind bore the same name and was issued in New York by Samuel London in 1788. It was edited by Noah Webster, the subsequent lexicographer who was then thirty and had already won a name in the literary world. The American Magazine was issued at \$2.50 a year and yet the entire volume does not contain as much reading as a single number of any first-class modern periodical.

An examination of the contents reveals the fact that at that time America had but little that could be called literature. The entire continent did not contain a respectable tale writer. The American Magazine was a weak imitation of London periodicals, and among its contents are dry essays on education, scraps of foreign news, births and deaths. Some Indian researches also appear, and occasional articles on politics.

The most interesting feature in this antique volume is a description of New York which gives one some idea of the metropolis as it appeared a century ago. At that time Irving was a prattler of three years, and even Charles Brockden Brown, who is considered the father of American fiction, was only a schoolboy. It is strange, indeed, to think that at the time referred to nothing had appeared in America to even suggest that vast advance in literature which has been gradually established. The best poet of that day was a colored girl who lived in Boston named Phillis Wheatley.

The opening of the present century was marked by the appearance of the *Port Folio* published in Philadelphia and edited by Joseph Dennie who was the most versatile *litterateur* in the country. Irving was one of its contributors and it lived twenty-seven years. Dennie, who gave it high rank, was a native of Boston, and had won distinction before coming to Philadelphia where he died after eleven years' editorial service.

It is not generally known that Irving once edited a magazine. Yes, and he originated a name, changing "Select Reviews" (published by Moses Thomas in Philadelphia), to the "Analectic Magazine." Irving began this service in 1812, being then twenty-nine, but he soon found that he was not adapted to editorship and resigned. The *Analectic* failed a few years afterward.

OTHER PERIODICALS OF THE PAST.

Charles F. Hoffman established the *Knickerbocker*, and afterward was editor of the *American Monthly*, both of which failed. The former was for many years under the care of Lewis G. Clarke, but had passed out of his possession before its conclusion. N. P. Willis and George P. Morris printed the *New York Mirror*, which for a long time was the most fashionable periodical in America, but who ever hears of it now? After the failure of the *Mirror*, Willis began the *Corsair* which however had but a brief existence. Park Benjamin for a short time issued the *Evergreen*, an excellent monthly which deserved a better fate. William M. Snowden made the *Ladies' Companion* a temporary success, and it boasted a circulation of 20,000, but it gradually reached the inevitable doom.

William E. Burton, who had a literary as well as a dramatic turn, issued the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which went

through a brief struggle for existence and then quietly sank into oblivion. The Duyckinks, who were the most thorough *literateurs* of New York, published the Literary World for several years, but though its value was universally admitted it was unsuccessful. Samuel Colman the publisher, issued Colman's Magazine, and Putnam also had a magazine but both failed. James Mowat projected a similar effort, with no better success. Charles Matthews founded Areturus, a Magazine of Books and Opinions, but notwithstanding its pompous name it proved a failure. Thomas Dunn English made a similar effort with the Aristidean, but with no better success.

Another enterprise of the same character was found in the Democratic Review, whose political rival, the Whig Review, was almost equally short-lived. The International, though a very clever periodical, failed to reach a permanent foothold, and so did the brilliant Appleton's Journal. The Continental was begun by James R. Gilmore, better known by the pen name of Edmund Kirke, assisted by Richard B. Kimball, who won distinction as a novelist. Charles G. Leland also wrote for it, but after making a hard struggle for two years, the usual result was reached.

The shortest-lived of all American periodicals, and also really the least valuable, is doomed to renewed publication, by the fact that one of its projectors afterward became a famous author. Hence it has a place among his complete works — but what an infliction on the reader! I allude to Salmagundi, which only reached its twentieth number. It was a clever thing in its day, but though it deserved immediate oblivion, it lives as a part of Irving's productions.

Among the entire record of unfortunate periodicals none held a prouder position than Graham's Magazine.

It was at one time edited by Poe, and its contributors included J. Fennimore Cooper and other popular names of that day. Its sales were reported at 50,000, and for several years it was a power in the literary world, but eventually it sank under increasing competition until it finally disappeared. The *Galaxy* was another instance of a noble effort that ended in failure. The war of periodicals for existence has been as relentless as any other rivalry, and the path through which a few have risen to success is strewn with wrecks which only suggest painful memories.

PERSONAL ALLUSION.

My reference to the *Knickerbocker* leads me to mention that my first literary effort after coming to New York appeared in its columns. I was then a boy of seventeen and earned \$1 a week as a clerk for John B. Glover, auctioneer, corner of Broad street and Exchange place. I was allowed to sleep in the store and boarded myself at a cost of nine cents a day. This close economy supplemented by the kindness of a lady who aided me with occasional gifts, enabled me to go through a severe pressure. That a poor clerk may find in literature consolation as well as recreation I know by experience, and when I saw my maiden piece printed in the *Knickerbocker* in company with articles by Charles F. Briggs, Caleb Cushing and Washington Irving it was a moment of inexpressible delight. The poor clerk had deposited the offering in the editor's box at night with trembling hand; he had not expected its acceptance; he had, in fact, looked on it as dead, and was therefore surprised a few weeks afterward by its resurrection. Of course he never received any compensation, nor indeed, did he have enough assurance to even introduce himself to the editor. The increase in his duties prevented any further contributions,

but this incident always gave him special interest in the Knickerbocker. The latter was then under Clarke's management and he was unable to pay any except a few rare authors. Longfellow and Irving received small compensation, but most of the Knickerbocker writers felt sufficiently rewarded by a place in its columns — reminding one of Byron's expression :

“ 'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print,
A book 's a book, although there's nothing in 't.”

MUNCHAUSEN.

It is not generally known that Baron Munchausen was a reality, and that the name has long been one of high rank. Gerlaek Munchausen for instance, was a German statesman of marked importance during the reign of Frederick the Great, and the baron himself was an officer in the cavalry. He served in the Russian army with credit, and then retired to his native town, where he died in 1797. He had a penchant for boastful stories, and it increased as he advanced in age, until his name became proverbial for ridiculous exaggeration. It is hardly probable, however, that he ever expected to see his tales in print, and hence the book itself must have been a surprise. It appeared in London in 1785 and was written by a German *litterateur* named Raspe, who had fled from his country and taken refuge in London. He sought a subject for his pen, but at that time literature was at too low a mark to afford encouragement except in nonsense. The nation had just passed through the horrors of a seven years' war and wanted something humorous rather than solid. This led Raspe to the idea of ridiculing military life, and recalling the big stories in which the baron indulged he not only repeats them but adds all other absurdities within his reach. To give the volume

a showy name he styled it *Baron Munchausen's Narrative of his Marvelous Travels and Campaigns*. The book proved popular and the next year another edition was issued with pictures "from the baron's drawings." The same year it was translated into German, where its popularity has continued until the present time. In London it ran through seven editions in as many years, but in 1793 its extravagances seemed so weak before the incredible horrors of the French revolution that the sale was for a time checked. In a few years, however, it revived, and at last it was honored by the genius of Doré. There is so much real humor in the Munchausen extravaganzas that the book may be considered one of the permanent features in literature, and it will be long before its absurd and grotesque inventions are equaled.

FUN TURNED TO FACT.

It is a curious and, indeed, a surprising fact that one of the greatest triumphs of modern science is but a reproduction of one of the Baron Munchausen absurdities. How strange to find the following statement in a book published a hundred years ago:

Seized with a fury for canal cutting, I took it into my head to form an immediate communication between the Mediterranean and the Red sea. I proceeded to the isthmus of Suez * * * Having made a track with my chariot from sea to sea, I ordered my Turks and Russians to begin, and in a few hours we had the pleasure of seeing a fleet of British East Indiamen in full sail through the canal. The officers of this fleet were very polite and paid me every applause and congratulation my exploit could merit.

The baron also creates with equal facility a canal across the isthmus of Darien, but in this achievement he is still in advance of the age.

WHITTIER THE SATIRIST.

The attention which the octogenarian poet has at-

tracted leads one to consider a very important feature in his character, and also one which has been generally overlooked. I refer to his powers of satire, in which he ranks all others who have made poetry subserve censure. The three greatest British satirists were Dryden, Pope and Byron; but Whittier by one effort threw them all in the shade. His Ichabod is the most terrible thing of the kind in existence, and when first published created a more intense sensation than any similar production in America. In other words, Ichabod is a picture of Daniel Webster after his "seventh of March speech," in which he went over to the pro-slavery ranks in hope of gaining the presidency. I well remember the deep sorrow which filled the hearts not only of Webster's friends, but of all the friends of freedom, and amid this general lament was heard the voice of Whittier, touching and plaintive, but scathing as the fire from heaven. It was, indeed, this very combination of sorrow and indignation which gave the utterance such terrific power.

OTHER SATIRES.

Having referred to other distinguished satirists I would say that Dryden gave a severe picture of Villiers in the following lines :

"Stiff in opinion, yet always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fidler, statesman and buffoon."

There is a coarseness in the above which did not suit the next generation, and passing over a number of sharp personalities we come to the keenest thing in the eighteenth century, Pope's exposure of Addison. These men had been close friends, and Pope had written the prologue for Addison's tragedy of Cato, but jealousy afterward arose, and eventually Pope suspected that

Addison was endeavoring to injure him. This suspicion gradually led to conviction, and Pope determined to include Addison in a general castigation of his literary enemies. I do not mean *The Dunciad*, but in that previous review found in the Prologue to the *Satires* where he draws the following picture of one :

“Bless'd with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse and live with ease.
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise,
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, others teach to sneer.
 Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike,
 A timorous foe and a suspicious friend,
 Alike reserved to blame or to commend.
 Like Cato give his little senate laws
 And sit attentive to his own applause.
 Who but must laugh if such a man there be,
 Who would not weep if Atticus were he ?”

This lampoon thrilled the literary circles of London, for all knew that Atticus was none other than Addison, while to make the identity more complete there is the reference to Cato, which was Addison's only attempt at tragedy.

BYRON.

The third satirist is Byron, but I do not here refer to his “*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*,” for keen as were its shafts, the variety in his attack impaired its intensity. I, therefore, designate his *Windsor Poetics* as the chief satire of his day, not only because of the truth which it contains, but because it is concentrated on one man, and he the most exalted person, in rank at least, in the kingdom being indeed the heir to the throne. Byron became deeply indignant at the imprisonment of Leigh Hunt for an alleged libel on the prince regent, and,

therefore, gave expression to his feelings in the following outburst which was headed thus :

“Lines composed on the occasion of his royal highness, the prince regent, being seen standing between the coffins of Henry VIII and Charles I in the royal vault at Windsor :

“Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles, see heartless Henry lies;
Between them stands another sceptred thing;
It moves, it reigns, in all but name a king.
Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
In him the double tyrant starts to life;
Justice and death have mixed their dust in vain,
Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
Ah, what can tombs avail, since these disgorge
The blood and dust of each to mould a George.”

These lines were, of course, widely read, and the sensation can hardly be described. Never was a shot more effective, since it came, not from a plebeian, but from a peer of the realm and the loftiest genius that the peerage has ever produced.

WHITTIER ON WEBSTER.

I need hardly say that “Ichabod” means “his glory is departed.” This stands number four in point of time, but it ranks all of the others, because it represents principle. Having, however, already referred to this feature in the case, I will place the poem immediately before my readers and let them judge for themselves.

ICHABOD.

So fallen! So lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hair gone
Forevermore.

Revile him not, the tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

O, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
 When he who might
 Have lighted up and led his age,
 Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
 A bright soul driven,
 Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
 From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
 Insult him now,
 Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
 Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
 From sea to lake,
 A long lament, as for the dead,
 In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
 Save power remains,
 A fallen angel's pride of thought,
 Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
 The soul has fled;
 When faith is lost, when honor dies,
 The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
 To his dead fame;
 Walk backward, with averted gaze,
 And hide the shame!

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

I now give a resurrected poem which Whittier wrote when he was only twenty-three, and which was inscribed to Miss L. E. Landon, author of "The Improvisatrice." Whittier omitted it in his complete edition and hence I now feel it my duty to publish the poem in full, so that those who desire to incorporate it in Whittier's works may have the opportunity. It is certainly a fine production and deserves preservation, and its discovery was very fortunate. I found it in the Boston *Athenæum* of August, 1830. One cannot fail to be surprised that Whittier should omit so creditable a poem, but it is possible that

he considered it too gushing for a Quaker, and not in harmony with the tenor of his muse. It is evident, however, that he caught inspiration from the person whom he addresses, for this is the earliest poem of his that I can find in print, and I have reason to believe that it is really his first effort of the kind. I wrote Whittier asking why he omitted it, but received no reply. The public, however, has a right to it and I now give it fresh life.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE IMPROVISATRICE.

BY J. GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

I know thee not, high spirit, but the sympathy of thought
Hath often to my hours of dreams thy living presence brought;
And I feel that I could love thee with the fondness of a brother,
As the sainted ones of Paradise bear love for one another.

For I know thy spirit hath been pour'd full freely in thy song,
Where feeling hath been prodigal, and passion hath been strong —
That the secrets of thy bosom are burning on thy lyre,
In the nature of thy worshiping a ministry of fire.

Young priestess at a holy shrine, I scarce can dream that years
So few and beautiful as thine are register'd in tears —
That the gift of thy affection hath gone abroad in vain —
A rose-leaf on the autumn wind — a foam wreath on the main?

Yet blended with thy beautiful and intellectual lays,
I read a mournful consciousness of cold and evil days;
Of the weariness existence feels when its sunlight has gone down,
And from the autumn of the heart the flowers of hope are strown;

Of the coldness of the hollow world, its vanities that pass
Like tinges from the sunset, or night-gems from the grass —
Its mocking and unmeaning praise, the flatterer's fatal art —
Flowers madly to the bosom clasp'd, with serpents at their heart!

And Oh! if things like these have been the chasteners of thy
years,
How hath thy woman's spirit known the bitterness of tears!
How hath thy girlhood visions — the warm wild thought of youth,
Folded their sunny pinions, and darken'd into truth!

O wearily, most wearily, unto the child of song,
The heavy tide of being rolls, a sunless wave, along —
When the promise of existence fades before the time of noon,
And the evening of the soul comes on, unblest by star or moon.

God help thee in thy weary way! and if the silver tone
Of fame hath music for an ear so chasten'd as thine own,
Thou hast it from another clime, where heart and mind are free,
And where the brave and beautiful have bow'd themselves to thee.

And one whose home hath been among the mountains of the north,
Where the cataract mocks the earthquake, and the giant streams
come forth,
Where spirits in their robes of flame dance o'er the clear blue sky,
And to the many-voiced storm the eagle makes reply.

A worshiper before the shrine at which thy spirit bendeth,
While on its pure and natural gifts the holy flame descendeth,
Hath pour'd his tribute on thine ear, as he would praise a star
Whose beams had wander'd down to him from their blue home afar.

Lady! amidst the clarion-note of well-deserved fame,
It were, perhaps, but vain to hope this feeble lay might claim
A portion of thy fair regard, or win a thought of thine
To linger on a gift so frail and dissonant as mine.

But onward in thy skyward path — a thousand eyes shall turn
To where, like heaven's unwasting stars, thy gifts of spirit burn —
A thousand hearts shall wildly thrill where'er thy lays are known,
And stately manhood blend its praise with woman's gentlest tone.

Farewell! — the hand that traces this may perish ere life's noon,
And the spirit that hath guided it may be forgot as soon —
Forgotten with its lofty hopes — the fever'd dreams of mind —
Unnoted, stealing to the dead without a name behind.

But thou upon the human heart, in characters of flame,
And on the heaven of intellect hast registered thy name;
The gifted ones of fallen earth shall worship at thy shrine,
And sainted spirits joy to hold companionship with thine.

How remarkable that one who spoke of perishing "ere life's noon" should live to four-score, while she whom he apostrophizes died so early, and only found a grave on the African coast! It is also surprising to see how correctly Whittier understood the voice of sorrow, and hence his first poem has peculiar interest.

TOM MOORE.

Some of my readers will find it hard to believe that an author so famous as Moore was in point of stature one of the smallest men of his day. Isaac Watts the hymnist,

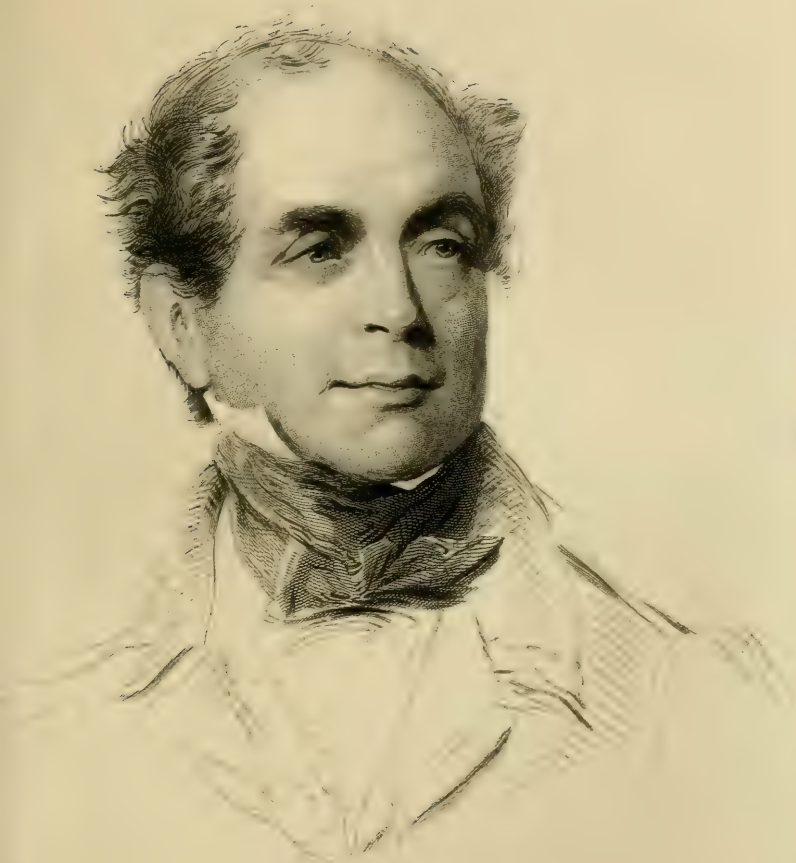
was also a very small man, and thus the most distinguished lyric writers of the British empire — the one sacred and the other profane — were matched in stature; Moore was of delicate but graceful frame, beautiful in countenance and highly gifted as a vocalist. No society man equaled him as a convivial guest and to this was added his poetical genius. He was one of the few who throw their souls into their words, and for this reason his verses will always be popular. Moore's works indeed, are proof against time and must always hold prominence in emotional poetry. Nearly a century previously Pope wrote of a poet of his day:

"And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp still to his fingers."

Could he however have returned to life he would have been astonished to see how much more applicable these lines are to Moore than to the now forgotten Southern.

EARLY INCIDENTS.

John Moore a Dublin tradesman had been married but a year when his wife, who was but eighteen, presented him with the infant bard. The family was respectable, the parents were ambitious, and the boy was as soon as possible sent to a first class school. At thirteen he delivered a "piece" at the public exhibition, being styled "Master Moore," and was even then gifted in both recitation and song. In fact he was almost a prodigy, since his talents were in such contrast with his diminutive size. He was "little Thomas," but such was his popularity as a speaker that he was already one of the Dublin characters. This "little Thomas," whose stature never exceeded five feet, became a graduate of the university and soon won a reputation for poetry. At fourteen, indeed he had appeared in print, and his effusions thence-



Thomas Moore

forth were marked by decided promise. The next step in progress is the transition to London, where, if means could be obtained, he was to enter the Temple as a student of law. Moore, however, did not visit London as a mere adventurer. How different indeed his reception there from that of another Irish genius — the unfortunate Goldsmith? He came with such a prestige as gave him the entree of the highest circles, where he soon became a favorite. His first volume was published when he was but twenty-two, and seldom has such brilliant success been so early achieved. He writes thus to his mother: "I assure you I am six feet high. The new edition will soon be out, and will be got up very handsomely. What do you think — young Lord Forbes and another young nobleman dine with me to-morrow." Moore's next appearance as an author was like that of many others, with a pen name, and in view of his small size he styled himself "Thomas Little." It was of this volume that Byron, seven years afterward, wrote in his famous satire :

"Tis Little, young Catullus of his day;
As sweet but as immoral as his lay."

Byron also adds the following personal reference without regard to the disguise of a pen name :

"Let Moore be lewd, let Strangford steal from Moore,
And swear Camoens wrote such strains before."

Moore was justly censured for his lack of delicacy and his later effusions were free from this blemish. Thenceforth he was one of the most popular of songsters, and his gems are still cherished by all true lovers of poetry.

MOORE IN AMERICA.

In 1804, two years after the publication of poems by Thomas Little, America welcomed the most gifted foreign author that had ever visited our shores. He was in his

twenty-fifth year — full of enthusiasm and poetic fire, and how unfit must New York have been to entertain the brilliant stranger! The population was not more than one-thirtieth its present number, and it had neither music, literature nor the drama, except in the most limited degree. Our nation, indeed had not, up to that time, produced a first-class author, since neither Joel Barlow nor Charles Brockden Brown can be entitled to such rank. The latter had attracted attention by his novels, but he was a Philadelphian, and New York then had no writer, for even Irving was unknown. The latter, indeed, had just sailed for Europe, both to improve his health and to see the world, and being only twenty-one had hardly any expectations of either legal or literary success. Under such circumstances the poet could hardly be other than disgusted with a community which had but one public theme — politics — for which he cared nothing. At that very time however John Davis made his American tour, but being a sensible London printer he found no fault with those defects that the poet censured. Davis' travels indeed are a marked contrast with Moore's letters.

American hotels and other accommodations for travelers naturally repelled the favorite of London's best society, and this explains his pungent ridicule of our institutions.

If it be inquired what brought the young poet hither, the reply is as follows: The sensation he had made in the literary world had won the patronage of an influential nobleman (Lord Moira), who had procured him a berth under the government. As literature was not self-supporting, such an appointment was highly desirable for a penniless poet.

The office was at Bermuda but it proved unsatisfactory, and the poet having left it to a deputy was about to return home. It may be added that the deputy

proved a defaulter, and the Bermuda office, from which much had been expected, proved a protracted misfortune. Moore came from Bermuda to New York, in order to procure trans-Atlantic passage, and while here determined to visit a few scenes of special interest. He was the first British author that saw Niagara Falls, and his emotions show that nature, not society, awoke his admiration.

He visited Washington, which then was a settlement not ten years old, and the unfinished state of society jarred upon a young aristocrat who had been a favorite even in court circles. The way he traveled presents some contrast with the facilities of the present day. He writes to his mother as follows, dated Baltimore, June 13, 1804:

“Such a road as I have come and such a conveyance! The mail takes twelve passengers which generally consist of squalling children, stinking negroes and republicans smoking cigars. How often it has occurred to me that nothing can be more emblematic of the government of this country than its stages, filled with a motley mixture, all “hail fellow well met,” driving through mud and filth and risking an upset at every step! God comfort their capacities! As soon as I am away from them both the stages and the government may have the same fate for all I care.”

These flings at the government may be explained by the fact that hardly twenty-one years had elapsed since the close of that war which had so humbled the British flag. He, therefore, shows the power of that bitter prejudice which was so generally directed against all that was American.

BRITISH SATIRE.

On his return (1806) Moore published a volume of miscellaneous effusions which he dedicated to the nobleman who had given him his appointment, and in the preface he says, “though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth would have justified severer.” He also says in the same connection that what he saw “represses every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of

America." While at Washington the poet addressed a rhyming epistle to a London friend, in which, among other disconsolate utterances, I find the following :

“—— e'en now

While yet on Columbia's rising brow,
The showy smile of young presumption plays
Her bloom is poisoned and her heart decays.
Even now in dawn of life her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death."

Another epistle addressed to a friend of different name, contains an equally unfavorable sketch :

This fam'd metropolis where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees ;
Which traveling fools and gazetteers adorn,
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Though naught but woods and swamps they see,
Where streets should run and sages ought to be."

The poet also invites his friend to accompany him (in spirit at least) during his American tour :

"O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
'Midst bears and Yankees, democrats and frogs."

PROSE SKETCH.

In a note to one of these letters Moore writes thus :

"The federal city (if it must be called a city) has not much increased since Weld visited it. Most of the public buildings, which were then in some degree of forwardness, have been utterly suspended. The hotel is already a ruin and a great part of its roof has fallen in. The president's house (a very noble structure) is by no means suited to the philosophic humility of its present occupant, who inhabits but a corner himself and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation. The private buildings display the same arrogant, speculative and premature ruin, and the few ranges of houses which were begun some years ago have remained so long unfinished that they are now for the most part dilapidated. On a small hill near the capitol there is to be an equestrian statue of Washington."

Such is the picture drawn by the first professional *litterateur* that visited our capital. Could Moore be restored to life he would find in the Washington monument a loftier height than architectural genius has ever

elsewhere attained, and in the Smithsonian Institute he would behold a striking instance of British regard for American institutions.

The poet remained a sufficient time in Philadelphia to form an enduring friendship, which he honors by one of his prettiest poems, and thence he came to New York and ascended the Hudson in a sloop. A letter to his mother, dated Saratoga, July 10, 1804, contains the following sketch:

“The country round here seems the very home of the savages. Nothing but tall forests of pine, to which a narrow road with difficulty winds its way, and yet this is the watering-place for ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the United States.” He speaks of being “stowed into a miserable boarding-house, whose guests were smoking and drinking the waters. They were astonished at our asking for basins and towels for ourselves, and thought we ought to come down to the public wash-stand along with the other gentlemen.”

How strange does this sound when contrasted with the Saratoga of to-day! Notwithstanding the prejudices expressed in some of his letters to London friends, he could not suppress in his home correspondence a consciousness of our national importance. He admits that he saw signs of future national greatness, and wrote to his mother of “this very interesting world, which, notwithstanding the defects and disgusting peculiarities of its natives, gives every promise of no distant competition with the first powers of the Eastern hemisphere.”

MOORE'S MARRIAGE.

The poet proceeded from Niagara to Halifax, and reached home after a short passage, having been absent a year. He resumed London life, and at twenty-seven was

one of the most popular society men in the British metropolis. He was not only the favorite of the aristocracy, but had even been noticed by the prince regent. It was, therefore, expected by his friends that he would improve his social and literary position by a splendid marriage. What, then, must have been the surprise of London society, and what the distress of his parents, who still lived in Dublin, when it was announced that the most brilliant poet of the day had become the husband of an inferior actress. Thomas Moore and Bessie Dyke! Who would have thought it? The bride's history is involved in obscurity. If, however, she never made a name on the boards, it is evident that she never was contaminated by the vices which so often stain the drama.

Disappointing as such a match must have been to an ambitious family, the union proved one of the happiest in the literary record. True, Bessie always felt the inferiority of her early position, and hence never entered that society which welcomed her husband, but it is evident that the latter never met a greater attraction. Their conjugal life was one of tender affection and sympathy, and Bessie not only proved a cheerful companion and a faithful mother, but also watched with untiring devotion over the decay of her husband. Moore's diary for thirty years invariably refers to Bessie in the highest terms, and it is evident that she was one of the noblest of her sex. It was a peculiar feature in her character that she shrank from high life and declined being patronized. On one occasion an aristocratic lady wrote to Moore "to come and bring along his little wife." The remark of the latter on hearing the message was "the little wife will remain at home."

MOORE AND BYRON.

The strongest literary friendship of that day existed between these men, and yet it began under the very

shadow of a duel. I have already referred to Byron's lampoon on Moore's maiden volume, but this was accompanied by allusions of a still more pungent character. The "hostile meeting" between Moore and Jeffrey afforded another subject for Byron's caustic wit. Jeffrey had criticised Moore's poems with his usual severity, and the latter was disposed to retaliate by a challenge, but was, as he admits, too poor to travel to Edinburgh for that purpose. Jeffrey however, soon afterward came to London, and a duel was then arranged. The parties met early one summer morning, but before a shot could be fired they were seized by the police which had been secreted for the purpose. The field of honor was immediately changed into a theme of ridicule, and both combatants were held to bail. To this affair Byron refers in those pungent lines beginning "Health to great Jeffrey:"

"Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow street myrmidons stood laughing by?

The above was leveled at Jeffrey, but of course included Moore who was full of pluck, and would not be the butt of a "rhyming peer." He, therefore, called Byron's attention to the offensive lines in a letter, which might have led to a challenge. Byron however, disclaimed all intention of reflecting on personal character. The result was that the two poets met at Rogers' and formed a life-long friendship. Byron wrote more letters to Moore than to any other of his correspondents, and he also committed to him his autobiographic memoirs to be published after death. When the latter occurred however, the volume was suppressed by Lady Byron who paid £2,000 for this privilege. Moore and Byron could agree better than poets generally, since their difference in style prevented any rivalry.

Byron knew that his life would be written by some one and he designated Moore to this task, adding "I have a strong presentiment that you will outlive me. The difference of a few years in our age is nothing." Such proved to be the case, and Moore was one of the last survivors of that limited circle which could boast of acquaintance with the author of *Childe Harold*. In obedience to Byron's request he wrote his biography, which naturally was influenced by friendship. Impartiality indeed under such circumstances was not to be expected.

FOREIGN LIFE.

Pending the settlement of his Bermuda troubles Moore was obliged to leave London to avoid arrest, and one of the most interesting scenes which occurred during this exile was his re-union with Byron in Venice. It was of brief duration and was never renewed. Moore could not but notice that Byron had worsened during his residence in Italy, and had also acquired a reckless method of utterance, which was shown by such remarks as this: "Moore, what do you think of Shakespeare? I think him a hum-bug." He also noticed, as did others, that Byron was deteriorating in genius as well as in morals. Byron soon introduced him to the Countess Giuccioli, and made no secret of the nature of their intimacy. At Paris Moore became acquainted with Irving, who was his junior by four years, and this led to a friendship only sundered by death. Moore was then living with great economy, which was one of Bessie's virtues, and Irving describes the pleasant scenes which marked their simple method of housekeeping.

Moore was one of the best paid authors, received £3,000 for *Lalla Rookh*, and his receipts from other productions in all amounted to seven times that sum, but his latter days

were shadowed by poverty as well as by bereavement. The latter includes the loss of his deeply beloved sisters, and also his daughters Anastasia and Barbara. In addition to this was the overwhelming blow which came in his old age, the death of his sons, one of whom (named after himself) found a grave in a far-distant land. Moore, in fact, not only survived his parents and all their family, but all of his own except the faithful Bessie. Who that saw Tom Moore in his palmy days, when he was the chief attraction in many a brilliant re-union, could have forecast such a history? But alas, how often is this the fate of genius!

Moore lived for nearly thirty years in "Sloperton Cottage," where he finished his days on the 26th of February, 1852, being in his seventy-third year. He had suffered two years of mental paralysis, and hence death was only to be viewed as a relief. He was buried in the neighboring church-yard beside the graves of his four children. Thirteen years afterward Bessie was placed by those she so tenderly loved and so faithfully cherished. It was said of Moore, by one who knew him well, that amid the pleasures of the world he had preserved all his home affections. Moore indeed was of an overflowing disposition, and his letters, like his poetry are full of soul. He wrote to his mother twice a week, and this correspondence breathes an ardor of filial affection which warms the reader with sympathy. It was no doubt, this enthusiasm of friendship which awoke the admiration of Byron, and to no other human being did the latter write with such entire freedom. As there can never be but one Byron, so there can never be but one Tom Moore. The first has a higher rank in point of genius, but the latter though his greatest efforts are no longer read, will always hold the heart by his songs, and the Last Rose of

Summer and the Meeting of the Waters will be sung as long as emotional sentiment is cherished.

LITERARY SISTERS.

The history of those remarkable sisters — Charlotte, Emily and Anne Brontë — illustrates in a very interesting manner, the risks of authorship. They lived with their father in a secluded hamlet in the north of England, and being desirous of issuing a volume of poems, wrote to a publishing house and arranged to have the book printed at the authors' expense. The volume fell dead from the press, and the girls remitted the bill, which was equal to about \$250. This was a heavy loss but it was borne without complaint. These poems were published as the production of three brothers — Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell — and the best notice which they received was accorded to the poems of Ellis (Emily) who was considered by Charlotte the most gifted of the family.

The ambitious sisters determined to continue their efforts notwithstanding this failure. Charlotte had written a novel which she sent to a publisher, who returned it. She then sent it successively to six other houses, each of which declined it. While this work was going the rounds Charlotte began *Jane Eyre*, which she determined to make more sensational, and she succeeded far beyond her expectations. The MSS. was sent to the house of Smith, Elder & Co., and was published at their risk. I need hardly add that it had a ready sale.

Later on the author and her sister Anne went to London to see the publishers, and the latter were astonished to behold two diminutive young women, clad in dress of rural simplicity, representing so popular a book. Charlotte had Smith, Elder & Co.'s business correspondence as a proof of her identity, and this removed all doubt.

Then for the first time, the publishers learned that Currier Bell, whom they supposed to be a man, was a delicate girl, whose opportunities to study society had been of a very limited character.

Prior to the Brontës, though hardly equal in literary rank, were the sisters Sophia and Harriet Lee, who held distinction in London authorship during the early part of the present century. They wrote both novels and plays, but their best mutual production was the once popular *Canterbury Tales*. From one of these—*Kreuitzner*—Byron drew the plan and also the details of his tragedy of *Werner*. He acknowledges, in the preface, his debt to these gifted sisters, who were gratified to assist the greatest poet of the age.

THE PORTERS.

Another literary family of much brighter fortune is found in the sisters Jane and Anna Porter, whose gifted brother added much to their position. The sisters were successful novelists, and the brother became an artist, a soldier and a diplomat, being known in history as Sir Robert Ker Porter. It may be added in order to show how a fortunate selection of a subject may assist an author, that while Anna Porter's novels are forgotten, her sister's still hold a place in literature, because the theme retains a power over the younger portion of the reading public. I allude, of course, to *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and the *Scottish Chiefs*.

THE DAVIDSONS.

Plattsburg is justly proud of the memory of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson. The first was born in 1808. She wrote verses in early childhood, and one of her productions at nine is still preserved. Before her sixteenth year she had written more than three hundred pieces, many of which were deemed worthy of publication.

Such early brain activity was too exhausting for a delicate frame, and she died in her seventeenth year. Her sister Margaret, who was also a literary prodigy, died at fifteen. It is a sufficient proof of the rank held by this gifted pair that Irving honored them with a brief memoir.

WARNERS AND CARYS.

The Warner sisters—Susan and Anna—though not recluse were very retiring. Hence but little is known of their personal characteristics. Their works, however, hold distinction in American literature, and the *Wide Wide World* was, with but one exception, the most popular novel of its day. Much more is known of the melodious sisters Alice and Phebe Cary, who for more than twenty years were numbered among the New York *literati*, and who gradually rose from poverty to competence by their poetic offerings. The Carys were natives of Ohio, their home being so sequestered as to afford but few advantages. Their early struggles were such as are common to the children of genius, and they were at first glad to see their poems in a country newspaper. Alice began writing at eighteen and Phebe was still younger when her first efforts attracted attention.

In 1849, when Alice was twenty-nine and Phebe was four years younger, their first combined effort appeared in a volume of poems. Two years afterward they removed to New York and entered the field of literature in which they gradually won distinction. Eventually their house was a popular resort for literary characters and their reception evenings were a favorite resort for Horace Greeley whenever he could steal away from his engagements. The greatest work, however, in which these sisters were engaged was the establishment of

Sorosis, the woman's club, which still flourishes and is a noble gathering of the best elements in the sex. The Cary sisters retained their distinction to the last, and what seems very remarkable they both died the same year, and six months from the time Alice was laid to rest in Greenwood, Phebe was laid by her side.

GREATER LONGEVITY.

Notwithstanding the frequent instances of early death among female authors, it is still evident that brain workers of that sex have, as a class reached more than average age and have had a full share of health and happiness. Here are a few instances from the records of the old world. Grace Aguilar died at thirty-one; Miss Landon, the once popular L. E. L., married Captain MacLean and accompanied her husband to the coast of Africa where she died in her thirty-sixth year; Jane Taylor died at forty and Mrs. Hemans was a year older; Jane Austen was forty-two; Mrs. Shelley was fifty-three and Charlotte Elizabeth fifty-four; the Countess of Blessington was sixty; Frederika Bremer, sixty-four; Mrs. Inchbald, sixty-seven; Miss Mitford, sixty-nine; while Jane Porter and Mrs. Hofland were each seventy-four; Mrs. Sherwood reached seventy-seven and Regina Maria Roche was eighty; Lady Morgan, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Piozzi and Miss Edgeworth each died at eighty-two; Hannah Moore and Madame D'Arblay both were eighty-eight, and Joanna Baillie, eighty-nine; Elizabeth Carter died at ninety, and Miss Caroline Herschell, the astronomer, only lacked two years of a full century. Taking a few names from the American record: Maria Brooks, whom Southey admired, was fifty; Helen Hunt, fifty-five and Louisa Alcott, fifty-six; Mrs. Parton (Fanny Fern) was sixty-one; Mrs. Sigourney, seventy-four; Hannah F. Gould, seventy-

seven, while both Hannah Adams and Mrs. Sedgewick reached seventy-eight; Julia Ward Howe is sixty-nine; Mrs. Stowe is now seventy-six, and her sister Catharine was spared till four-score.

JOEL BARLOW.

The first book published on this continent after the close of the revolution was Watts' Psalms, edited by Joel Barlow, which was issued in Hartford in 1785. Barlow was then thirty. He was a native of Connecticut, and had studied at Yale, where in 1778 he delivered a poem entitled the Prospect of Peace. His poetic talents had already attracted notice, and this led the clergy to request that he should prepare an edition of Watts for public worship. He also edited a weekly paper in Hartford called the American Mercury, but afterward added law to literature. He had however, already contemplated what he considered his great poem, The Columbiad. This was not completed until the lapse of twenty years, but its inception was given in the Vision of Columbus, which was published the year our government was formed.

Pursuing this reminiscence, it may be added that Barlow went to Europe soon after issuing the Vision, and was the first American author that visited Great Britain after the close of the war. He sympathized with the French revolutionists, to whom he rendered some diplomatic service, and on his return in 1805 he was the best-informed American on the subject of foreign affairs. He was then fifty, and his ripe experience rendered him highly useful to the general government. He made Washington his abode and erected an elegant house.

Two years afterward his great work, The Columbiad, appeared. It was published in Philadelphia and was the most costly book which, up to that time, had ever been

issued in this country. It was dedicated to Robert Fulton, of steamboat fame, and was graced by a portrait of the author, together with eleven copper-plate illustrations executed in London. The author expected that this work would permanently retain its distinction as the greatest of American poems.

It was read and admired, but like many other works of temporary value it gradually sank out of sight, and it is not probable that another edition will ever be printed. Its prophecy of future development is one of its most striking features, of which the following is an instance:

“ From Mohawk’s mouth far westing with the sun,
 Through all the woodlands recent channels run,
 Tap the redundant lakes, the broad hills brave,
 And marry Hudson with Missouri’s wave.
 From dim Superior, whose unfathomed sea
 Drinks the mild splendor of the setting day,
 New paths unfolding lead their watery pride,
 And towns and empires rise along their side.
 To Mississippi’s source the passes bend
 And to the broad Pacific main extend.”

How wonderfully this prophecy has been fulfilled during the eighty years of interval!

The Columbiad at once gave Barlow national distinction, and this led him to project a full history of the country, but his plans were broken by the call to diplomatic service. Madison needed an ambassador to France, and there was no one so well adapted to this service as Joel Barlow. On reaching Paris he found that the dream of liberty and its bloody frenzy had given place to the still more bloody despotism of Napoleon. He beheld the march of the deluded conqueror to Moscow with an army of nearly half a million, so few of whom ever returned. Four months afterward came the sad tidings of the failure of the expedition, accompanied by a request from Napoleon that Barlow should meet him at Wilna. His object was never published, but it is probable that he

wished to obtain troops from America to renew an army sacrificed to his ambition.

THE LAST SCENE IN LIFE.

Barlow obeyed Napoleon's request and, attended by his private secretary, hastened to the appointed spot, but the expected meeting never took place. The exposure of the journey and the wretched condition of the Polish inns reduced his health, and on the 22d of December, 1812, he died of pneumonia near Cracow, where he lies in an obscure grave. His last days were saddened by scenes of horror, for he beheld the wretched remnant of Napoleon's army perishing by frost and famine on the borders of Poland. These scenes gave his genius its last inspiration, and being unable to use the pen, he dictated the most tremendous indictment which the poetic muse ever delivered against the imperial tyrant. It is called *Advice to a Raven*, and closes with the hope of

“Earth's total vengeance on the monster's head.”

HASTY PUDDING.

This is a much better poem than the *Vision of Columbus* because it shows how a simple theme can be treated in a poetic manner. It was written *con amore* as may be seen from the following extract :

“My father loved thee through his length of days;
 For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize;
 Thy constellation ruled my natal morn;
 And all my bones were made of Indian corn.
 Delicious grain whatever form it take,
 To roast or boil, to smother, or to bake;
 In every dish 'tis welcome still to me;
 But most, my hasty pudding, most in thee.”

A very interesting feature in the history of this poem is the fact that it was written in Europe. Barlow was one of the earliest American visitors thither after the revolu-

tion, and of course, he missed his favorite dish. Whatever might be the treasures of Paris, there was no hasty pudding, and he indignantly exclaims :

“For thee through Paris — that corrupted town —
How long in vain I wandered up and down.”

No doubt this sharpened appetite assisted inspiration, for on reaching Savoy he found a family which had brought the meal from America and knew how to cook it. Hence he says :

“Dear hasty pudding, what unpromised joy
Expands my heart to meet thee in Savoy!
My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end
In thee my lost but not forgotten friend.
Yes, here, though distant from our native shore,
With mutual glee we meet and laugh once more.”

Hasty Pudding is a national and also a philanthropic poem, and the author, to show his earnestness in an attempt to dignify a plebeian dish, dedicated it to Mrs. Washington. He gives as a reason that he desires her influence to combat vicious tastes (in cookery) and to restore simplicity of diet, and he adds :

“I had hopes of doing some good, or I should not have taken the pains of putting so many rhymes together — or ventured to place your name at their head.”

Barlow was one of the first to notice the bad effect of modern cookery, which awoke the following lament :

“To mix the food by vicious rules of art,
To kill the stomach and to sink the heart:
For this the kitchen muse first framed her book,
Commanding sweets from every artful cook.
Children no more their antic gambols tried,
And friends to physic wondered why they died.”

To “sink the heart” of course refers to dyspepsia, which is one of the common consequences of artificial living, and the improving nature of Barlow’s favorite dish is suggested in the following couplet :

“To shield the morals while it mends the size,
And all the powers of every food supplies.”

How impressive indeed is the contrast between modern luxury and the privations cheerfully endured by the Pilgrims as given in a ballad of that day :

“ If fresh meat be wanting to fill up the dish,
 We have carrots and turnips as much as we wish :
 We have pumpkins at morning and pumpkins at noon,
 If it was not for pumpkins we should be undone.
 If barley be wanting to make into malt,
 We must be contented to think it no fault.
 For we can make liquor to sweeten our lips,
 Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut tree chips.”

What a patched up set the colonists must have been !

“ And now our garments begin to grow thin,
 And wool is much wanted to card and to spin :
 If we can get a garment to cover without,
 Our other in garments are clout upon clout.
 Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn ;
 They need to be clouted soon after they're worn :
 But clouting our garments they hinder us nothing,
 Clouts double are warmer than single whole clothing.”

Another striking picture is given in a poem written by Benjamin Thompson a half century later :

“ The times when old Pumpkin was a saint,
 When men fared hardly, yet without complaint,
 The dainty Indian maize
 Was eat with clam shells out of wooden trays.
 Under thatched huts, without cry of rent,
 And the best sauce to every dish, content :
 Then times were good, merchants cared not a rush
 For other fare than jonakin and mush.”

Jonakin (the original of johnny cake) and mush, would now hardly be attractive fare, but what a sturdy race was bred upon it ! No wonder Joel Barlow sang its praise.

Little survives of Barlow's epics, but in Hasty Pudding he gives us the “ man of straw,” and who has not heard that term used to represent the shams of the day ? It is introduced when speaking of the scarecrow.

“ The feathered robber with his hungry maw,
 Swift flies the field before your *man of straw*.”

Modern bibliomania originated in Holland more than a century after the invention of printing, and was no doubt due to the taste exhibited by the Elzevirs. This famous family of printers flourished from 1580 to a century later, and their publications naturally improved with increased experience. From Holland the mania spread to England. Its growth however, was impeded by the civil wars, so that its influence was not felt before the days of Pope. He was the first writer to make any allusion to a feature which was so powerful both in Sir Hans Sloane and the Earl of Harley. This rage for old volumes led Pope to pen the following pungent couplet:

“ Authors, like coins, grow rare, as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.”

This indeed, is the rule which generally controls the book collector. No matter what the subject be if the volume only has the merit of age and rarity.

Sometimes bibliomaniacs confine themselves to specialties. For instance, Boulard of France spent a large sum gathering the varied editions of Racine, and James Lenox devoted much time and money to his collection of Bibles. Another specialist was Dr. Douglas of London, who exhibited an insatiable passion for the works of Horace. He eventually owned specimens of every edition which had been issued of this famous poet, and also every translation and critical commentary. Douglas was an excellent physician whose rich fees enabled him to thus indulge his peculiar taste. No other classic shared his affection. He was simply under an Horatian madness, and therefore gathered all the lumber that came under this caption to the extent of nearly 500 volumes.

Gibbon, on the other hand, though a man of great learning and a life-long student, only loved books for their contents. He mentions in his autobiography the

pleasure with which he exchanged a twenty pound note for as many volumes of an instructive character, but he adds that he bought no book except for its solid value.

COSTLY BOOKS.

The most costly literary undertaking ever attempted by a single individual was the *Aborigines of Mexico*, published by Lord Kingsborough, at an expense equal to \$170,000. It is in seven immense volumes, with one thousand illustrations of the finest character. The number of copies issued was limited to fifty, and many of these were presented to the most important public libraries of Europe. A copy of this wonderful book is in the Philadelphia library.

Lord Kingsborough was an enthusiast on this subject, and like all enthusiasts he went to a ridiculous extreme. He gratified his taste at the expense of all other interests. The cost was greater than either his expectations or his resources. He was involved in law, and after many vexatious suits he finished his course in a Dublin jail.

John Boydell, of London, assisted by Nichols, spent a large fortune in publishing fine books. They invested £350,000 in perfecting printing and engraving, and they sunk in their Shakespeare gallery £100,000, equal to a half million of dollars. Audubon's *Birds* is the most costly book ever published in America, each copy being originally priced at \$700. The pictures are of natural size, and the artist spent the largest part of his life in the work. At the sale of A. T. Stewart's books a copy of Audubon's *Birds* sold for \$1,350; another has recently been sold at \$2,450. The plates are still in existence, but it is not probable that another edition will be printed.

One book alone is on record as being printed in an edition of *one* copy. This is a history of the house of Rus-

sell, including elaborate portraits of all its peers. It cost 3,000 guineas, and was placed in the library of Woburn Abbey, where the duke resides, with orders never to be removed. The edition of the Greek Testament, published by Erasmus, at Basle in 1519, was very limited, and all have been lost except one copy, which is in the cathedral at York. An offer of 5,000 guineas for this literary curiosity has been refused.

A beautiful copy of Owen Jones's Alhambra was exhibited at the Crystal Palace in New York in 1852. It was bound by Matthews, then the best binder in America, whose bill was \$500, and it may be considered a moderate charge, as the work required six months. It is the most costly specimen of binding in this country.

Some men have a passion for collecting Bibles. There are two hundred copies in the Astor library of different editions, which one might think a sufficient variety, but the late Duke of Sussex had six thousand different editions of the Bible (or of portions of it), which is the largest collection of the kind in existence. These collections are generally dispersed after their owner's death. If any man wishes to keep his collection from a general breaking up, he must like James Lenox, devise it to some institution where it will have permanent care. Among other collectors of rare works was Robert Harley Earl of Oxford, who flourished during the reign of Queen Anne. His library is now one of the treasures of the British Museum, and a selection from his manuscripts forms what is called the Harleian Miscellany. This selection was made by Henry Oldys, who was the most remarkable book-worm of that day. In 1737 he published the British Librarian, an Abstract of Our Most Scarce and Valuable Works, and thus did much to create a taste for antique literature. Dr. Johnson wrote the

preface of the Harleian Miscellany, which is now an important feature in all first-class libraries.

BOOK VALUES.

There was a time when a book was almost a fortune. It is said that one of the Saxon kings gave eight hundred acres of land for a single volume—in manuscript of course—for there was no printing then. The first printed volume the *Biblia Pauperum*, or Poor man's Bible, which was done by letters engraved on blocks of wood. It contains about thirty pages of text and is supposed to have been printed before 1400, since movable types were invented in 1437. In 1274 a Bible in vellum in nine volumes was sold at a price equal to more than eight thousand days' work of a laborer. One of the finest vellum Bibles is the copy presented by his preceptor to Charlemagne after the latter had learned to read—being then forty-five. In universities books were formerly loaned on a deposit ensuring their return, and at Oxford the Bible was frequently borrowed on these conditions.

The oldest manuscript book in our language is the confessions of Richard Earl, of Cambridge, which bears date 1415, and the earliest ballad is the cuckoo song, which begins thus:

“Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu;
Groweth red and bloweth med
And springth ye wode nu
Singe cuccu.”

Among the first books printed in our language is the Recuyell of the Historye of Troye, issued by Caxton in 1471, a copy of which is in the Lenox library. The demand for so great a curiosity may be judged from the fact that while in 1756 a copy sold at nine pounds, the

next sale, which took place in 1812, reached £1,060, and recently another sale was made at £1,820, equal to \$9,100. A copy of Boccaccio's Decameron, also published in 1471, recently sold for £2,260.

LENOX TREASURES.

James Lenox was a life-time making his collection, and a student would require almost an equal period to fully master its contents. The gem of the collection, of course, is the Mazzarin Bible, the first book printed with movable types. Though issued without date, there is proof that it appeared before 1456. It was printed at Mayence and is in two volumes containing 1282 pages. There are fifteen copies of this work in existence, some printed on paper and others on vellum, which are much more valuable. The Lenox copy is in vellum, and is, in other respects, one of the best. The ink is jet black, and the impression is clear. The type is German text, and the language is Latin. Its value is \$17,000.

The Lenox library contains three thousand Bibles, one of which, printed at Nuremberg in 1467, has Melancthon's autograph. Another is the first Bible that has a date, the time and place being Mentz, 1462. There is also a copy of the *Biblia Pauperum*, printed from blocks before 1400. The total number of Bibles and parts of the Bible is 3500. Another rare volume is the Bay Psalm Book, the first volume printed in America, and worth \$1,000; and to this is added Eliot's Indian Bible, which has been sold for \$1,340. There is a copy of the first Homer, printed in Florence in 1488, and also one of Dante's *Divine Commedia*, dated twenty-four years earlier.

The rare and curious editions of Shakespeare give the Lenox peculiar distinction, since in this specialty it has

no equal in America. One may behold not only the first collected edition published in 1623, but also editions of single plays issued during the author's life-time, which is very clear proof that Bacon made no claim to their authorship. One of these has the following title page :

“The Tragedie of King Richard the third containing his treacherous plot against his brother Clarence and the pittifull murder of the innocent nephew his tyranical Vsurpation with the whole account of his detested life and deserved death As hath been lately acted by the Kings Majesties servants newly augmented by William Shakespeare London printed by Thomas Credie and are to be sold by Matthew Lowe at St. Pauls church yard 1612.”

This copy is valued at \$2,000, and was obtained by Lenox with great difficulty many years ago. At present it would not be easy to replace it at any price.

Gray and Gay were contemporary poets and yet how different! Gray sang of those “far from the madding crowds ignoble strife,” while Gay rhymed on the Streets of London and their madding crowds. “Trivial” seems a strange name for such a poem, but the word means the goddess of streets and also the meeting of three roads, from which we have the word “trivial,” i. e. mere street talk. Gay gives a view of street life in the days of Pope and Addison — miserable indeed when contrasted with the present. “Trivial” as a derivation from the streets, is no more remote than “scrupulous,” which originally means a stone in one's shoe, or “bead,” which means a prayer, and these instances show in how strange a manner derivations occasionally arise.

LITERARY FRAUDS.

One of the most remarkable books in the Astor is the volume on Formosa, by George Psalmanazar. It is the earliest literary fraud, at least of any extent, and its combination of audacity and skill for a time commanded credence, but the imposture was soon suspected, and eventu-

any the author confessed. The book is gotten up in a style which, at that time, was very elegant, and is illustrated by copper-plate engravings of an elaborate and expensive character. It is highly probable that the success of this fictitious narrative led Swift to write Gulliver's Travels, in which he found such a ready medium for his wit.

To return to Psalmanazar, it is evident that this charlatan possessed more than usual talent, and though a foreigner he wrote good English. He also gave samples of the Formosan language, which displayed no little ingenuity, and upon the whole, he was one of the remarkable men of that day. The title of the book is as follows :

"An Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa — An Island subject to the Empire of Japan.

"Second edition corrected, with many large and usefull additions, particularly a new preface, clearly answering every thing that has been objected against the author and the book. By George Psalmanazar, a native of the Island. London, 1704. Published by Bernard Lintot."

Psalmanazar died in 1763, leaving a MS. autobiography, with the following title :

"Memoirs of _____, commonly known by the name of George Psalmanazar, a reputed native of Formosa."

He also left the following will :

"Last will and testament of me a poor, sinful and worthless creature, commonly known by the assumed name of George Psalmanazar. I desire my body to be conveyed to the common burying ground and there interred in some obscure corner and in the lowest and cheapest manner in a shell.

"The principal manuscript I leave behind is a faithful narrative of my education and the various ways I was led to the base and shameful imposture of passing on the world for a native of Formosa and backing it with a fictitious account of that island, and of my travels and conversion — all or most of it hatched out of my own brain without regard to truth or honesty. It is true I have long since disclaimed even publicly all but the shame and guilt of that vile imposition, yet as long as I knew that there were still two editions of that scandalous romance remaining in England I thought it incumbent to undeceive the world by a posthumous work, which was begun 25 years ago.

“If it be worth printing I desire it to be sold to the highest bidder in order to pay arrears for my lodging and defray my funeral. It will be found in the deep drawer on the right hand of my white cabinet.”

SAMPLE OF FORMOSAN LANGUAGE.

Psalmanazar's ingenuity in inventing a language is certainly wonderful and being called on for a sample he gave the following as the Lord's Prayer.

“KOREAKA VOMERA.

“Amy pornio dau chin ornio vrey guay jorhe sai lony sysodore sai bagalin jorhe sai domion apo chin ornio kay chin bodi eyen amy khat sodi nadakhion toye ant naday Kay donye ant amy sochin apo ant radonem amy soch takhin bagne ant kai chin malabooski ah abinaye ant twen broskasy kens sai vie bogalin kay fary kay barhani chinania sen ly Amien.”

PERSONAL FACTS.

The history of this man is so peculiar that it may be said to stand alone in the chronicles of literature. The facts may be given as follows: In 1704, five years before the birth of Johnson, and while Swift, Addison and Pope were rising men, there appeared in London a clergyman named Innes. He had just come from Holland, bringing with him a mysterious young man of oriental birth, who through his efforts had been converted from heathenism to Christianity. The zeal and labors displayed by Innes so impressed the bishop of London that he gave him a handsome benefice as a mark of approval.

The young convert was visited by the clergy and other men of learning, to whom he unfolded a strange and moving history. He told them (in broken English) that he was a native of the far-distant island of Formosa, where his father (whose name was Psalmanazar) held high rank. He had been induced to abscond from home by a Roman priest named De Rode, and they escaped in an open boat, whence they took passage in a homeward-

bound ship. When asked the name of the latter the stranger confessed his ignorance. He said he was not then aware that ships had names, and as his guide kept him from mingling with the crew, he had no chance to learn. On arriving at Gibraltar the priest left the vessel and took the youth to France, where an attempt was made to convert him to Romanism. He objected to this and was at last led to fear that violence and penalty might be the consequence of his obduracy. He therefore escaped at night and made his way to Holland, where he was pressed into the army. There he met the zealous Innes, by whom he was led to accept Christianity. He then related to the latter his marvelous history, and Innes procured his release in order to bring him to London. Psalmanazar was baptized by the name of George—being then twenty-five, and six years having elapsed since he left his native land.

We now come to that wonderful fraud which gives this man a prominent place in literature. He soon learned to speak and write English, and then proposed to give an account of his native island, which hitherto had never been visited by a British tourist. He therefore wrote his description of Formosa, which includes its religion, domestic life, history, with other details. The book was issued by the noted publisher Lintot, and was illustrated with costly copperplate engravings. In these the author introduced the elephant, which does not exist in Formosa, but there was no one able to detect the error. In fact, the only point of truth in a volume of four hundred pages, is the name of the island. The mantle of piety was cleverly thrown over the volume by dedicating it to the bishop of London, and the preface closes with the following doxology :

“Now to the omnipotent and merciful God, who hath by the

grace of His Holy Spirit called me from Paganism to the true knowledge of His Son, Jesus Christ, my Mediator and Redeemer, be ascribed eternal praise, honor and glory, by all creatures, forever and ever. Amen.

As an instance of impious hypocrisy the above has seldom been equalled.

BRIEF SUCCESS.

The young impostor became an object of intense interest among religious and literary circles, and his book was subjected to close scrutiny. While indulging his invention however, he made one mistake which was fatal. In speaking of the bloody religion which prevailed there he said that eighteen thousand infants were sacrificed annually, which in reality, would soon depopulate the island. When cornered, instead of explaining it as an error in figures, he boldly adhered to it, and then when he saw that his patrons were losing confidence, he changed from imposture to confession, and acknowledged that the entire book was merely an invention. London was astonished, and when this was past the adventurer, being cast off by his friends, sought employment of the booksellers. He could do some kinds of literary drudgery, and this kept him from starving. He lived for sixty years in this manner, and expressed great penitence for his fraud.

His subsequent life was passed in London, and when Johnson, at the age of twenty-six went thither to try his chance in literature, he found Psalmanazar a lonely drudge, and a friendship was gradually established. Johnson, indeed, became an admirer of the mysterious adventurer, who certainly must have possessed some peculiar attraction. Boswell tells us that Johnson mentioned him as the most agreeable of his associates, and at one time, when referring to his friend, he spoke thus: "Sir, I sought after Psalmanazar the most; I used to go and sit with him at an ale house in the city." The man who thus

awoke the admiration and friendship of Johnson could be no ordinary character.

Psalmanazar was then deeply ashamed of his imposture, and for this reason never disclosed his true name. He retained the livery of fraud till the last as a part of his self-inflicted penance. We therefore have this remarkable fact, that the true name of an author who left his mark on the age in which he lived has never been revealed, and also that the place of his birth, as well as that of his burial, are utterly unknown. This is one of the mysteries of modern literature, reminding one of the Man in the Iron Mask. It was supposed, however, that Psalmanazar was French. He had traveled through Europe, thus acquiring information.

OTHER LITERARY DECEPTIONS.

The eighteenth century is noted for its literary frauds, all of which were sufficiently skillful to win the confidence and admiration of some of the most accomplished critics and were only detected by close and prolonged research. Psalmanazar was followed by Ossian's poems concerning which the following statement is presented as embodying the principal facts. A young Scotchman of Highland birth and well educated was serving as tutor in a family of rank, and while thus engaged claimed to have found a number of fragments of ancient Celtish poetry. He showed copies to some Edinburgh critics who encouraged his desire of publication, and the result was the appearance of a small volume. Such was the advent of James Macpherson who found himself at twenty-four the object of sufficient attention to make any young man dizzy.

This success led him to pursue the same subject until not long afterward he published a volume of more fin-

ished character which he called *Ossian's Poems*. It was received with great enthusiasm and was translated into other languages. Many of the old Highland families were so delighted with the idea that poems had been preserved and perpetuated orally among their people for a thousand years that they at once gave Macpherson implicit credence, but he had a more important dupe in Blair, then famous as a preacher and professor of rhetoric in Edinburgh university. He credited Macpherson implicitly and when the authenticity of the poems was assailed he published a volume in their defense. Doubts indeed had been expressed soon after the appearance of the book, and Hume wrote to Blair that as he had adopted the theory he should defend it by producing some of the originals. This never was done and Macpherson when asked for them took refuge in wounded pride since the request cast doubt upon his veracity.

Blair's essay compared *Ossian* with *Homer*, and Macpherson must have been astonished to see so strong a case made out by his champion. It is supposed indeed that one reason why he never confessed the imposture was a consideration for the feelings of those who had shown such inexhaustible credulity. Dr. Johnson with sturdy common sense, scouted the theory and called for the production of the original manuscripts boldly asserting that "no man has a right to demand credence of his statements when he has power to add proof."

The controversy concerning *Ossian* continued for forty years, and eventually the Highland Society made an investigation throughout the entire Highlands which sufficiently proved that all these poems must have been written by Macpherson. The latter left Scotland and found government employment in London where he passed many years and then returned to his native land

in possession of a competence. His fraud gradually dropped out of notice, and he avoided any reference to it, assuming indifference to the verdict of public opinion which pronounced Ossian an ingenious imposture.

THE ROWLEY PAPERS.

Chatterton was the only literary fraud that possessed the highest order of genius, and his imposture was not due to the desire of triumph over credulity but to that worship of the past which had mastered his soul. His creations were superior to all others which have been offered to the world under an assumed garb, and even when stripped of the latter and exposed in modern English they still command our admiration. He was the youngest and also the most unfortunate of the class of which I am now speaking, for he died by his own hand in his eighteenth year. That an attorney's clerk in Bristol should have so mastered the language of six centuries previous as to deceive the best critics in the kingdom is certainly surprising.

At twelve Chatterton had written a poem — *Ellenore and Juga* — which has decided merit, and after he had been apprenticed to a conveyancer he soon produced antique fragments of great local interest. A new bridge over the *Avon* at Bristol was opened and the clerk gratified the public by a curious account of the opening of the old bridge seven centuries ago. This was published in one of the papers and the youth said that he found the original in an old chest in the tower of an ancient church. The skill with which it was written led to its general acceptance and the young clerk then produced other fragments which displayed great knowledge of heraldry and which also required mastery of the customs and language of an earlier day.

His chief creation, however, was Thomas Rowley the poet, whose productions he gave the world with such apparent accuracy that not only Bristol antiquarians bowed in veneration to the ancient bard, but other men of critical acumen yielded credence, and after Chatterton's death a controversy was held on this subject to such an extent that twenty-seven publications were issued before the question reached a negative conclusion.

JOHNSON'S OPINION.

Dr. Johnson, who had been antagonistic to the claims of Ossian, was equally incredulous in the Rowley controversy, and the following extract from Boswell may be of use in this connection: "We made an excursion to Bristol where I was entertained by seeing Johnson inquire upon the spot into the authenticity of the Rowley poetry, as I had seen him inquire on the spot into the authenticity of the Ossian poetry. George Catcot, the pewterer who was as zealous for Rowley as Dr. Blair was for Ossian, attended us at our inn and exclaimed with a triumphant air, 'I will make Dr. Johnson a convert.' Dr. Johnson, at his desire, read aloud some of Chatterton's fabricated verses, while Catcot stood at the back of his chair, moving himself like a pendulum of a clock and beating time with his feet, and now and then looking into Dr. Johnson's face — wondering he was not yet convinced. We also called on Dr. Barrett, the surgeon, and saw some of the originals — as they were called — which were executed with much art — but from a careful inspection we were quite satisfied of the imposture. Johnson said of Chatterton 'this is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge.'" True enough! Chatterton was the wonder of the eighteenth century, and even Wordsworth exclaims!

“I thought of Chatterton the marvelous boy;
The sleepless youth that perished in his pride!”

At the time of Johnson's visit to Bristol Chatterton had been six years in his grave. He had adventured to London in search of literary employment, and like many of the same class had met the keenest disappointment. After brief and crushing misery he ended his sad career by poison and had a pauper's burial. Chatterton as has been remarked, was the only one of these literary forgers that possessed genius, so it may also be said that he is the only one of the number that holds literary existence. His works have a place in all libraries and some of his utterances combine great beauty and moral truth. One of these is the appeal to the Deity which closes a brief poem on the misery of our race.

“O! give the mighty will — or give the willing power.”

How much, indeed, is included in this brief prayer?

THE IRELAND FRAUD.

During the year 1796 a London dealer in old books and curiosities visited Stratford and was accompanied by his son, a bright and clever youth of eighteen, who had already displayed much of that antiquarian taste which characterized his father. The enthusiasm which the latter manifested when they reached the birth-place of the great dramatist was increased by the discovery made by his son of an ancient lease with Shakespeare's signature. In this manner the Irelands — both named Samuel — attracted unusual notice, and the son soon afterward found one of Shakespeare's lost plays which occasioned a still greater sensation in the literary world. It was called *Vortigern*, and had so genuine an appearance that it was played at Drury Lane with John Philip Kemble in the leading role.

It proved a failure however, and then a closer critical examination took place which resulted in a general conviction of imposture. Young Ireland was plied with the same demand to which Macpherson had been subjected — to furnish the originals — and being unable to escape the dilemma he confessed the fraud. His father was overcome with grief and the young impostor left the paternal roof never to return.

The admiration which Vortigern awoke led its author to write another play called Henry II and both were printed in 1799. The impostor seems to have gloried in his success, for thirty years afterward he republished Vortigern as a literary curiosity. He also published his Confessions in which he gives a description of his forgeries. It is evident that he possessed a respectable share of ability, and he supported himself by literary labor until his death, which occurred in 1835.

It may be added that a copy of Ireland's Shakespearian forgeries was recently sold at auction in New York, and as might have been expected, occasioned sharp rivalry. The value of the book was increased by the signature of John Philip Kemble with interleaved engravings, and after spirited bidding it was carried off by a bibliomaniac at \$155. It thus appears that the first and the last of these impostors — Psalmanazar and Ireland — confessed their frauds but while the one expressed repentance the other seemed proud of his success. Macpherson on the other hand maintained a reserve on the Ossian question, and appeared indifferent to public opinion. Chatterton was the only one of the number who died before the complete publication of his works, and whose genius so commands our admiration that one is led to forgive his youthful imposture.

These literary frauds indicate the natural tendency to

reproduce the antique, and while the present century furnishes nothing of the kind in a literary line it has still to testify against Collier the Shakespearean charlatan.

MALICIOUS FRAUDS.

The basest form of literary fraud is when it assails character by forged letters, and this was one of those outrages which Washington so patiently endured. In 1776 a pamphlet was published in London containing letters alleged to have been written by the commander of the American army. The fraud was very ingenious, for the style was cleverly imitated, and they made reference to local and even family affairs. The object was to misrepresent both himself and the American cause, and they were well adapted to this malicious purpose.

These letters were reprinted in New York by the tories, but to perpetuate the mischief, the enemies of Washington published them in book form during his last administration, and this led Washington to file his denial in the national archives. The author was never known, but my suspicion rests on James Rivington (see page 318), almost the only man that could commit the crime.

CONCERNING PEN NAMES.

One of the earliest is Piers Ploughman, whose Complaint is one of the curiosities of British literature. Later on, when Edward Cave started the Gentleman's Magazine, he assumed the editorial title of Sylvanus Urban, which is still retained by his successors. Dr. Johnson wrote for the same magazine under the name of S. Smith. Addison was the Clio of the Spectator, and Goldsmith was The Chinese Philosopher of the Public Ledger. His spicy letters are the only ones of that day that have been

reprinted, and they are among the best things of his pen. Horace Walpole published his *Castle of Otranto* as the work of Onuphrio Murallo, translated by William Marshall. Robert Southey wrote letters from Portugal under the name of Espriella, and Sydney Smith used the name of Peter Plymly. Walter Scott had three pen names. He was not only the Author of *Waverley*, but also Paul, and then as a politician he signed Malachi Malagrowth. James Hogg was The Ettrick Shepherd.

Thomas Moore's first poems were issued as the works of the late Thomas Little. As Moore was a very small man, this pen name seemed most appropriate. Prof. Wilson had two pen names. His *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life* were by Arthur Austin, and then he was the Christopher North of *Blackwood's Magazine*. John Wolcott was Peter Pindar, and the gifted and mercurial Francis Mahoney was Father Prout, the wittiest man of his day, and one of its best linguists. Proctor, the London lawyer, wrote poetry under the name of Barry Cornwall. Elia was Charles Lamb, and De Quincy was the English Opium Eater. Douglas Jerrold appeared in print as Barabas Whitefeather, and E. R. Lytton as Owen Meredith.

The once popular Country Parson was the Rev. A. H. K. Boyd, and Sidney Yendys is Sidney Dobell. Delta of *Blackwood* was Dr. Moir, and *Etonensis* is William E. Gladstone. The sisters Brontë were severally Acton Bell, Ellis Bell and Currer Bell, and I need hardly say that Boz was Dickens, though I can remember the time when this popular name was a mystery, and it continued thus for two years. Mrs. Marion C. Lewes was the novelist George Eliot, and Thomas Hughes is Tom Brown. Max O'Rell is Paul Blouet, and Mme. Durand is Henry Greville. Mrs. Frank Tracy is Agnes Ethel. Turning to the continent, Mme. Dudevant was George Sand,

Clara Mundt was the author of the Louise Mulbach novels, and Louise De la Rame is the famous Ouida.

AMERICAN NAMES.

Pen names seem native to America. In 1645, only fifteen years after the settlement of Boston, Nathaniel Ward issued a tract called the *Cobbler of Agawam*, by Theodore De La Guard. This example became popular.

One of the happiest pen names was that adopted by Ben. Franklin when he was an apprentice to his brother, who published a paper in Boston. A number of essays appeared signed Silence Dogood, and attracted much attention, which encouraged their author to greater effort, and he afterward became the author of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which rendered him famous. Immediately after the Revolution Judge Tyler appeared in print as Updike Underhill, and with this pen name appeared the first American play and also the first tale. Next came the pen names in *Salmagundi*, where William Irving was Pindar Cockloft and James K. Paulding Launcelot Longstaff, while Washington Irving was Anthony Evergreen, and also wrote the letters of Keli Khan. He was also the Jonathan Old Style of the *Morning Chronicle*, and later on appeared as Diedrich Knickerbocker and Geoffrey Crayon. Philip Freneau was Robert Slender, and William Wirt was the clever British Spy. Matthew L. Davis, Burr's biographer, was the Old Man in Specs, and Willis Gaylord Clarke was the Ollapod of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*.

OTHER PROMINENT NAMES.

Howard Carroll is H. C. of the *New York Times*; Edwin Williams was *The Berkeley Men*, and Nathaniel Green was *Boscowen*; Maria Brooks was *Maria del Occidente*, whose poetry Southey quotes; Anna Cora Mo-

watt was Helen Berkeley; Susan Warner was Elizabeth Witherell; C. T. Briggs was Harry Franco; N. P. Willis was Philip Slingsby; Mrs. Whitcher was The Widow Bedott; Dr. Francis Lieber was Americus; Charles F. Browne was Artemus Ward; E. G. Squires was Samuel Bard; Benjamin Perley Poore was Perley; Matthew Hale Smith was Burleigh; Charles Astor Bristed was Carl Benson; Mortimer Thompson was Doesticks; H. W. Herbert was Frank Forrester; Mrs. James Parton was Fanny Fern; Mrs. Judson was Fanny Forrester; the Rev. S. I. Prime was Iræneus; H. W. Shaw was Josh Billings; Dr. Holland was Timothy Titcomb; Charles G. Halpen was Miles O'Reilly; Mrs. S. Lippincott was Grace Greenwood; S. G. Goodrich was Peter Parley; R. H. Newell was Orpheus C. Kerr — (office-seeker); Judge Haliburton was Sam Slick; the Rev. Nicholas Murray was Kerwan, and Henry Ward Beecher was the * of the Independent, while Alice B. Neal was Cousin Alice; Rev. Charles A. Stoddard is Augustus of the New York Observer, as well as its chief editor.

Mrs. G. L. Alden is Pansy; Mrs. Searing is Howard Glyndon; Mrs. Farley is Ernest Gilmore; J. T. Trowbridge is Paul Creyton; Henry Watterson is Asa Trenchard; C. C. Coffin is Carleton; Mrs. Stowe is Chris Crowfield; Mrs. Pittman is Margery Deane; Julia C. R. Dorr is Caroline Thomas; Mrs. Halley is Josiah Allen's Wife; Maria Gilmore is Mabel Gerard; G. A. Townsend is Gath; Miss Abigail Dodge is Gail Hamilton; Mrs. Richardson is Pearl Rivers; Henry Harland is Sydney Luska; Charles G. Leland is Hans Breitman; Joel Chandler Harris is Uncle Remus; James R. Lowell is Hosea Biglow; G. W. Curtis is The Howadji; Donald G. Mitchell is Ik Marvell; Mrs. D. G. Croly is Jennie June; C. H. Webb is John Paul; S. L. Clemens is

Mark Twain; William Winter is Mercutio; B. P. Shillaber is the irresistible Mrs. Partington; William T. Adams is Oliver Optic; A. C. Wheeler is Nym Crinkle; Mrs. Rush Ellis is Saxe Holme; W. H. Bogart is Sentinel; William H. McElroy is Richard Scudder; Lyman Abbott is Ben Auley; John Neal is John A. Cataract; Miss Murfree is Charles Egbert Craddock, and Rossiter Johnson is Phaeton Rogers.

INITIALS AND FANCY NAMES.

Some authors prefer initials, and Miss Landon acquired temporary fame as L. E. L., while in our own day H. H. was sufficient to indicate a writer who is still mourned by the literary world. Johnson was accustomed to apply grotesque titles to his friends, and thus Goldsmith became Goldy, and Boswell was Bozzy, Garrick was Davy, while Edmund Burke the famous orator, was only designated Mun Burke. Some literary men have changed their names as a matter of taste, and one is not surprised that Joseph Tinker preferred the name of Buckingham, nor that Jeremiah Colbath should change his name to Henry Wilson. Bayard Taylor dropped the prefix of James, and Commodore Slidell added Mackenzie. Going back to a still earlier day we find John Paul changed his name to Paul Jones and won fame for his naval victories during the revolution. Our country has never shown a proper gratitude toward this hero.

ANONYMOUS PUBLICATIONS.

The habit of publishing anonymously is very ancient, and Virgil tried the method when he wrote verses lauding Augustus. As might have been expected, the credit was appropriated by another, and Virgil's strategy in exposing the fraudulent claimant was very ingenious. The most wonderful of all anonymous writers was the author of

Junius, and his secret is the best kept of any thing of the kind on record. It is generally supposed however, that Sir Philip Francis was the author.

Byron issued his *Don Juan* anonymously, but though he was then in Italy the London public soon settled the question of its authenticity. Another remarkable instance of the kind is *The Doctor*, which also appeared anonymously in London. Its style, its indication of extraordinary reading and also its conservatism led the public to charge it to Southey. He was indeed its author, but to blind the reader he introduced allusions to himself, among other writers, and actually quoted some of his own poetry.

Walter Scott issued his novels by the Author of *Waverley*, and at the same time published poems and biography under his own name in order to distract attention. He never alluded to the *Waverley* novels either in print or in family conversation while the *Great Unknown* was under discussion — a space of twelve years. In addition to this secrecy he issued *Tales of my Landlord* anonymously — for not even *The Author of Waverley* was on the title page. The public however soon discerned the identity, and the books were at once classed with the *Waverley* novels.

The most popular novel published anonymously before the days of Scott was Miss Burney's *Evelina*, which appeared in 1778. Twelve years had elapsed since Goldsmith had published the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and as no respectable fiction had occurred during this interval the public welcomed this clever production. Edmund Burke when twenty-seven, published anonymously his maiden volume (*Vindication of Natural Society*), which was ascribed to Bolingbroke. The *Dunciad* was a much more striking instance, for Pope not only suppressed his name but

in order to blind the public more effectually, published it in Dublin. He was afraid of the consequences.

ANOTHER INSTANCE.

While Byron was living in Venice, in 1819, three years after leaving England, and being then in his thirty-first year, he was surprised to learn that a prose fiction had been ascribed to him. The tale first appeared anonymously in a London magazine, and was afterward published in a volume, also anonymous. The same volume contained a beautiful sketch of the poet's residence on the Island of Mytelene, which was described in all the detail which suggested a special visit, made for this purpose. Byron at once saw that these two fictions were intended by such a connection to lead the public to the conclusion that he was the author of the first, and also, that the other had his approval. He was startled by the liberty thus taken with his name, and wrote to Galignani and also to John Murray, denying the authorship.

The Vampire was, by popular opinion, ascribed to Byron as soon as it appeared, and this gave it a wide circulation. Even Walter Scott held such a belief until Byron's denial was published. It was thought that only he could be its author, not only because he was conversant with oriental scenes, but also from the following allusion to the Vampire in the *Giaour*:

“ But first on earth as Vampire sent
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent;
Then ghastly haunt thy native place
And suck the blood of all thy race,
There from thy daughter, sister, wife
At midnight drain the stream of life.”

Byron soon learned that the author of the mysterious tale was Dr. Polidori, whom he had known in London, and who accompanied him to the continent. There they parted and Polidori returned to London where he pub.

Wordsworth published "Peter Bell" anonymously to escape the prejudice against the "Lake school" of poetry of which he was chief. Samuel Peters, whose lying history of Connecticut is noticed elsewhere, issued that infamous libel in London anonymously, being too great a coward to meet the responsibility.

To return to American literature, Charles Brockden Brown issued his novels anonymously and Caritat, the publisher advertised "Wieland by a Citizen of the United States," also Ormond by the author of Wieland.

THE MAD POET.

This title was only assumed by one person (McDonald Clarke), who published "The Elixir of Moonshine by the Mad Poet." The pen name took so well that the "Mad Poet" enjoyed no little notoriety. His poetry was sufficiently eccentric to sell and this gave him a meagre support until his death, which occurred in 1842. He originated one expression (button with a star), which was afterward used by Holmes.

The only poet buried in New York was Robert C. Sands, who was also editor of the Commercial Advertiser. Bryant at the same time edited the Evening Post, and these two leading papers had poetic editors. Sands died early and was buried in St. Paul's church yard.

Sands' work as a journalist was limited to five years, and its close was marked by his best poem, *The Dead of 1832*. It was written in December, and before the year was finished he too was in its mortuary record, having survived this poem but a few days. It was certainly a very remarkable feature in the year above referred to that its death-roll included such a variety of genius.

Having mentioned *The Dead of 1832* in a fragmentary

manner, I now add a few verses in this connection to show its beauty.

Oh Time and Death! with certain pace
 Though still unequal, hurrying on,
 O'erturning in your awful race
 The cot, the palace, and the throne.

Dread ministers of God! Sometimes
 Ye smite at once — to do His will —
 In all earth's ocean severed climes,
 Those — whose renown ye cannot kill.

When all the brightest stars that burn
 At once are banished from their spheres,
 Men sadly ask when shall return
 Such luster to the coming years?

For where is he — who lived so long,
 Who raised the modern Titan's ghost,
 And showed his fate in powerful song
 Whose soul for learning's sake was lost?

Where he — who backward to the birth
 Of Time itself adventurous trod;
 And in the mingled mass of earth,
 Found out the handiwork of God?

Where he — who struck old Albyn's lyre,
 Till round the world the echoes roll,
 And swept with all a prophet's fire,
 The diapason of the soul?

The reader will recognize in the last three verses references to Goethe, Cuvier and Scott, and after paying an appropriate tribute to the remainder of the illustrious record, the poet closes with the following eloquent outburst :

All earth is now their sepulcher,
 The mind their monument sublime;
 Young in eternal fame they are,
 Such are your triumphs, Death and Time!

PETER WILKINS.

It may seem very strange that there should be a direct connection between a work written by an English bishop

and a burletta played at the Bowery theatre, but such is the case. During my boyhood the above-mentioned playhouse drew large attendances by the performance of "Peter Wilkins, or the Flying Islanders," which I then supposed to be a modern production. I learned, however, that Peter Wilkins was a book of adventure among the winged Pacific islanders, published in London in 1750, and often reprinted. The author, Robert Puttock (who never published any other book), derived the idea from Bishop Wilkins' publications concerning the moon, which he believed to be inhabited. One of these was on the possibility of a voyage thither. The bishop pursued science as well as religion, and his vagaries were not only caricatured, but his name was put into service by the humorist.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

It was his early death which gave him fame, since his sad fate awoke sympathy, and his works are thus enshrined in that halo which surrounds disappointed genius and crushed ambition. Had White survived his fiftieth year he would have outlived his poetry, but he passed away so rapidly that his name is associated with tender and pathetic associations to a degree unknown by any author. One of the most striking features in Kirke White's history is the fact that his boyhood was passed at Nottingham, which is near Byron's ancestral home, Newstead abbey. White was a poor boy working in a factory and then an attorney's clerk, while Byron was the favored son of wealth as well as of genius. Years afterward they met in Cambridge university. The one was the incipient nobleman and peer of the realm, while the other was an ill-clothed charity scholar. Nevertheless the latter commanded the respect and even the admiration of

the former, who, amid all his love of vice, acknowledged and honored the purity of the humble student.

BYRON'S TRIBUTE.

Not long afterward White died, and when Byron excoriated the *literati* of Great Britain (in his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers) he paid the former the following beautiful tribute:

“Unhappy White, while life was in its spring,
 And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
 The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
 Which else had sounded an immortal lay,
 Oh, what a noble heart was here undone,
 When science self-destroyed her favorite son;
 'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
 And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.”

Byron's tribute to White shows how the simple piety and studious application of the latter could command the admiration of one so highly elevated in wealth and social rank as well as genius.

White could not be correctly called “unhappy,” for though his early plans were all blasted he had learned submission, and this sublime lesson pervades one of his best effusions:

Come disappointment, come !
 Though from hope's summit hurled
 Still rigid nurse thou art forgiven,
 For thou, severe, were sent from heaven,
 To wean me from the world ;
 To turn my eye
 From vanity,

And point to scenes of bliss, that never, never die.

The above was written by one who never saw his twenty-second year, but it is really a grander utterance than anything in Childe Harold, whose author more than once acknowledges the value of that religion which he so madly rejected. The same testimony, however, is frequently given by perverted genius.

Byron says in letters: "Harry White had poesy and genius notwithstanding his cant, which in him was sincere. Setting aside his bigotry, he surely ranks next to Chatterton. It is astonishing how little he was known. At Cambridge no one thought or heard of such a man till his death rendered all notice useless. For my own part, I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance." To such a man as Byron it was natural to designate piety as cant and bigotry, but it is highly probable that he often envied the charity scholar that peace which only true religion can give. White little dreamed of the impression he was making on the high born slave of sin, and this is an additional proof of the unconscious power of piety.

TRIBUTES TO GENIUS.

One of the most touching features in literature is that series of eulogies which authors one after another pay to departed genius. Milton honors Shakespeare with the sonnet beginning :

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piled stones?

Pope pays a beautiful tribute to Cowley and also to Denham. Collins penned a poetic tribute to Thomson, and Cowper sought in the same manner to do justice to Whitefield. Johnson wrote Goldsmith's epitaph and Garrick performed a similar service for Hogarth. Burke wrote the obituary which followed the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The learned Dr. Parr wrote Johnson's epitaph, and Wordsworth paid a mortuary tribute to the eloquent Charles James Fox. Coming to our own authors, Halleck's most pathetic lines were in honor of his departed friend Joseph Rodman Drake. Bryant delivered a eulogy on Irving and received after his death a similar honor from Stedman.

The Bryant bust in the Central park is this poet's chief

monument, as his grave is designated in a very simple manner. Poetic genius has seldom asked more than this and even Horace, who claimed that he had built a monument more enduring than brass, referred to his writings rather than to a mortuary shaft. The oldest grave of any author is that of Virgil at Posilippo, near Naples. Shakespeare's, however, is the most frequently visited, being the chief shrine of genius. Probably the longest epitaph ever written on any literary man was that which Johnson inflicted on Goldsmith, and which to make it worse is in Latin. The shortest is that which marks the grave of the once noted Boston preacher and lecturer, who died in Florence, and consists merely of the name "Theodore Parker," with the dates of birth and death.

Wordsworth in his latter days when contemplating his final departure from the scenes he so deeply loved, refers thus to himself in the lines on a stone placed by him at Rydal Mount :

So let it rest and time will come,
When here the tender hearted :
May heave a gentle sigh for him,
As one of the departed.

The most painful in its suggestions, at least of all the epitaphs of genius, is that which Swift wrote for himself, but the most pathetic is that which Keats desired. It is the language of broken hope which made him feel that his life had indeed been "written in water," but the former suggests that bitter disappointment which Swift so long endured.

Few men are inclined to write their own epitaphs, but in addition to those of Swift and Keats may be given one which Coleridge left for his own tomb :

"Stop, Christian passer by: Stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he,
O! lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.

That he who many a year, with toil of breath
 Found death in life, may here find life in death,
 Mercy for praise — to be forgiven, for fame,
 He asked and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same."

To the above may be added the lines which close Gray's Elegy, and which gives one the poet's idea of what should be his own mortuary inscription. What a beautiful illustration of sympathy is given in such lines as these :

"He gave to misery — 'twas all he had — a tear,
 He gained of heaven — 'twas all he wished — a friend."

INTERPOLATIONS AND ALTERATIONS.

There has been from time immemorial a class of scribblers so conceited as to think that they can improve the works of men of genius, and a very striking instance is found in Cibber's mutilation of Shakespeare. I was personally acquainted with one of this class who tinkered Collin's Ode to the Passions with great satisfaction. A similar instance is found in an edition of Coleridge's poems, published in Boston, 1860, by Crosby, Nichols & Co., in which eight verses of the Ancient Mariner are altered, and the following verse is interpolated :

A gust of wind starts up behind,
 And whistles through his bones;
 Through the hole of his eye and the hole of his mouth
 Half whistles and half groans.

This attempt to "improve" a wonderful poem shows a degree of audacity which is really surprising. Such alterations are among the highest literary crimes, and yet they are the most frequently found among a class whose religious profession, to say the least, requires honesty. I refer to the tinkerers of hymns, who have done such violence to the best productions of the sacred muse, and often, indeed, made the hymnists father sentiments repulsive to their very nature.

One of the earliest American issues of foreign poetry thus appeared in the *New York Museum*, April 12, 1800:

“The Pleasures of Hope, and Other Poems, by Thomas Campbell, are just published by Jones Bull, 403 Pearl street, at sixty-two cents, neatly bound and lettered.”

It is painful to learn that an author whose principal work was the *Pleasures of Hope*, should have been through life the victim of disappointment. Campbell unfortunately struck twelve the first time. In other words, he never equaled his first effort, and the *Pleasures of Hope* was the ghost at his door through life. As he said, “I was married as the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, and I shall be buried as the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*.” True enough, the inscription on his coffin-plate was “Thomas Campbell, author of the *Pleasures of Hope*.”

This poem was published when its author had hardly passed his twenty-first year, and being then unknown he sold his copyright for a mere trifle, but the publisher kindly gave him £50 for each new edition for several years. It is probable, however, that it never yielded him more than £350, while Scott received £1,000 for *Marmion*.

Embarked on the treacherous sea of literature, the poet's life thenceforth was a struggle with poverty and other calamities, which eventually rendered him a mere wreck, and he died in a French port, whither he had gone for health. His favorite child preceded him to the grave, and as the sole survivor showed signs of derangement while yet a youth, he was conveyed to an asylum, whence he was only removed by death. The poet was also bereaved by the death of his faithful and affectionate wife, and the following sad picture of grief and desolation is taken from a brief address made to a circle of friends:

I am alone in the world. My wife and also the child of my best hopes are dead, and the surviving child is conveyed to a liv-

ing tomb. My old friends, my brothers and sisters, are dead, all but one, and she too is dying. As for fame, it is a bubble that will soon burst. When earned for others it is sweet, but in my condition it can only be bitter.

What a sad, and even terrible confession from the author of the Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude of Wyoming and Hohen Linden — the best war poem of that age. Forty years after the publication of his first and greatest work the poet lay dying in Boulogne, and a friend who was in attendance gave the following sketch of the closing scene :

At four in the afternoon our beloved poet expired without a struggle. His features look sharper and more defined than yesterday, but they are perfectly serene — almost like a statue. He lies on his left side, his head and shoulders supported by pillows. Though prepared, as I thought, for the crisis, yet I confess I was so bewildered when I saw the head drop lifeless on the chest that I could hardly realize the scene.

There lay the breathless form of one who had impressed all sensitive hearts by the magic influence of his genius — whom I had seen struggling with difficulties and then striving to seek repose in exile, but finding it only in death. With these feelings we gently closed his eyes that had now opened on another world.

A poor compensation for the poet's life-long sorrows was found in rare posthumous honor. Thomas Campbell indeed was the only author of that age buried in Westminster Abbey — ranking in this point both Scott and Byron.

THE DUNCIAD.

This satire has never been excelled in point of wit and felicitous hits at both men and the times. Byron found in the Dunciad a model for his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, and the latter showed that the pupil was not far behind the master. Pope was the only man of his day whose works sold sufficiently well to make their author independent. This excited the jealousy of less fortunate writers, who attacked him sharply, and in some instances without justice. He determined, at last, to bring the whole of this class to a settlement, which was done in the Dunciad. The plan was taken from Dryden, but

no one but Pope could fill it with such overflowing satire. The publication of the *Dunciad* made an intense excitement in London. Pope was then (1728) in his fortieth year, and probably nothing saved him from personal violence, but the fact that he was a feeble and shattered invalid. Sir Robert Walpole presented a copy of the *Dunciad* to the king, and it became very popular in court.

CONCERNING BLUE LAWS.

This term is not American, its first appearance having occurred in London. The blue ribbon was worn by the Scottish covenanters in distinction from the scarlet of royalty, but that has no connection with the "blue laws." The history of the latter is as follows: In 1781, while the revolution was in progress, a history of Connecticut was published in London. It was anonymous, and the evident desire of the author was to vilify the colonists. The amount of falsehood, indeed, which the book contains is surprising, and yet, strange to say, the author was a Connecticut clergyman, who had been driven from his parish on account of his toryism.

Very naturally he found revenge in slander, which he put in book shape. The edition, however, must have been very small, for copies are now literary curiosities.

The most striking exception to the general current of abuse is found in the following paragraph:

"At Hebron reside some of the descendants of William Peters, among whom is Rev. Samuel Peters, an Episcopal clergyman, who by his generosity and zeal for the Church of England has rendered himself famous both in old and New England."

The reader will no doubt be amused to learn that this Rev. Samuel Peters is none other than the author of the book, who thus anonymously gives himself a flattering notice. Having portrayed himself so favorably, the historian gives the following

PAINFUL PICTURE.

"Thus lived these ambitious people under far worse persecutions from one another than they ever experienced or complained of in old England — all which they endured

with some degree of patience, the persecuted of one year living in hopes that the next would enable them to retaliate on their persecutors."

"The laws made by this independent dominion and denominated Blue Laws by the neighboring colonies were never suffered to be printed, but the following sketches of some of them will give a tolerable idea of the spirit which pervades the whole:"

"No food or lodging shall be afforded to a Quaker or any other heretic."

"No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fast day."

"No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or saints' days, make mince pies, dance, play cards or play on any instrument except the drum, trumpet or jews' harp."

"Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap."

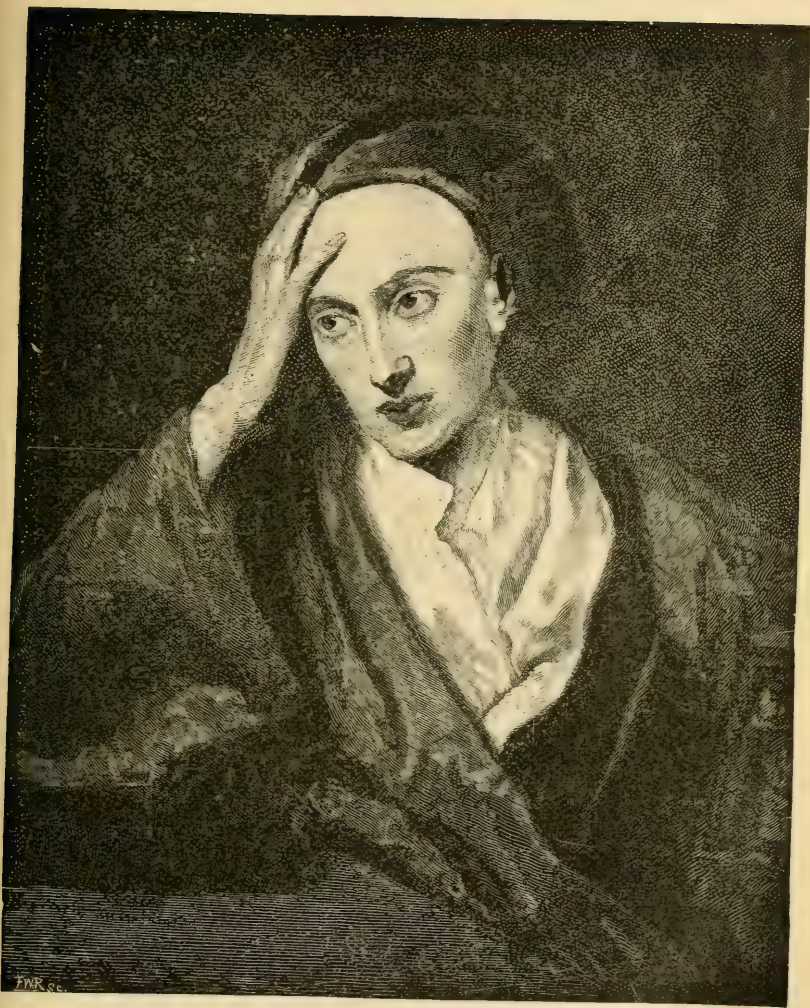
"Of this sort were the laws made by the people of New Haven. They consist of a vast multitude, and were very properly termed Blue Laws, *i. e.*, bloody laws, for they were all sanctified with excommunication, confiscation, fines, banishment, whippings, cutting off the ears, burning the tongue and death."

There is something almost comic in the following picture of the method of visiting the sick:

"The minister demands of the sick if he be converted, and when and where. If the answer is conformable to the system of the minister, it is very well; if not, the sick man is given over as non-elect and no object for prayer. Another minister is then sent for, who asks the sick man if he be willing to die, and if he be willing to be damned if it should please God to damn him. Should he answer no this minister quits him as the former. Finally the sick man dies and so falls from their hands into better."

According to our "historian" New Haven had in his day given all New England a name which should not be forgotten. He writes thus:

"New Haven is celebrated for having given the name of pumpkin heads to all the New Englanders. It originated from the Blue Laws, which enjoined every male to have his hair cut round by a cap. When caps were not



ALEXANDER POPE.

to be had they substituted the hard shell of a pumpkin, which being put on the head every Saturday the hair is cut by the shell all round the head."

All the above laws are malicious fictions.

AN ADDISONIAN QUERY.

The question has been raised whether an author can refer to his own productions in terms of commendation. In some instances this has been done, notwithstanding the risk of censure, one of the most striking being found in Addison. This distinguished writer, after completing his tragedy of Cato, felt the importance of calling the attention of the public to its most impressive lesson — the immortality of the soul. I find this in the *Spectator* for December 3, 1714, which opens with a disquisition on eternity and closes thus :

"I have a translation of the speech of Cato, which hath accidentally fallen into my hands, and which for conciseness, purity and elegance cannot be sufficiently admired."

He then gives the speech in Latin hexameters on one side of the page, while the other side contains the translation, beginning "It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well." This speech, which is termed Cato's Soliloquy, was in Addison's opinion the best thing in the play, and hence he translates it into Latin and offers it to its readers as a fragment of antiquity. Such is the example Addison gives us of an author commending his own works. Pope discovered it and was no doubt highly amused at Addison's self-complacency, and when the time came to use it in satire he made it very effective. Addison afterward incurred Pope's displeasure, and the latter retorted by that scathing paragraph which is one of the brightest things of that age. Here he couples Addison and his hero in the following manner :

“Like Cato give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause.”

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As this is now an acknowledged feature in journalism, it is curious to note its origin, which is due to the humor of Addison. Any one who reads the Spectator will observe the occasional replies, of which the following is an instance :

“T. C., who offers a love case, is requested to speak to the minister of the parish, as it is strictly a case of conscience.”

“The poor young lady who complains of a harsh guardian, can only have my good wishes until she is more particular.”

From the days of the Spectator the custom has been on the increase, and there are now a dozen papers in which it is a leading feature.

IMMORTALITY OF GENIUS.

Visitors to the Astor library will be impressed with that power of intellect which survives mortality. The founder of this institution is dead, and of the vast number of books now on the catalogue few bear the names of living authors. On visiting such a spot I am reminded of what Byron says of those “who rule us from their urns.” Looking upon the authors presented here, what an array of departed genius is before us! To go no further back than Shakespeare, who died in 1616, it is sad to think that nothing is known of his last hours. In fact the story of his entire life is so brief that it seems almost like a myth. It is known however, that the last part of his life was spent in his native town of Stratford, and it is supposed that he died suddenly, his age being fifty-two.

Milton died in 1674, aged sixty-six, having spent several years in blindness and poverty. Cowley, whom Pope so much admired, died in 1664, aged forty-nine. Bunyan

died in 1688, aged sixty. His *Pilgrim's Progress* had been seventeen years in print, and he had seen the beginning of its marvelous popularity, while his contemporary, Milton, never witnessed the public admiration of *Paradise Lost*, though it had been seven years in print before his death.

Passing from early poetry to early fiction, we meet the name of Richardson, the founder of the English novel, who died in 1761, aged seventy-two. Fielding who so admirably succeeded and excelled him, was attacked by a severe and lingering disease, which obliged him to take a voyage for his health. He went to Lisbon where he died in 1764, aged forty-eight.

Doddridge, the pious and learned divine, undertook a similar voyage for his health, and also found a grave in the same city, being then only fifty. Pope, who died in 1744, was so completely an invalid that he could speak of "that long disease my life," and adds, "weak though I am of limb and short of sight." Notwithstanding this, he labored with an almost incredible industry, and in his verse he says how

"Slow the unprofitable moments roll
That lock up all the functions of the soul;
That keep me from myself and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day."

His frail body, however, held out until he reached his fifty-sixth year.

Johnson, the lexicographer, was the sturdiest in body and mind of all the *litterati* of his day. He was a laborious but poverty-stricken bohemian until his fiftieth year, and continued to write for a quarter of a century afterward. He died in 1784, in his seventy-fifth year, of a protracted disease which ended in dropsy.

The fear of dissolution was in his case the ruling passion, and although he was a professing Christian, the

thought of death gave him unutterable horror. Hence he urged his physician to use all means, however painful, to prolong existence. "You fear," said he to the latter, "to give me pain, for which I care nothing so long as it may extend life." It was found after his death that his legs were scarred with incisions which he had made secretly with the hope of relieving himself of the dropsical deposit.

Among his last words were those to his physician: "Always think of my situation, which one day must be yours; always remember that life is short and eternity never ends. Remember all this, and God bless you."

Thomson, author of the *Seasons*, lived in inexcusable indolence after reaching success, and died at the comparatively early age of forty-eight. Gibbon died in turned from Lausanne in Switzerland, where he had passed a number of studious years, and where he wrote the concluding volumes of the *Decline and Fall*. He died in his fifty-seventh year after a few days' illness, but had suffered for many years from a hydrocele, which suddenly inflamed and caused a speedy death.

Hume, who like Gibbon was a bachelor, died in Edinburgh, his native town, in 1776. He was sixty-seven and declined gradually, with a consciousness of approaching death, his last hours being whiled away by a game of cards. He spoke about Charon and the mythic boat with a levity which ill became his situation, and soon after expired.

Goldsmith died suddenly in 1774, of nervous fever, which aggravated a severe local disorder. He was only forty-five, and was in debt £2,000. "It was wonderful," says his biographer, "that he could get this unusual amount of credit." He was buried in the grounds adja-

cent Temple church, but his bust has a place in Westminster abbey, near Johnson, who was his dearest friend.

Chatterton committed suicide in 1770, being then only seventeen, and was buried in a pauper shell in Shoe lane. He came to London with high hopes of fame, but within a few months died in despair. One cannot think of him without recalling that touching allusion of Wordsworth :

“I thought of Chatterton, the marvelous boy,
The sleepless youth that perished in his pride.”

Churchill, the most brilliant satirist, but one of the worst men of his day, died suddenly in 1764—before he had closed his thirty-fourth year. He was buried in an obscure grave, which Byron visited and described in lines beginning thus :

“I stood beside the grave of one who blazed,
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchers.”

And where, as he says, he learned from the old sexton's homily, “the glory and the nothing of a name.”

Burns died in 1794, aged thirty-seven, at Dumfries, having just lost his only daughter. He was the victim of hard drinking, and was younger at the time of his death than Walter Scott was when he began his literary career.

WHITE AND KEATS.

Henry Kirke White and John Keats both died early, and of the same disease—consumption—which was aggravated by bitter and unjust criticism. The first was only twenty-two, and the last was but four years older. Keats was buried in the English cemetery at Rome, leaving that sad epitaph: “Here lies one whose name was writ in water.”

Shelley, in his twenty-ninth year, perished at sea in a gale in 1822, with two others, being the entire crew of

the shallop Don Juan. His remains drifted ashore, and were burned under the requirement of the quarantine, the funeral pile being witnessed by Leigh Hunt and Byron. The ashes were deposited near Keat's grave at Rome. Byron soon followed his atheist friend, dying in 1824 of fever at Missolonghi, whence his remains were borne to his ancestral tomb near Newstead abbey. His last words were, "My sister! my child!" To which he added, "Now I shall go to sleep," and fell into a slumber from which he never woke.

Walter Scott died in 1832, utterly worn out and destroyed by excessive labor. Judging from his great bodily strength, he should have lived to four-score, but he was only sixty-one. He was buried at Dryburgh, not far from his own Abbotsford.

Coleridge lived to his sixty-second year, notwithstanding the pernicious effect of opium. Charles Lamb died in London in 1834, aged seventy.

Swift died in 1745, in Dublin, aged seventy-eight. He had been dean of St. Patrick's cathedral for more than thirty years. This office was uncongenial, because of its distance from London and because of his own irreligious character. His last days were passed in a state of mental disease, and he spoke of himself as one "dying like a tree, at the top." Johnson, in his *Vanity of Human Wishes*, refers to him thus:

"From Marlboro's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveler and a show."

His misery is suggested by the epitaph which, by his own order, was inscribed thus: "*Hic depositum est corpus Jonathan Swift, ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.*" "Here is deposited the body of Jonathan Swift, where bitter indignation can no more lacerate his heart." Near this inscription is one to Mrs. Hester Johnson,

better known as the unfortunate "Stella," who died seventeen years before him. Swift has left a mysterious and painful memory.

As his epitaph suggests, he was one of the most miserable of his race. Indeed he appears like one who was under a curse and who felt that curse withering him until relief came in death. No one seems to have fully understood his character, and even Walter Scott, who wrote his biography, found him a mystery. Perhaps no modern author except Edgar A. Poe, so completely embarrasses all who study literary character.

VOLTAIRE AND GOETHE.

Voltaire, commonly called "the philosopher of Ferney," died at that place in 1778, aged eighty-six. Goethe the "sage of Weimar," died there in 1832, aged eighty-three. The year of his demise was noted for the number of illustrious names on its mortuary roll.

Speaking of Goethe, we notice the contrast between his age and that of Schiller, who died in 1805, in his forty-sixth year. This is young when we consider the fame he reached, and yet Addison was but a year older, having died in 1719, aged forty-seven. Cowper, though of so frail and delicate an organization, saw almost the verge of three score and ten, while the robust William Godwin reached eighty. The first died in 1800 and the next thirty-six years after.

Edmund Burke reached his sixty-eighth year, dying in 1797, when the era of great events was just opening. He had exposed the ambitious progress of Warren Hastings, but how little could he have dreamed of the success of that far more wonderful military adventurer who was just commencing his victorious career. Robert Southey a native of Bristol, died at Keswick in 1843 in his sixty-

ninth year, worn out by excessive brain work. Humorists seem of shorter life, for Theodore Hook died in London, in 1841, aged fifty-three, while Hood, likewise a Londoner, died in that city in his forty-sixth year, and Jerrold died in 1857, aged fifty-four. Leigh Hunt, the friend of Shelley, died in London, in 1859, but reached the respectable age of seventy-five. James Montgomery, whose sacred poetry is so popular, reached eighty-three.

Tom. Moore lived to seventy-three, and died peacefully, at his cottage, in 1852. Hugh Miller, who was one of the most wonderful men of his day, fell by his own hand, in 1856. His vigorous intellect had been shattered by excessive study, and in a temporary delirium he died thus in his fifty-fourth year. Dickens also was the victim of excessive labor, and died from its effects in 1870, aged fifty-eight.

AMERICAN AUTHORS.

Cotton Mather, the father of American literature, died in 1725, and was buried in Boston, where he passed his whole life, which was sixty-five years. Jonathan Edwards, the greatest metaphysician of his age, died in 1758, at Princeton in his fifty-sixth year, and his tomb is, with one exception, the first in the long roll of college presidents. Charles Brockden Brown died at Philadelphia, in 1810, aged thirty-nine. He was the earliest American novelist, and was read extensively, though now his works are much neglected. Cooper, who gave American fiction a distinction in Europe, reached his sixty-third year and died at Cooperstown. Halleck lived to four score, and was buried in his native town in Connecticut. Everett also saw long life and is buried at Mount Auburn where Prescott also sleeps. The former of these was born in Dorchester and died in Boston in 1865, aged seventy-one, while the

latter was a native of Salem and died in Boston in 1859, aged sixty-three. Among theologians we note the distinguished Albert Barnes, who died in 1870, in his seventy-third year. Poe, the most peculiar and least understood of all American authors, died in Baltimore, the place of his birth, in 1849 aged thirty-eight, and was buried in the Westminster cemetery in that city.

IRVING AND HAWTHORNE.

Irving died at Sunnyside in 1859, aged seventy-seven. Hawthorne, who next to Poe is the most mysterious of American authors, lived to sixty. Willis was two years older, dying in 1869. These men were New Englanders, the first being a native of Salem, while the second was born at Portland; but what a contrast is exhibited in their books and characters! George P. Morris, whose name is so closely identified with that of Willis, was a native of Philadelphia, and died in New York in 1864, aged sixty-two.

Joseph Rodman Drake was the youngest of all our poets at the time of his death, being just twenty-five. His profession was medicine, but his marriage rendered him independent. His poems were all produced in a very brief space, and the Culprit Fay is due to the attempt to show that the rivers and mountains of America are capable of romantic incident. Drake was encouraged by his friend Halleck, and they wrote in a literary co-partnership, whose signature in the Evening Post was "Croaker & Co." His death, which occurred in 1820, occasioned Halleck's exquisite tribute beginning "Light be the turf above thee, friend of my better days." Now if the reader ask why I have introduced this detail of mortality I reply that one is by this very contrast the more impressed with the immortality of genius. So far

from being dead, they have attained a higher life and in this retrospect I feel with renewed power the lesson given us by Wordsworth :

“For backward as I cast my eyes
I see what was and is and will abide.”

The poet had a true view of the great object of authorship and of every other service, as may be seen from the concluding lines of the same sonnet :

“The function never dies
While we, the brave, the mighty and the wise,
We men who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish: — be it so!
Enough if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour:
And if as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith’s transcendent dower
We feel that we are greater than we know.”

AUTHORS’ GRAVES.

Cooper rests in the town that bears his name, where, indeed, he spent the best years of his life. Mrs. Sigourney is buried in Hartford, but Percival, who was the best American poet of his day, fills an obscure grave in Wisconsin. Halleck is buried in his native Guilford — a place that he loved with deepest intensity. He left Guilford and came to New York, where he spent a half century, and then returned and finished his course amid the scenes of his youth. Bayard Taylor, who died abroad, was borne to his early home (Kenneth square), and, like Halleck, found a grave in the spot where his happiest days were passed. Longfellow is one of the honors of Mount Auburn. Hawthorne and Emerson rest in Concord. Willis and Morris, who, though authors of once popular books, are best remembered as the founders of the Home Journal, were buried in Greenwood. So was David Hale, the founder of the Journal of Commerce. Robert C. Sands and William L. Stone, the one the poet of the Commer-

cial Advertiser and the other formerly its editor-in-chief, are buried, the first in St. Paul's church and the other in Saratoga Springs. Greenwood holds high distinction in the record of genius. One may find there the graves of the Cary sisters (Alice and Phebe), whose effusions were once so popular. Raymond, Bennett and Greeley, the three greatest editors of their day, are also buried there. Bennett's monument is one of the most expensive in the entire grounds, but Greeley only asked that "Founder of the New York Tribune" should be inscribed over his grave, and this has been done. Bryant was laid by the side of his wife at Roslyn, to which place his name gives its sole distinction. Audubon, the naturalist, lies in the family plat in Trinity cemetery. John S. C. Abbott, once noted for his fictitious histories, was buried in New Haven. Fulton, of steamboat fame, is among the mighty dead of Trinity churchyard, but has no monument. Being connected with the Livingstons, he was placed in the family vault. Joseph Rodman Drake, being connected in a similar manner with the Eckfords, had the same degree of mortuary hospitality. Joel Barlow, Theodore Parker and the historian Motley — a rare trio of intellectual distinction — died abroad and were laid in foreign graves.

EFFORTS FOR FAME.

How quickly the dead pass out of notice! The consciousness of inevitable oblivion is painful to a sensitive or an ambitious mind, and for this reason men are pleased at the thought that their names may survive. Among the early instances of this kind is Horace's self-congratulation in that ecstatic ode beginning "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,*" and true enough his works prove an enduring monument. Virgil, too, felt the same craving for remem-

brance, which is expressed in the tenth line of his third *Georgic*, where, after referring to the achievements of others, he says :

“ — tentanda via est que me quoque passim
Tellere humo victor que virum volitare per ora,”

which may be translated as follows : “I too, must attempt a way whereby to lift me from the ground and victorious spread my fame through the mouths of men.” Fielding enjoyed the assurance of a share in the immortality of genius to which he thus gives utterance : “Come, bright love of fame. Comfort me by the solemn assurance that when the little parlor in which I now sit shall be changed for a worse furnished box, I shall be read with honor by those who never knew or saw me.”

Danton, when sentenced to death by the revolutionary tribunal, exclaimed : “My name will be found in the Pantheon of history.” He did not believe in existence after death, and yet could not surrender his name to annihilation. The same idea which animated the atheist Frenchman when facing the guillotine, was confessed by even the humble and devoted missionary, David Brainerd, who thus records his frailties in his journal : “The sins I had most sense of were pride and a wandering mind, and the former of these evil thoughts excited me to think of writing and preaching, and converting the heathen or performing some other great work that my name might live when I should be dead.” No doubt the pyramid builders cherished the same expectation, but their names are lost though their work remains — from which Byron draws the following lesson :

“Let not a monument give you or me hopes
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.”

Byron, next to Shakespeare, has a more enduring fame than any poet in our language, and yet it is evident that

he had a clear view of his final end — oblivion. Look at these lines :

“What is the end of Fame ? 'Tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper ;
Some liken it to climbing up a hill
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapor.”

Again, when viewing the monument of the warrior and the poet, he thus expresses the same idea :

The time must come when *both* alike decayed,
The chieftain's trophy and the poet's volume,
Will sink where lie the songs or wars of earth,
Before Pelides' death or Homer's birth.”

Cowley pathetically exclaims :

What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the coming age my own.

Gay, on other hand, having published the *Beggar's Opera*, and some other things which gave him temporary distinction, makes the following humorous boast :

“And now complete my generous labors lie
Finished and ripe for immortality.
Death shall entomb in dust this mouldering frame
But never reach the eternal part — my fame.
When Ward and Gildon, mighty names, are dead,
Or but at Chelsea under custards read ;
When poems crazy bandboxes repair
And tragedies turned rockets bounce in air,
High raised on Fleet street ports consigned to fame
This work shall shine and readers bless my name.”

Unfortunately, however, the only thing of Gay's that holds a place in current literature is the couplet from the *Beggar's Opera* :

“How happy I could be with either
Were t'other dear charmer away.”

Those who desire memory can accomplish their end in no better way than by erecting some permanent benefit to the race. And now, reader, let me apply this feature in our race to the Donnelly-Baconian theory. As the love of fame is admitted to be the universal passion, it affords one of the most convincing proofs that Bacon was

not the author of Shakespeare's plays. If Bacon, indeed, were willing to throw away the fame inseparable from these productions, he must have been an isolated exception to the rest of mankind.

LITERARY PUBLISHERS.

It is very rare to find the book trade successful in authorship. The first literary publisher was Richardson, the author of *Clarissa Harlowe*, and several other prosy novels. He was a London printer in the time of Pope, and reached fifty before he attempted authorship. His works were then popular, but are now hardly known even by name. Perhaps the most interesting feature in his literary history is the fact that Fielding wrote *Joseph Andrews* in order to ridicule *Pamela*, and the parody has outlived the original.

The next literary publisher was Dodsley who began life as a servant, but having published a volume of poems, called *The Muse in Livery*, he was led to exchange his humble position for a small book-store. His success was of a striking character, and his establishment increased in size until it was the resort of the *litterati* of London. He wrote several popular dramas, and began the *Museum*, which was an influential periodical. The once literary menial thus became an opulent publisher, and also a respectable author. He published for Johnson during his early struggles, and was an intimate friend of Burke. He also published for Shenstone and Chesterfield, and his collection of poems was for many years the best poetic miscellany in existence. Dodsley thus leaves a very interesting record.

Turning to our own shores, Benjamin Franklin was the first literary publisher, and one of his earliest efforts in Philadelphia was the *History of the Quakers*.

Literature like the ocean has its "flotsam," and many a precious utterance has drifted to oblivion. Hence I have often thought that a good service might be done by gathering them as amber is gathered from the sea. Poetical collections however, rarely give satisfaction, because every reader has his own preference — sometimes a very strange one, and Lockhart tells us that Scott's favorite was "The Vanity of Human Wishes." Who would have thought that this melancholy poem could please the great master of romance?

To return to poetical collections, I have often been surprised at the omissions which occur in such works. For instance, I know one, unusually elaborate, from which Henry Kirke White's sonnet to his dear mother is omitted (while other specimens of his poems appear) and yet that sonnet is the finest of his productions. So, also, Milman's "Apollo Belvidere" is omitted from the specimens of that author, and yet it is the best thing he ever wrote, and then L. E. L.'s most exquisite effusion shares the same neglect. How strange it also seems that every American collection should omit Sand's poem on *The Dead of 1832!*

SAVED BY A COUPLET.

Two American writers have been saved from oblivion, each by a couplet. One was William Martin Johnson, a literary physician who died in 1796 while yet a young man. His epitaph on a young lady is his only production worthy of remembrance.

Here sleep in dust and wait the Almighty's will
Then rise unchanged and be an angel still.

The other was Jonathan Mitchell Sewall, a New England lawyer who lived to three score and published a volume of poems. One of these is an epilogue to *Cato* in which occur the following well-known lines:

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers
But the whole boundless continent is yours.

PLAGIARISM.

The best authors are sometimes accused of plagiarism, simply because the same ideas may occur to different men. One of the finest things in Virgil is the allusion to the power of sympathy thus uttered by the Carthaginian queen:

“Non ignara mali, miseris succerrere disco,”

which may be translated. “Myself no stranger to misfortune, I have learned to succor the distressed.” I find the same idea in Garrick’s appeal in behalf of the impoverished play actors of his day.

“Their cause I plead — plead it with heart and mind.
A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.”

One finds on close examination that there is very little real originality, since authors either insensibly drink in other men’s thoughts, or else have the same ideas suggested by what is commonly termed inspiration.

The basest form of plagiarism is the deliberate stealing of an author’s entire production. This is of course, a complimentary expression of admiration, but no one wants to be robbed, even in a complimentary manner. Instances of this kind are to be met all through the history of literature. Virgil found his verses in eulogy of Augustus stolen by Bathyllus, but he cunningly set a trap for the latter, who was easily detected.

When Mackenzie (Scotland’s best novelist before Sir Walter) published anonymously the *Man of Feeling*, it was immediately claimed by an Englishman named Eccles, who lived in Bath. The latter, to support his claim, transcribed the entire book with his own hand, and offered the manuscript in evidence. Mackenzie was then obliged to prove the authenticity of the work, which was done in the clearest manner.

The continued tendency to this kind of larceny is illustrated by William Allen Butler's *Nothing to Wear*, a poem which on its first appearance created a marked sensation in fashionable circles, being in fact the best satire of the kind in existence. It was universally read, and all were eloquent in admiration. The literary world, however, was soon startled by the announcement that Butler was a wholesale plagiarist. This charge was brought by a clergyman named Peck, who claimed (and no doubt really believed) that his daughter was the author. He said that he heard her repeating extracts, and when he asked who wrote it she replied, "Why, pa, I wrote it myself." According to Peck's theory, the daughter had lost the manuscript in a street car, and Butler having found it, had claimed the honor.

The best way to meet such a case originated with Virgil, and was also suggested by Butler's friends. Virgil wrote some half lines, and Bathyllus, being asked to finish them, was self-exposed. Miss Peck, when asked to furnish some other effusions, failed entirely, and this at once silenced her claims.

In the same manner Campbell's *Exile of Erin*, which is his sweetest poem, was claimed by a man named Nugent, whose sister swore that she saw the poem in the handwriting of the latter before the date of Campbell's publication. Nugent's claim was maintained by a provincial editor to Campbell's great annoyance, but the public (as in the case of Butler) readily discerned the true author. Another very prominent case is the appearance of that beautiful poem, *If I Should Die To-night*, in *Jess*, by H. Rider Haggard. The true author is Miss Bel Smith of Tabor College, Iowa.

REMARKABLE PARALLELS.

Disraeli gives some interesting literary parallels, to

which I add the following which have come under my personal observation. Longfellow's Village Blacksmith is a very pretty picture, but it recalls a rustic poem by William Hallowsay who writes thus:

“Beneath yon elders, furred with blackening smoke,
The sinewy smith with many a labored stroke
His clinking anvil plied in shed obscure,
And truant schoolboys loitered near the door.”

Longfellow presents the same scene in the following lines:

“Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door,
They love to see the flaming forge
And hear the bellows roar.”

His much admired verse in the Psalm of Life:

“Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.”

is but a repetition of the idea given in Bishop King's exequy to his deceased wife:

“But hark, my soul like a soft drum
Beats my approach, tells thee I come.”

Another of his expressions recalls the lines by Scott, who in Marmion, makes injured Constance say:

“Now men of death go work your will
For I can suffer and be still.”

Longfellow's verses thus render the same idea:

“O, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.”

We may find another striking parallel, between Crabbe and Longfellow in the following extracts, the one being taken from Silford Hall, and the other from Longfellow's

Morituri vos Salutamus, which is one of the best things he ever wrote. Crabbe's lines are the following :

“Dream on, dear boy; let pass a few brief years
Replete with troubles, comforts, hopes, and fears
Bold expectations, efforts, wild and strong,
Thou shalt find thy bold conjectures wrong.

“Imagination rules thee; thine are dreams,
And everything to thee is what it seems.
Thou seest the surfaces of things that pass
Before thee colored by thy fancy's glass.”

Longfellow gives the same idea thus :

“How beautiful is youth! How bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams;
Book of beginnings; story without end;
Each maid a heroine and each man a friend.
All possibilities are in thy hand;
No danger daunts thee, and no foe withstands.
In its sublime audacity of faith,
Be thou removed it to the mountain saith;
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud.”

Wordsworth's best utterance — “the child is the father of the man” — is but a reproduction of Milton's lines :

——The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.

DRYDEN, CHAUCER AND OTHERS.

While speaking on the similarity between authors who may be removed by distance of years and nationalities, I am reminded of the old expression, “making a virtue of necessity.” Dryden, in *Palamon and Arcite*, writes :

“Then, 'tis our best, since thus ordained to die,
To make a virtue of necessity.”

Chaucer writes :

“That I made a virtue of necessity and took it well.”

A striking similarity occurs between Jean Ingelow and Wordsworth, as a brief extract will show. The former writes thus concerning life's failures :

“We are much bound to them that do succeed,
But in a more pathetic sense are bound

To such as fail. They all our loss expound;
They comfort us for work that will not speed.

Aye, his deed,
Sweetest in story who the dusk profound
Of Hades flooded with entrancing sound,
Music's own tears, was failure. Doth it read,
Therefore, the worse? Ah, no."

How much does this beautiful extract remind us of Wordsworth's lines :

"Oh, life, without thy chequered scene
Of right and wrong, success and failure,
Could a ground for magnanimity be found,
Or whence could virtue flow?"

Critics have recently discovered that Byron in some of his finest passages merely reproduced French poetry. This is particularly true with respect to the Dying Gladiator. I may, in connection with this statement, allude to the fact that in *Lara* he reproduces some ideas which I have found in *West*, an obscure and half forgotten poet of the last century.

I quote from *Lara* thus :

"The sun is in the heavens and splendor in the beam,
Health in the gale and freshness in the stream;
Immortal man behold these glories shine,
And cry exultingly, they're mine.
Gaze on while yet thy gladdened eye may see,
A morrow comes when they are not for thee;
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier
Nor earth, nor sky will yield a single tear,
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee for all."

Let the above extract be compared with *West* as he writes in *Ad Amicos* :

"For me whene'er all conquering death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not though this face be seen no more;
The world will pass as cheerful as before,
Bright as before the day star will appear,
The fields as verdant and the skies as clear;
Nor storms, nor comets will my doom declare.
Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor nature ere take notice of my death."

BYRON AND JAMES HALL.

I will add another instance, which connects the name of Byron with that of James Hall. The latter spent part of his days in Illinois, but afterward removed to Cincinnati, where he became a member of the bar and also a man of letters.

The following occurs in Hall's poem on Solitude :

“But when the friends of youth are gone,
 And the strong ties of blood
 And sympathy are riven one by one,
 The heart, bewildered and alone,
 Desponds in solitude.

“Though crowds may smile and pleasures gleam
 To chase its lonely mood ;
 To that lone heart the world doth seem
 An idle and a frightful dream
 Of hopeless solitude.”

The above reminds us of the following extract from Hours of Idleness :

“I loved, but those I loved are gone,
 Had friends—my early friends are dead ;
 How cheerless feels the heart alone,
 When all its former hopes are fled !
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl,
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill ;
 Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
 The heart, the heart is lonely still.”

It is hardly proper, however, to call this a plagiarism, for Byron's maiden volume may never have fallen into the hands of the early rhymester referred to above. Hours of Idleness is but little read, and hence the above may be considered one of those coincidences which so often occur, both in thought and utterance.

GRAY, POPE, EMILY.

Whoever heard of a poet called Emily, and yet such a name is on record, and his poem on Death is still extant. I refer to it simply because it gives us two expressions found in Gray's clergy. He speaks of the dawn of that inevitable day, and also refers to the virtuous

“ Gently reposing on some friendly breast,”
 an idea which Gray renders
 “ On some fond breast the parting soul relies.”

In the same poem Emily presents an idea which is found in Pope :

“ The seasons as they fly
 Snatch from us in their course, year after year,
 Some sweet connection, some endearing tie.”

Pope writes thus :

“ Years following years steal something every day.
 At last they steal us from ourselves away.”

and we find the same idea in Horace, from whom Pope no doubt obtained it.

To return to Gray, I find him indebted to Pope, who, in the Rape of the Lock, writes thus :

“ There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
 Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.”

This was, perhaps, the origin of that oft-quoted couplet in the elegy :

“ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its fragrance on the desert air.”

Another curious parallel is found between Robert Blair and Campbell. The former in the Grave speaks of

“ visits
 Like those of angels few and far between,”

and Campbell, in the Pleasures of Hope, exclaims :

“ What though my winged hours of bliss have been
 Like angels' visits few and far between.”

How strange it seems that Campbell never changed these lines although his attention was called to the similarity.

It may be added that there is also an undesigned similarity between those beautiful lines with which Campbell opens the Pleasures of Hope, and the following from Dyer's Grongar Hill :

“ As yon summits soft and fair
 Clad in colors of the air,
 Which to those who journey near
 Barren, brown and rough appear.”

Campbell writes :

“ 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view
And robes the mountain in its azure hue. ”

OTHER PARALLELS.

Elijah Fenton, who lived in the days of Pope, but was a dozen years his senior, made the following remarks on the rich men of his day :

“ Some, by the sordid thirst of gain controlled,
Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for gold ;
Preserve the precious bane with anxious care,
In vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir. ”

Crabbe, a century afterward, thus renders the same lesson :

“ To all the wealth my father's care laid by
I added wings and taught it how to fly,
To him that act had been of grievous sight,
But he survived not to behold the flight,
The rest was flown — I speak it with remorse —
And now a pistol seemed a thing of course. ”

Another picture is from Thompson, being found in his Castle of Indolence :

“ Here you a muck-worm of the town might see,
At his dull desk amid his ledgers stalled,
Eat up with carping care and penury,
More like to carcass pitched on gallows tree.
“ Straight from the filth of this low grub behold
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy, gay, enameled all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care ;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them share. ”

Pope, who was as close an observer as that age produced, wrote in a similar strain concerning the useless hoards of some of the misers of that day :

“ At best it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, My father's damned and all's my own. ”

The same author saw so many estates broken up and

dissolved under spendthrift hands, that he might well add as the result of his observation :

“ Riches, like insects when concealed, they lie,
 Wait but for wings and in their season fly;
 Who sees pale Mammon pine amid his store,
 Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
 This year a reservoir with none to spare,
 The next a fountain spouting through his heir.”

Dr. Johnson, like Pope, was a keen observer of the follies of society, and had a ready turn for satire. This he shows in his lines addressed to Sir John Lade. The latter was a young rake who had just come of age, and was going rapidly through a large estate. He annoyed Johnson by some foolish words, and got the following reply :

“ Long expected one and twenty,
 Lingered year at length has flown;
 Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
 Great Sir John, are now your own.

“ Loosened from the minor's tether,
 Free to mortgage or to sell;
 Wild as wind and free as feather,
 Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

“ Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
 Let it wander as it will;
 Call the jockey, call the pander,
 Bid them come and take their fill.

“ All that prey on vice and folly
 Joy to see their victim fly;
 There the gamester, light and jolly,
 There the lender, grave and sly.

“ Should the guardian, friend or mother,
 Tell the woes of willful waste,
 Scorn their counsel, scorn their pother,
 You can hang or drown at last.”

After a lapse of a century, the same idea forcibly reappears in the following stanzas, written in Paris by Roswell Smith, who was then making a European tour. He had been to see a grand performance of Faust, and the lesson of the occasion is thus powerfully given. Such is the history of the poem given me by its author. The title is *What the Devil Said to the Young Man* :

“O! youth so brave and strong,
The maiden's looks belie her;
Though she seem shy, a song,
A kiss — well, only try her!

“Love is the wine of life,
That flows alone for pleasure;
Dull husband and tame wife
Know not the sparkling measure.

“Discovery — that's crime;
No sin but this, no sorrow;
No punishment in time —
None in the far to-morrow!

“Drink off the golden cream
Of youth, and wealth and pleasure;
Then spill life's purple stream,
And drop the empty measure!”

As Shakespeare contains something on every subject, the reader will find that he has not omitted one so important as this. In his day, as in all times before and after, the same evils marked society. We find King Henry speaking thus :

“See, sons, what things you are;
For this the foolish overcareful fathers,
Have broke their sleep with thoughts,
Their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and piled up
Their cankered heaps of strange achieved gold.”

MRS. NORTON, ALSO.

Many of our readers are familiar with Mrs. Norton's beautiful poem, Bingen on the Rhine, which begins thus :

“A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers.”

The same idea occurs in an anonymous poem, which the writer found in an old London periodical. The first verse is as follows :

“A knight of valor and of rank lay on his couch of death;
And thus he to his kinsmen spoke, with faint and fleeting
breath;
‘Farewell! farewell! Soon must I lie within the darksome
grave;
No longer gaze on this fair world, and all its beauties brave.’”

If Mrs. Norton's poem were not suggested by the one to which reference has just been made, then there is a very strange coincidence between these two productions.

We find occasionally remarkable identities of thought among authors widely separated in thought and taste. Who, for instance, would expect Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps to reproduce an idea so vividly presented by Moore in his *Loves of the Angels* :

“Had now careered so fast and far
That earth itself seemed left behind,
And her proud fancy unconfined,
Already saw heaven's *gates a-jar*.”

Here, nowever, we have the title of one of her books.

BYRON AND COLERIDGE.

Another very striking instance of the same character is found in the close resemblance between Byron and Coleridge as shown by the following extracts — the first being from the *Siege of Corinth* :

“Was it the wind, through some hollow stone
Sent that soft and tender moan?
He lifted his head and he looked on the sea
But it was unrippled as glass may be.
He looked on the long grass, but it waved not a blade
How was that gentle sound conveyed?
He looked to the banners—each flag lay still
So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill.
And he felt not a breath come over his cheek:
What did that sudden sound bespeak?
He turned to the left — is he sure of sight?
There sat a lady youthful and bright.”

After Byron had published the above he was present in a literary circle where *Christabel* was read aloud from the MSS., for though written many years previously, it had never been in print. Byron was of course delighted with the poem, but his pleasure was changed to surprise as he heard the following lines :

“The night is chill, the forest bare,
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air

To move away the ringlet curl
 From the lovely lady's cheek.
 There is not wind enough to twirl
 The one red leaf—the last of its clan,
 That dances as often as dance it can
 Hanging so light and hanging so high
 On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky."

Byron says in a note on this subject "the original idea undoubtedly pertains to Mr. Coleridge whose poem has been composed more than fourteen years." He also expresses his hope that Coleridge would no longer delay its publication. Perhaps the reason of this delay was Coleridge's expectation of finishing it but his procrastination was such that he left it the most beautiful fragment in our language.

BYRON AND ARIOSTO.

The description of a shipwreck given in one of Byron's latest poems is admired at least as a terrific scene, and the author of the *Real Lord Byron* says it was due to a destructive wreck which occurred on the English coast. Byron, however, wrote his shipwreck while in Italy years after the above-mentioned calamity, and as he was an admirer of Ariosto, I think he unintentionally repeated the Italian poet. I give both so that the reader may form his own opinion. The first is from an old translation of *Orlando Furioso* :

"T'was lamentable then to heare the cries,
 Of companies of every sort confused:
 In vain to heaven they lift up their hands and eyes,
 And make late vows such as in such case is used;
 For over them the wrathful sea doth rise,
 As though to give them care they had refused;
 And make them hold their peace by hard constraint,
 And stopped the passage whence comes out the plaint."

Byron's description :

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell!
 Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;
 Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave;

And the sea yawned round her like a hell,
 And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die."

MACAULAY AND H. K. WHITE.

Macaulay's sketch of the possibilities of the future is probably the best known of all his utterances, and certainly there is no picture of desolation more impressive than the New Zealander standing in a vast solitude on a broken arch of London bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's church. One finds the same idea, however, in a poem written by Henry Kirke White forty years previously, as may be seen by the following quotation :

"Where now is Britain? Where her laurelled names
 Her palaces and halls? Dashed in the dust
 O'er her marts
 Her crowded ports broods silence; and the cry
 Of the low curlew and the pensive dash
 Of distant billows breaks alone the void;
 Even as the savage sits upon the stone
 That marks where stood her capitol and hears
 The bittern booming in the weeds he shrinks
 From the dismaying solitude."

BRYANT AND OTHERS.

In writing *Thanatopsis* Bryant made no claim to originality, for in so old a theme it were impossible. There is, however, a very striking parallel between one portion of it and the utterance of Claudio in *Measure for Measure*. Bryant writes thus :

"— Earth that nourished thee shall claim
 Thy growth to be resolved to earth again;
 And lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements,
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,
 And to the sluggish clod."

Shakespeare renders the same idea more forcibly in the above mentioned play :

"Ay, but to die and go we know not where;
 To lie in cold abstraction and to rot,

This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod."

Bryant's fine address to Lincoln reminds one of Waller's eulogy on Cromwell. In the first we have the apostrophe:

"O strong to strike and swift to spare,"

while Waller gives the same idea in the following less finished rhyme:

"To pardon willing and to punish loath
You strike with one hand but you heal with both."

Coming down to Whittier, how much his *Snow Bound* reminds one of Burns' *Cottager's Saturday Night*, and yet this resemblance is of course unintentional. The reader however, may think that enough has been said on this subject, which indeed ranges through the whole field of literature. Even Virgil in some things reproduces the Greek poets, and they in turn may be indebted to forgotten writers. Horace tells us there were brave men before Agamemnon, and if so, then were no doubt poets before Homer, some of whose utterances may have been reproduced in the *Iliad*.

IMAGINARY PLAGIARISM.

While speaking on this subject allusion may be made to the notions uttered by Wordsworth. Tom Moore, who met the philosophic poet in London at a time when each had won distinction, says in his diary.

"Wordsworth spoke of Byron's plagiarisms from him; the whole third canto of *Childe Harold* founded on his style and sentiments. The feeling of natural objects which is there expressed not caught by B. from nature herself, but from him (Wordsworth) and spoiled in the transition. *Tintern Abbey* is the source of all — from which poem the celebrated passage about *Solitude* in the first canto of *Childe Harold* is taken, with this difference, that what is naturally expressed by him has been worked by Byron into a labored and antithetical sort of declamation."

Reader, does not this sound like jealousy?

Speaking of plagiarism, it is interesting to see how Franklin was falsely subjected to this charge. He had been deeply impressed by an oriental tale which had such a scriptural tone that he occasionally read it aloud from the Bible, among his friends, to see whether they would detect the difference. Eventually he gave away a copy (in England), and it soon afterward appeared in print as "communicated by Benjamin Franklin." An edition of his works was published in London just before the revolution and this tale was inserted, evidently without his knowledge. He was thus made to appear as its author, and a few years after his death an English critic accused him of stealing it from Jeremy Taylor, who obtained it from an ancient oriental work. The tale referred to is the "Parable on Persecution," and its lesson is certainly valuable, whatever be its origin.

REMARKABLE IMITATIONS.

This allusion to parallel passages leads to a brief reference to that artificial resemblance which had become so frequent a feature in modern literature. The most remarkable instance is found in *Rejected Addresses* by Horace and James Smith, which still retain their interest at the lapse of seventy years. The history of the volume may be briefly given as follows: Drury Lane theatre, having been destroyed by fire in 1812, was rebuilt, and the managing committee offered a prize for the best opening address. The Smiths were a pair of legal and literary brothers who had published some good things, and who also had a fair professional practice. One of them offered an address which was rejected, and this led the brothers to write a series of similar poems, imitating the style of Scott, Southey, Tom Moore, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth and other leading poets. The whole

work was done in six weeks, and then the book was offered in turn to several publishers, each of whom declined it. At last an obscure dealer made the venture, and it proved an extraordinary success. The literary world was astonished by the felicity in which the best authors were taken off, for Byron and Scott are unparalleled imitations. The financial success was of corresponding value, and the publisher paid the authors £1,000 or \$5,000 for one-half the copyright. It may be added that the names of the travestied authors were only given in initial — W. S. standing for Walter Scott, W. W. for Wordsworth, R. S. for Southey — and in this manner a score of authors were served up in the most unexpected manner.

The travesty of Scott was accepted by himself as a clever hit, and led to an acquaintance which became true friendship. When Scott read it he said pleasantly, "Well, I must certainly have written those verses. If not they are a capital burlesque on the Battle of Flodden in *Marmion*." Wordsworth fared the worst, and the Smiths afterward felt that they had been too severe, but the poet took it in good nature, which is always the best way of meeting a joke. It should be added that the Drury Lane committee rejected all the offerings and asked Byron to furnish them with an opening address, which was spoken on the occasion.

FATHER PROUT'S LITERARY JOKE.

Rejected Addresses is the best literary joke the world has ever seen, but the talent and the ingenuity displayed by Francis Mahony in a similar vein certainly entitles him to the very next rank. As a linguist, however, he awakens still greater admiration, for he displays consummate mastery, not only over our own language, but also

over Latin, French and Greek. Mahony was better known in the literary world as Father Prout, whose *Reliques* were collected from the periodicals in which they first appeared, and were honored by republication in book form, and with appropriate illustrations. Some years ago one of my friends, a self-educated man of more than ordinary intelligence, while speaking of Tom Moore, uttered a very earnest regret that so brilliant a poet should be merely a plagiarist. On my expressing surprise at this statement, he proceeded to explain by the assertion that he had a book which proved that some of Moore's best things were merely translations from Greek, Latin and French authors. I soon learned that the book referred to was Father Prout's *Reliques*, and I was obliged to inform my friend that he was simply the dupe of Mahony's learning and skill. In other words, Father Prout puts Moore's poetry with such perfect versification into the above-mentioned languages, that it might be difficult to decide which was written first. He then calls this alleged plagiarism the *Rogueries of Tom Moore*, and says :

"How often he plagued me to supply him with the original songs I had picked up in France, and he has transferred these foreign inventions into the Irish Melodies. Some of the songs he would turn upside down, and others he would disguise in various shapes; but he would still worry me to supply him with the productions of the Gallic muse, 'for d'ye see old Prout,' the rogue would say :

'The best of all ways
To lengthen our lays

Is to steal a few thoughts from the French, my dear.'

"It would be easy to point out detached fragments and stray metaphors which he has scattered here and there in such gay confusion, that every page contains plagiarism enough to hang him; but, would you believe it, if you had not learned it from old Prout, that the very opening song of the collection "Go where glory waits thee," is but a literal and servile translation of an old French ditty which is among my papers. I believe it to have been written by the Comtesse de Chateaubriand, born in 1491. She was the favorite of Francis I, who, however, soon abandoned her, and, indeed, these lines appear to anticipate his infidelity. They were written before the battle of Pavia.

CHANSON

*de la Comtesse de Chateaubriand
à François I.*

Va où la gloire t'invite ;
Et quand d'orgueil palpite
Ce cœur, qu'il pense à moi !
Quand l'éloge enflamme
Toute l'ardeur de ton ame,
Pense encore à moi !
Autres charmes peut-être
Tu voudras connaître,
Autre amour en maître
Regnera sur toi ;
Mais quand ta lèvre presse
Celle qui te caresse,
Méchant, pense à moi !

Quand au soir tu erres
Sous l'astre des bergères,
Pense aux doux instans
Lorsque cette étoile,
Qu'un beau ciel dévoile,
Guida deux amans !
Quand la fleur, symbole
D'été qui s'envole,
Penche sa tête molle, —
S'exhalant à l'air,
Pense à la guirlande,
De ta mie l'offrande —
Don qui fut si cher !

Quand la feuille d'automne
Sons tes pas resonance,
Pense alors à moi !
Quand de la famille
L'antique foyer brille,
Pense encore à moi !
Et si de la chanteuse
La voix mélodieuse
Berce ton âme heureuse
Et ravit tes sens,
Pense à l'air que chante
Pour toi ton amante —
Tant aimés accens !
Pense alors à moi.

TOM MOORE'S

*Translation of this Song in the
Irish Melodies.*

Go where glory waits thee ;
But while fame elates thee
Oh, still remember me !
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh, then remember me !
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee —
All the joys that bless thee
Dearer far may be :
But when friends are dearest,
And when joys are nearest,
Oh, then remember me !

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh, then remember me !
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh, then remember me !
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them —
Her who made thee love them,
Oh, then remember me !

When around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh, then remember me !
And at night when gazing,
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh, still remember me !
Then should music stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee ;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee —
Oh, then remember me !

“Any one who has the slightest tincture of French literature must recognize the simple and unsophisticated style of a genuine love song in the above, the language being that of the century in which Clement Marôt and Maître Adam wrote their incomparable

ballads, and containing a kindly admixture of gentleness and sentimental delicacy, which no one but a 'ladye' and a lovely heart could infuse into the composition. Moore has not been infelicitous in rendering the charms of the wondrous original into English lines adapted to the measure and tune of the French. The air is plaintive and exquisitely beautiful; but I recommend it to be tried first on the French words as it was sung by the charming lips of the Countess of Chateaubriand to the enraptured ear of the gallant Francis I."

Having thus given Father Prout's opening of his "exposure" of Moore's rogueries the reader may desire to see those additional proofs in Latin and even in Greek but lack of space prevents any additional extract. Moore, however, heartily relished the joke which probably will long remain unequaled.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

Few of those who during their childhood were melted by this affecting story are aware that its author (St. Pierre) was a military man, and that its origin is due to the operations of war. A military engineer sent from Paris to the Mauritius for the purpose of erecting a fort, became famous, not by his professional labors, but by the tale which he brought home. The Mauritius is a mere dot on the map and its insignificance in point of size may be inferred from the fact that the State of New York contains thirty counties each of greater area, and yet what a place it holds in literature. St. Pierre indeed almost fulfills the idea of "giving an airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

While the origin of the book is military, its appearance in our language is identified with scenes of bloodshed and horror. An English woman (Mrs. Helen Williams) who was living in Paris during the Reign of Terror found relief in translating St. Pierre's affecting tale which soon afterward was published in London. Mrs. Williams' statement, of which I give an extract, is certainly interesting :

The following translation was written in Paris amid all the horrors of Robespierre's tyranny. During that gloomy epoch, it was difficult to find occupation which could cheat the days of calamity of their weary length. Society had vanished, and writing, and even reading, was encompassed with danger. In that situation I gave myself the task of translating Paul and Virginia, and I found the most soothing relief, from my own gloomy reflections in the enchanting scenes in the Mauritius.

GRAY AND GOETHE.

Gray's Elegy is a household word. Reader, can you remember your first acquaintance with it? I cannot remember mine. It is identified with my youthful existence, and its exquisite pictures are among the gems which I shall cherish to the last. One of the finest features in Gray's character is the honor which he paid to humanity in its humblest condition. His description of the life of the peasant throws a charm upon privation and even on poverty, and how touching is that appeal uttered in behalf of the lowly :

“ Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their humble joys and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.”

At that time men of genius were generally seeking the patronage of the nobility. The patron advanced money liberally, and was repaid by a dedication. Savage had Lord Tyrconnell, and even Tom Moore, a century later, depended on Lord Moira. Gray, however, sought no favor of this kind. On the other hand, he expressed deep sympathy with that humiliation of genius when forced to pursue such a method. I once asked a young friend of more than usual perception to designate the finest verse in the elegy. The reply, which was as follows, would no doubt have pleased the poet :

“ The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
 And heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
 With incense kindled at the muses' flame.”

In that day for an author to espouse the cause of the poor was to incur the risk of contempt. Gray not only did this, but portrays himself in the same colors in that epitaph which so appropriately closes the elegy :

“ He gave to misery — ’t was all he had — a tear.
He gained of heaven — ’t was all he asked — a friend.”

Goethe will always be an interesting subject, but one of his most beautiful things is generally overlooked by lecturers and critics. I refer to the idea of the eternal sunset which occurs in Faust. Goethe was one of that favored few whose genius is appreciated during life. Byron never met him, but as a testimony of admiration he dedicated his tragedy of Werner, and received a very appropriate acknowledgment. Byron was then about to make his voyage to Greece, whence he never returned alive, and he wrote to Goethe as follows :

“ I am going to Greece to see if I can be of any use there. If ever I come back, I will pay a visit to Weimar to offer the sincere homage of one of the many millions of your admirers.”

The everlasting sunset was often suggested to me as I stood on Brooklyn Heights—then free from buildings—and saw the bay and its islands enveloped in all the gorgeous beauty of approaching evening. On such occasions I could exclaim with the poet : “ See how the green-girt cottages shimmer in the setting sun ! He bends and sinks. Yonder he hurries off to nourish new life ! O that I had wings to follow on -- to see in everlasting evening beams the stilly world at my feet — every height on fire — every vale in repose ! The rugged mountains, with their rude defiles — the heavens above me and beneath me the waves.”

SEVERN AND KEATS.

The erection of a monument of mutual honor to these

men in the English cemetery at Rome is a very interesting feature in the history of genius. But little is known of Severn except that he was an artist. His kindness to Keats, however, has made him partner of the poet's fame, and that is the highest reward he could have asked. During the present æsthetic craze, Keats is unjustly claimed as belonging to this class. The only foundation for this claim, however, is found in that oft-quoted line, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Keats was rather a reviver of the antique, as is shown by the very name of his principal work, *Endymion*, while his other productions are much of the same character. He fell in love with the dreamy beauty of classic mythology, and endeavored to graft it on to modern poetry, and though he failed in his attempt, he won an enduring place in literature.

Keats' admiration for the classics was like Chatterton's mania for antique English, and they both found their true element in the mythic past. It was said that Keats died of the effect of a severe critique. His health, however, had been failing for several years, and he sailed for Italy in company with Severn but never returned. Shelley was his ardent admirer, and embalmed his memory in *Adonais*, which is the finest of mortuary poems.

Byron wrote thus to Murray: "Is it true what Shelley writes me that poor John Keats died of the *Quarterly Review*? I am very sorry for it, though I think he took the wrong line as a poet, and was spoiled by versifying Tooke's *Pantheon* and Lemprière's classical dictionary. I know by experience that a savage review is hemlock to a suckling author, and the one on myself knocked me down, but I got up again. Instead of bursting a blood vessel I drank three bottles of claret and began an answer. I would not, however, be the author of the homicidal article for all the honor and glory of the world." Byron

with all his sympathy could not avoid taking a humorous view of this sad case, which he thus presents :

“John Keats—who was killed off by one critique,
Just as he really promised something great,
If not intelligible—without Greek—
Contrived to talk about the Gods of late,
Much as they might be supposed to speak,
Poor fellow, his was an untoward fate.”

It is however far better for his fame that Keats died in Rome since this identifies him with the eternal city. His grave is one of the shrines of genius and he rests in the spot of which he said it is so beautiful that it almost made one in love with death to think of being buried there. A few months afterward the heart of his friend Shelley was laid by his side. How strange it seems that of those three English poets who were in Italy at the same time (Byron, Shelley and Keats) not one should return to his native land, except the former, who, however, only went back in his coffin.

Of this trio Byron will always be the most generally read because his poetry is emotional, while Shelley will be the least, because his is solely intellectual. Keats holds a place between them, and hence has his share of readers. His *St. Agnes Eve* is a series of wonderful pictures, each finished with exquisite touch, but the most powerful of all his appeals to the emotional nature is found in a couple of stanzas which illustrate those painful changes which time inflicts upon the tender and sensitive heart.

The closing lines are as follows :

“Oh, would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy;
But was there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy?

“To know a change and feel it,
Where there is naught to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steel it,
Was never said in rhyme.”

While speaking of Keats, let us look at the striking parallel which holds between him and Joseph Rodman Drake. On the 7th of August, 1795, the latter was born in New York, and on the 29th of the following October Keats was born in London. When grown to adolescence both studied medicine, and Drake was admitted to practice. On the 21st of September, 1820, the latter died in New York of consumption, and on the 21st of February, 1821, just six months afterward, Keats died at Rome of the same disease. His entire life was three months longer than that of Drake.

These young and ill-fated contemporaries never heard of each other. Drake's best poetry was published only a year before his death, and the same may be said of Keats. The latter displays more genius than Drake, but both will live in the chronicles of literature. The death of each inspired the highest order of elegiac poetry. Halleck's verses on Drake, beginning "Green be the turf above thee," and Shelley's Adonais are among the best of either author's productions, and both are rich in pathos.

COLERIDGE.

Charles Lamb, his school-day friend, apostrophises him thus in after life :

"Come back unto memory like as thou wert in the day spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee — the dark pillar not yet turned — Samuel Taylor Coleridge — logician — metaphysician, bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloister stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb) to hear thee unfold in thy deep and sweet intonations the mysteries of Jamblicus or Elotinus, or reciting Homer or Pindar, while the walls re-echoed the accents of the inspired charity boy."

How strange it seems that this wonderful genius should have been addressed by Lamb in his letters, as "Dear Col."

The first man who undertook to make the lecture plat-

form profitable in England was Coleridge, and he would have succeeded had it not been for his inveterate procrastination. Being a born genius, he did not consider himself amenable to any of the ordinary rules of society, and his indifference to appointments soon destroyed public confidence. As a conversationist Coleridge held a distinction equal to that of Gough in oratory. By this I mean to say that neither Britain nor America ever beheld his equal. When he spoke all others were hushed in admiration, and had he simply talked to an audience he would have not lacked for hearers. He was, however, so forgetful of his appointments that it destroyed his chance of success, and this happened once in Bristol and twice in London. Prof. Wilson, of Edinburgh, said of Coleridge: "There is nothing more wonderful than the facile majesty of his world of imagery, which starts up before us like the palace of Aladdin. He ascends to the sublimest truths by a winding track of sparkling glory, which can only be described in his own language." Dibdin says that at one social entertainment he "heard Coleridge hold the group spellbound for nearly two hours." Such was the founder of the lecture system in England, and he himself is the richest theme for a lecture to be found in our language.

COLERIDGE'S CRIME.

Coleridge was the chief literary mendicant of the age. He was a charity scholar during boyhood, and his university life was of the same nature. During his subsequent career he was considered a literary beggar by those who knew him best—this being due to his slavery to the opium appetite. In reality the greatest poetic genius of the nineteenth century was what in common parlance is called "a dead beat." He was often a vagrant, leaving

his wife and children to be supported by his brother-in-law Southey, who, though far less gifted, was an industrious plodder, and thus made literature profitable. Coleridge was conscious of the crime he committed by yielding to his appetite, and his mental sufferings were often beyond the power of language. When Cottle wrote his description of Coleridge's condition and sent it to John Foster, the latter replied thus: "It is as melancholy an exhibition as I ever contemplated. Why was such a sad phenomenon to come in sight on earth? Was it to abase the pride of human intellect and genius?" Cottle's picture of the poet, then only forty-two, includes the wild eye, the sallow countenance, the tottering step and the trembling hand. At this time Coleridge wrote to Cottle that he wished to be placed in an asylum. No wonder indeed, since Cottle says that "opium had so completely subdued his will that he seemed carried away without resistance, as by an overwhelming flood." Cottle's sketch of Coleridge was published as a warning to others and his sense of duty triumphed over friendship. As an illustration of the pauperism to which this bondage had reduced the author, it may be said that having abandoned his family to Southey's care, and having no home, he accepted, at the above-mentioned age, the invitation of Dr. Gilman, with whom he remained till his miserable life terminated, nineteen years afterward. Dr. Gilman was an admirer of his genius, and the name of Coleridge was no doubt advantageous as an addition to professional dignity.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

As a feature in literary entertainment autobiography has a long admitted value and almost every profession has been illustrated. Men love to tell what they have done, and this led Cæsar to write the history of the Gal-

lic war in which, however, he judiciously speaks of himself in the third person. Turning from war to religion the earliest work of the kind is Augustin's Confessions, which have survived their author 1,400 years. Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* is another remarkable self-portrayal, and to these may be added John Newton's personal narrative, also the *Force of Truth* by the commentator Scott, which gives a sketch of his profound experience.

The three most important literary biographies are Boswell's *Johnson*, Lockhart's *Scott*, and the *Life and Letters of Washington Irving* by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving. The first gives a view of literary society in London from the days of Pope almost to the close of the eighteenth century. The second includes Edinburgh and London, and gathers around the great master that array of lesser lights which give such additional interest to the theme, while the third combines British and American literature, and shows the first permanent hold which the latter gained on the former, while it details those early struggles through which the first great American author reached success.

DRAMATIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Actors when forced into retirement, love to repeat their triumphs. Hence the drama has an unusual number of autobiographers, such as Colley Cibber, Mrs. Bellamy, Mrs. Inchbald, Grimaldi, Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt and the London manager Alfred Bunn. Macready's personal memoirs, however, will always hold precedence, not only on account of his genius, but also because of the honesty with which he exposes his own weakness and faults. Those who knew the irritability which marked this gifted tragedian will see it often made the subject of regret in his diary, especially when it led

him under a sudden impulse of wrath to strike Manager Bunn — an assault which not only cost him £150 (equal to \$750), but also an immense amount of vexation. Macready also gives one an interesting view of his courtship and marriage, and then his emotions on retiring from the stage are solemn and grand.

LITERARY AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

Literary people live such quiet lives that they can hardly expect to interest the public and yet they have produced some very readable books of this kind. De Quincey made the attempt which contains some fascinating descriptions of early scenes, but it does not extend to that part of his life in which the public is most deeply interested — the yielding to the opium habit. His “Confessions,” however, are really an autobiography — the most fearful one indeed in the whole range of sensational literature. Madame D’Arblay, author of *Evelina*, published her memoirs after reaching fourscore, and they present some interesting scenes in which Johnson occasionally appears. Johnson himself attempted a similar effort which unfortunately never extended over more than a few pages, but even these are quaintly interesting, and the following extract is really curious :

“In Lent I was taken to London to be touched for the evil (scrofula) by Queen Anne. I remember a boy crying at the palace when I went to be touched. My mother bought me a speckled linen frock which afterward was called the London frock. She also bought two teaspoons and till my manhood she never had any more.”

The above is the latest record of “touching,” but in earlier days it was supposed that the royal touch was highly efficacious, and this is the reason the scrofula was so generally called the “king’s evil.” Johnson, in referring to the queen, said he had “a confused but solemn

recollection of a lady in diamonds and a long black hood." What a kind hearted monarch. Gibbon, at the age of fifty-three, wrote an elaborate autobiography, which is one of the most delightful books of the kind. He expected to live to old age, but died suddenly two years after finishing his personal narrative.

Walter Scott began an autobiography, but did not continue it through his most active scenes. His diary, however is of the same nature, and gives impressive views of his greatness and his misfortunes. Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna, who was much in vogue among religious readers a quarter of a century ago, gave her autobiography the title of *Personal Recollections*, and it was for a while very popular.

BYRON AND MOORE.

Byron also had an autobiographical turn, as may be seen from his fragments which allude to personal history. Among these is *Extracts from a Journal*, also *Detached Thoughts* which appear to be the true utterance of his heart. The power with which the details of life attracted Byron shows that he would have been an excellent autobiographer — though of course his views would have been discolored by prejudice. He actually wrote his memoirs and placed the manuscript in the hands of Moore, his most intimate friend, with privilege of publication after death. Moore sold the manuscript to Murray for a sum equal to \$10,000, but after Byron's death his friends objected to the publication and refunded the money. The manuscript was then burned. The only American who ever read this memoir was Irving, to whom Moore confided it as a matter of friendship.

Tom Moore's journal during the most active part of his life was published by his literary executor, and is remarkable for its fulness of detail. It covers twenty-eight

years, and one cannot but be surprised at the minute narration of men and also of opinions, conversations and incidents. It introduces the reader to the *literati* of that day in something of the Boswell style. In addition to this however, the poet began a personal narrative which he brought down to his twenty-first year, at which time he entered society, but unfortunately it was discontinued. Moore's Journal closes sadly. He was then sixty-seven and six years afterward he was laid in the grave.

PUBLIC MEN.

Thurlow Weed's autobiography like the personal records of Thomas H. Benton and James G. Blaine illustrate public affairs, and John Quincy Adams kept an ample diary during all his public life which is now found of much value as a work of reference. In England Horace Walpole, and also Wraxall, preserved personal and public records, which are now read with interest by all who desire to study the history of the times. Franklin's autobiography is highly instructive, and should be generally read by the young because of its lessons of thrift. All who read it must regret its brevity. Greeley's *Recollections of a Busy Life* gives a thrilling picture of that long struggle through which his character was perfected and his mighty work accomplished.

The most important work of this kind, as well as the most widely circulated, is General Grant's personal memoirs. They will never be paralleled. How fortunate that the hero's life was spared until he had told the unvarnished tale of his wonderful achievements, and how impressive is the simple and unassuming utterance, "I commanded the whole of the mighty host engaged on the victorious side." It is this which gives such grandeur to his memorable utterance, "LET US HAVE PEACE."

The earliest autobiography written in our language is that of Lord Herbert, who died in 1648, being then sixty-seven. He was a prominent man both in court and camp, and held several important stations in which he won high honor. His latter days were devoted to the preparation of his memoirs, which he left for posthumous publication.

The civil wars however prevented this. Charles I was beheaded the following year, and then came a series of national changes which impaired the progress of literature, and Herbert's MSS. lay in neglect. A century passed by and yet the author's plan had not been carried out. At last Horace Walpole's attention was called to the work. He was a man of wealth, and being a professed *virtuoso* in literature and art, had established a private printing press at his residence — where he printed Herbert's memoirs one hundred and sixteen years after the death of their author.

CRIMINAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The tendency of bad men to glory in evil deeds is too common to attract special notice, but there is one instance which holds distinction from its combination of learning and general ability, both of mind and body, with a strange crookedness which perverted all his gifts to evil. This is found in the autobiography of Stephen Burroughs, in which the details of a bad life are given in so racy a manner that it occasions amusement rather than censure. In fact the reader might imagine it to be a fiction and I really had some idea of this kind but it was effectually removed by the following incident: While looking through a collection of rare books I found an old copy of the life of Stephen Burroughs, on the fly leaf of which was pasted an autograph letter written by Burroughs himself and dated in some jail where he was held for crime.

It is said that Burroughs reformed in the latter part of his life and became a useful member of society. He was a native of New England but died in Canada.

Another autobiography identified with fraud is that written by the literary impostor who called himself George Psalmanazar, but who eventually confessed that it was only an assumed name. The book is by no means interesting and indeed its only importance is found in its connection with that history of Formosa which was the great literary fraud of its day. It is imbued with repentance for his imposture and this leads him to withhold both his name and nationality. He admits however, that he was an opium eater and may be mentioned as the first instance of the kind in the literary record.

This book is entitled "Memoirs of —, commonly known as George Psalmanazar—a reputed native of Formosa. Printed for the Executrix 1764." He left it to the woman with whom he boarded, but as I insert his entire will in another part of this volume, the reader can refer to it if he desire any more information on the subject.

The popularity of autobiography is shown by the fictions which take this shape, such as Gil Blas and Robinson Crusoe and even Dante's Inferno is in some respects a personal narrative. Readers like to have the hero of a book tell his own story. Even the egoism of autobiography has a charm and Montaigne, whose egoism is so fascinating, says in reference to his book "finding myself empty of other matter I presented myself to myself for an argument and subject." How vacant our literature would be were it shorn of autobiography.

TWICE MENTIONED BOOK.

Speaking of autobiography there was a book of this

kind written more than a century ago which no doubt had some merit, and yet I have only seen it mentioned twice, and if it be in existence it certainly would be a great curiosity. Walter Scott mentions among the books which he read during his youth one called "Automathes," and Gibbon in his autobiography writes as follows:

"I was delivered at the age of seven into the hands of Mr. John Kirkby, who exercised for eighteen months the office of domestic tutor. He was the author of a Latin grammar and also of the *Life of Automathes*—the story of a youth the son of a shipwrecked exile who lives alone on a desert island from infancy to manhood. A barbarian is his nurse; he inherits a cottage and some useful implements; some ideas remain of the education of his first two years; some ideas he borrows from the beavers of an adjacent stream; some truths are revealed in visions. With these helps and his own industry Automathes becomes a self-taught though speechless philosopher. The book is not devoid of entertainment and instruction and among other interesting passages I would select the discovery of fire."

A book which interested Walter Scott and of which Gibbon thus speaks must have some real merit, and yet were it not for the mention made by these two authors I should never have known its existence.

AUTHORS AND THEIR CORRESPONDENCE.

The publication of literary correspondence is a modern feature in literature—beginning with the wits of Queen Anne's reign. The letters of Swift, Gay and Bolingbroke which have been gathered together and issued in book shape afford an interesting view of literary life in that day, but on the other hand few of either Addison or Fielding's letters have been preserved. Pope's letters were published by himself as he said in order to prevent a surreptitious and imperfect edition. The latter was threatened by Curl, the bookseller, who had got possession of a sufficient number to make a small volume and Pope tried to suppress them by legal measures. This added

much to public interest but it declined when the correspondence appeared as the latter had but little merit.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague, though hated by Pope, was vastly more popular as a letter writer. Chesterfield's letters were once widely read but are now but little known. They are addressed to a son who went while a child to the continent, and contain a valuable series of lessons in history adapted to a juvenile mind. It is surprising, indeed, to see one of the busiest statesman of his day, thus adapting himself to a child's requirements. Later on, however, he gave those counsels concerning manners which seem only intended for a "man of the world."

Gray's letters are but little read, being too artificial, while on the other hand the simple unassuming but elegant letters of Cowper hold high rank in literary correspondence. Charles Lamb's letters have recently been published and fill two volumes. In point of religious value the letters of John Newton bear the palm. Burns' letters are interesting, and Walter Scott was really inimitable. His combination of ease, vivacity and humor always fascinates me and I am never weary of his letters. Johnson's letters have some points of interest though often gloomy. His letter to Chesterfield is the most powerful thing of the kind in literature. Published correspondence is becoming more popular than ever, and the life and letters of Irving have had an extensive sale. Irving was a delightful correspondent. Tom Moore's letters may be mentioned as showing an admirable degree of domestic affection, which seems in strong contrast with Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, and some other men of genius. Moore's letters to his mother indeed are remarkable for free utterance and for tender sentiments. His entire correspondence covers an extent of twenty-five years and includes four hundred letters.

Horace Walpole having plenty of time became an unusually copious correspondent, and his letters fill a half dozen volumes. The letters of Burns and Charles Lamb are marked by those shadows that often fall upon genius. The former writes that "he wished he could resign life as an officer resigns a commission," and the latter tells Coleridge, "I don't know why I write, except from the propensity misery has to tell her grief. Hetty (the servant) died Friday night. Mary (his sister) is fallen ill (insane) again. I was obliged to remove her yesterday, and I am left alone in the house with nothing but Hetty's dead body to keep me company." When, however, the clouds passed away Lamb's letters were full of peculiar humor.

Byron's letters number six hundred and thirty-five and are really the most crisp and racy of all such productions. They have the charm of piquant gossip and are so full of hits at the *litterati* of that day that the reader is often in an unconscious smile. It is sad to notice, however, the deficiency in true sentiment, and the only one that has any serious aspect is his reply to the clergyman which seems to me a sad confession of an ill-directed life. How strange, considering that he was such an admirer of the sex, that hardly a dozen of his published letters are addressed to women. They were chiefly written to John Murray his publisher, or to his devoted friend Tom Moore, who afterward became his biographer, the proportion being two hundred and twenty-three to the former, and one hundred and twenty-four to the latter. Three-fifths of the whole number are thus addressed to two persons, the others being divided among a half dozen others.

The occasional slurs at his wife show that he never forgave her for checkmating him so neatly — by turning a visit home into a permanent separation. He felt that she

had got the better of him in the matrimonial difficulties, and hence he never returned to England, although he often expressed a desire to do so. The above-mentioned correspondence was chiefly written during his eight years of foreign life, closing at Missolonghi, and the last is only dated two weeks prior to his death. Dickens' correspondence shows that he too was an admirable letter writer.

Coming still nearer home it may be said that the most remarkable series of letters, in point of extent at least, is the correspondence maintained by James W. Alexander with John Hall of Trenton. Both were active clergymen, friends from boyhood, and men of congenial tastes.

They corresponded for forty years, and Hall published Alexander's letters, thus giving the world a charming series of brief outflows of incident and opinion. The writer of this certainly feels deeply indebted to Hall for his addition to literary correspondence.

LATIMER'S SERMONS.

The sermons of Latimer, who suffered martyrdom three centuries ago, have been republished lately, and are considered fine specimens of earnest preaching. The faithful martyr was very severe on the fashion worshipers of his day. Let me give modern hearers a sample of old-fashioned preaching in the matter of woman's apparel concerning which Latimer discourses as follows :

“What was *her* swadlyng cloth wherein holy Mary layed the kyng of heaven and earth? No doubt it was poor gere; peradventure it was her kerchiefe which she took from her head, or such like gere, for I think Mary had not much fine gere. She was not trimmed up as our women are now-a-dayes, for I think in the olde tyme women were content with honest and single garments. Now they have found out these rounde aboutes; they were not invented then; the devil was not so cunning to make such gere; he found it out afterward. Therefore Mary had it not.”

Speaking of "rounde aboutes," what would the preacher have said to the ladies' jackets of modern days? Perhaps however no more than might be uttered in the way of censure of the other sex.

DICKENS' EARLY SUCCESS.

Looking backward to the advent of Dickens to the American public, I am much surprised to observe how slow our great publishers were to acknowledge his power. In 1838 a petty book-seller in Chatham street named James Turney, commenced the issue of a monthly humorist, with caricature plates, called the *Pickwick Papers*. It was extensively read, but failed to get above clerks and apprentices, who were charmed with Sam Weller and the fat boy.

There were but two episodes in the whole book which indicated the hidden power of the author. These were the fragment found in a mad house, and the dying scene of the pantomimist. A few months subsequently I was visiting at the family of one of our most scientific men who read the *Pickwick Papers* with delight, and who told me that their design was in part to ridicule the false science of the day, and the tendency to form societies of investigation, which then were all the rage. Almost every town in England had some gathering of would-be scientists, whose proceedings were glorified in monthly reports.

To ridicule this Dickens invented the *Pickwick Club*, whose object was to travel for the purpose of investigating both scenes and phenomena of an important character. The very name *Pickwick* refers to the use of the midnight oil so often mentioned in connection with student life. As the work advanced this feature was neglected in favor of the more humorous and social scenes;

but it was still retained until the close, and Mr. Pickwick will always be the caricature of the kind-hearted and blundering philosopher, whose mistakes and misfortunes keep the reader in perpetual glee.

It was not however, until *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* appeared that their author reached full recognition as a genius, and even those books, like the *Pickwick Papers* were neglected by the leading publishers. Hence the contrast between the past and the present in the Dickens literature is one of the notable things of the age.

THE COURSE OF TIME.

One of the peculiarities of this remarkable poem is that the seventh book was written first, for after making this beginning the author remodelled his plan. Pollok, like Henry Kirke White, struggled with bitter poverty, as well as ill health, and died just as he had conquered fame. White, during his youth, labored at a loom, and Pollok tried chair making. In each instance education was obtained through the exertion of self-denying kindred, and Pollok said of his parents and sisters, "I know so well their inability to assist me, that every shilling I spend tortures my soul." Each had the ministry in view, but never fulfilled the expectation, White dying at twenty-two and Pollok at twenty-eight. The latter while writing his poem had eternity in full view, for his frame was sinking and much of the work was done in bed. Each is identified with Byron whose "Darkness" suggested the *Course of Time*, which contains his pen picture. White's unconscious influence over Byron is referred to on page 116.

VARIATIONS IN TASTE.

A noticeable feature in literature is the attention now

paid to the writers of the eighteenth century, recalling the coarse but pungent Swift, the classical Addison, the rollicking Fielding, the latinized Johnson, the piquant Goldsmith, the thundering Junius, the inflated Gibbon, and the emotional Burns, closing with the grandeur of Burke. It is certainly a point of distinction in the literary record of the eighteenth century that it gave Pope and Burns to the world. The former was immensely popular in his day, and the neglect which his works afterward suffered was mentioned by Byron as one of the worst signs of the decay of taste. True enough; and when the proper standard was restored, the popularity of Pope was renewed.

Wordsworth was at that time the so-called "high priest of nature," and the new school then opening threatened a speedy oblivion to the author of the Dunciad. Byron, whose perceptions in literature were always accurate, assumed the defense of Pope and affirmed that he would survive the poets of that age -- a fact whose reality is now very clear. Southey is utterly dead and buried. So is Landor; Coleridge is only known by a few of his best things. Shelley is neglected, and Wordsworth is only known to a small circle of admirers.

It is one of the curious incidents of student life that Gibbon, when only twenty, corrected a Paris university professor. He found in the speech of Hannibal (in Livy) a sentence, which, as he says, "cannot be reconciled by any torture, with his character or argument. The commentators dissemble or confess their perplexity. It occurred to me that the change of a single letter (*otio* instead of *odio*) might restore a clear and consistent sense." He wrote at once to Professor Crevier, who had edited an edition of Livy, and his correction was accepted. Gibbon, however, afterward erred greatly in adopting an inflated style,

and Noah Webster, then editor of the American Magazine, published in 1788, keenly, but correctly, says, "his style is uniformly the worst model of historical style that has appeared in our language." The American Critic resisted the applause which this artificial style at first awoke, but public opinion has long approved Webster's censure.

It was Dryden's weakness to imagine that he could improve Shakespeare by altering both Troilus and Cressida and the Tempest, thus setting a bad example to other literary tinkers.

To return to Wordsworth it may be said that he affords the only instance of an author making a suggestion which was afterward fulfilled by a crime of the most horrible character. I refer to the following lines:

"Sweet is the lore that nature brings,
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things,
We murder to dissect."

The poet lived to read the trial of Burke and Hare for committing several murders, the victims being sold for dissection, and I need hardly add that the crime was expiated on the gallows.

ROBINSON CRUSOE AND ITS AUTHOR.

This is the only book of that date which has grown in popularity with the flight of time. Rousseau was so delighted with it that it was to form the sole library of Emile (Rousseau's perfectly educated young man), while Johnson said it was one of the small number of books of which he was never tired. The first edition was issued in 1719, and only six copies of the first volume are known to be in existence, two of which are in America. The

author was fifty-eight when it first appeared, and he survived its publication only eleven years. The author of *Robinson Crusoe* was a strange combination of religion, trade, politics and imagination, who went through the most varied experience ever connected with literature.

Daniel De Foe was the son of a London butcher, and became a preacher. He was born more than two centuries ago, and as politics were more congenial than the pulpit, he devoted himself to public questions, which he handled with great courage and power. He also was engaged in merchandise, but failed in a disastrous manner. He then became more radical in politics than ever, and was arrested for the severity of his attacks on the House of Commons. He was fined, and not only placed in the pillory, but imprisoned two years. None of these severities, however, could abate his love of liberty. After he had reached his fifty-eighth year he wrote *Robinson Crusoe* as an amusement. How strange that it should be the sole basis of his fame! He issued two hundred and ten publications, and yet this is the only one that survives. De Foe lived twelve years after the appearance of this work, and saw its popularity. He died in his seventieth year, a few months before the birth of Washington — with whom he is worthy of mention in patriotic connection. Dying insolvent, he left the following couplet as a picture of his life.

“No man has tasted different fortunes more,
And thirteen times have I been rich and poor.”

AUTHORS AND DOGS.

It is interesting to notice what power dogs have, in some cases, held over men of genius! Hogarth was decidedly a canine amateur, and introduced this animal into his best works, including his own portrait. His companion in the latter is a bull-dog, which appears to have

been his favorite breed. Turning from painters to authors, there is the case of Byron, who found in the death of "Boatswain" an early bereavement. The animal had a respectful burial, and was honored by a monument with the following inscription :

" Near this spot
 Are deposited the remains of one
 Who possessed beauty without vanity,
 Strength without insolence,
 Courage without ferocity,
 And all the virtues of man without his vices.
 This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery
 If inscribed over human ashes,
 Is but a just tribute to the memory of
 Boatswain — a dog,
 Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
 And died at Newstead Abbey, November 18, 1808."

Byron built a vault for his dog and also for himself, including his faithful servant Joe Murray. He did not wish to be placed in the ancestral tomb in Hucknell church, and hence inserted the following clause in his will :

"I desire that my body may be buried in the vault in the garden at Newstead, without any ceremony or funeral service, and no inscription except name and age. It is also my wish that my faithful dog may not be removed from said vault."

His executors, however, did not obey this injunction, and the interment was in the family tomb. Joe Murray was buried elsewhere, and hence Boatswain lies "alone in his glory." Byron wrote an elegiac poem on the death of this favorite, part of which is as follows :

" When some proud son of man returns to earth,
 Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth;
 The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
 And storied urns record who rest below;
 When all is done upon the tomb is seen,
 Not what he was, but what he should have been,
 But the poor dog, in life the warmest friend,
 The first to welcome and the foremost to defend,
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own;
 Who labors, fights, lives and breathes for him alone;

Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
 Denied in heaven the soul he holds on earth;
 While man, vain insect, hopes to be forgiven,
 And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.

SCOTT AND HIS DOGS.

Scott's first canine favorite was "Camp," whose death was very severely felt. Lockhart says: "My wife (Sophia Scott) tells me she remembers the whole family standing in tears about the grave, as her father smoothed down the turf above Camp — with the saddest expression she had ever seen on his face. Maida, however, was the most celebrated, and after death was honored with a tombstone and epitaph. Lockhart speaks of Maida as one of the noblest dogs that ever shared the fellowship of man. His portrait appears both in the pictures of Sophia and also in that of the author himself, and he was introduced into Woodstock under the name of Bevis. Even Homer, the earliest of poets, has his dogs, and Telemachus, when returning from his protracted wanderings, though unknown to the attendant, is thus recognized :

"The prince's near approach the dogs descry,
 And fawning round his feet, confessed their joy."

Still, more pathetic is the welcome of Ulysses, who was also unknown to all but his dog, which died for joy :

Thus near the gates conferring as they drew,
 Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew,
 He not unconscious of the voice and tread
 Lifts to the sound his ear and rears his head.

* * * * *

The dog whom fate had granted to behold,
 His lord when twenty tedious years had rolled;
 Takes a last look, and having seen him dies,
 So closed forever faithful Argus' eyes.

SUPPRESSED WORKS.

The most remarkable instance was the effort made by the German government to suppress Dr. Mackenzie's

book concerning the treatment of the late emperor. In general literature may be mentioned Motley's first book called *Morton's Hope*. When the author became known as an historian, he was ashamed of his early production, and carefully destroyed all the copies he could obtain. In the same manner James Fenimore Cooper suppressed his first novel, which was called *Precaution*, and Whittier suppressed his glowing tribute to L. E. L.

Dickens suppressed a comic opera, which was issued among his early productions. Byron tried to suppress that portion of his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which reflects so severely on Walter Scott. He much regretted his severe and unwarrantable sarcasm, and apologized to the author in a very candid manner. Scott suppressed his poem called the *Battle of Waterloo*. It was hastily written, being for the benefit of the sufferers, and was so inferior as to be unworthy of preservation.

Cowper had a still more bitter feeling concerning his *John Gilpin*. It got beyond his power, and therefore he could not suppress it; but the memory of so comic a production added to the woe of that madness which for years threw its horrors over his soul.

Washington Irving suppressed the satirical dedication of *Knickerbocker History* to the Historical Society.

Wordsworth wisely suppressed a tragedy, and Charles Lamb suppressed his bitter retort on his old friend Southey — but not until after its publication brought a kind explanation, and their friendship was renewed. The gentle *Elia*, when provoked, could dip his pen in gall.

Gibbon suppressed his first book *Essai sur l'étude de la Littérature*. It had run out of print, and the appearance of his history awoke curiosity for his early effort. The publisher desired to issue another edition, but the author refused. He did not, however, conceal his satis-

faction at seeing it sell as a curiosity, for six times the original price.

Coming down to modern times a prominent New York house published the adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym from an English edition, supposing it to be a record of actual discovery; but as soon as they learned that it was a fiction by the ingenious Edgar A. Poe, they suppressed the entire edition.

THE SUPPRESSED BYRON.

Two books relating to Byron were suppressed, one being his personal memoirs — to which I shall make later reference — while the other was the Dallas collection of correspondence. Robert C. Dallas was a prominent *litterateur* and, as his sister married Byron's uncle, this led to an acquaintance with the poet who found him useful in revising his early productions and seeing them through the press. Dallas superintended the publication, both of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, and also Childe Harold, and as a token of gratitude Byron gave him the copyright of the latter which brought £4,000 — equal to \$20,000. Dallas obtained Byron's correspondence with his mother, and also other family letters, and as soon as the poet died he announced his intention to publish them. It would certainly have been a sensational book and would have had large sale, but the family opposed any revelations of the dark scenes in the poet's life and obtained an injunction — much to the regret of London gossipers. Dallas however wrote a series of reminiscences of the poet, but it was a hurried work and did not satisfy the public. It may be added that Robert C. Dallas was uncle of the late George M. Dallas, vice-president under Polk.

Royal Tyler wrote the first American drama that reached public performance, but really the earliest play printed in this country was the *Prince of Parthia*, which was published in Philadelphia in 1767. The author was Thomas Godfrey, who was successively a watchmaker, an artist, a soldier, and a merchant, as well as a poet, and yet hardly has a place in literature.

Royal Tyler also wrote the first American tale, called the *Algerine Captive*. It went through two editions, but is now almost unknown. It has no plot, and the author's object seems to have been to show up the errors of the times, and especially the disgrace in paying tribute to the Algerines for the privilege of sailing in the Mediterranean unmolested. It now seems almost incredible that the United States was ever subjected to this humiliation, but such is history. Our government, however, eventually sent a squadron to Algiers under Decatur who soon taught that nation of pirates to respect our flag. The author published his book with a pen name and the title was as follows: *The Algerine Captive, or the life and adventures of Dr. Updike Underhill, six years a prisoner among the Algerines*. The book was popular and Tyler perhaps would have pursued fiction, but the very next year — 1798 — Charles Brockden Brown's first novel appeared and this checked all rivalry.

I have seen but one copy of the first edition of the *Algerine Captive*, and as the book is not to be found in the Astor Library it must be indeed rare. The print is very good and so is the paper, and it is highly probable that this was an unusually elegant effort of typographical art. The chapters are short and are garnished with those poetic captions which once were in common use but are now discontinued.

The book is autobiographical, and the author tells of his early life in New England, and then gives his experi-

ence as a school-master, boarding 'round and taking pay in barter. He then becomes a physician and attempts practice in a small village, where the medical faculty comprised the cheap doctor, the learned doctor, the safe doctor and the musical doctor. The author received so small an amount of patronage under this rivalry that he determined to go south, and on reaching Philadelphia called on Franklin, who received him with much kindness. In this connection the author gives some of those anecdotes of the great philosopher which have been generally copied but are original here. From Philadelphia the author journeys to Fredericksburg, but finding no encouragement sails for London as a ship surgeon, and while there he meets Thomas Paine, of whom he gives a very neat pen picture.

On July 18, 1788, the author sails in the ship *Sympathy* for Africa, the object being to bring a cargo of slaves to South Carolina. The reader will understand that the name of the vessel is in itself a satire, the author's object being to expose some of the horrors of the slave trade. They reach the slave coast and take in a cargo, but he, with some others who remain too long on shore, are captured by a Moorish privateer and carried to Algiers, where by way of retribution they are made slaves. It may be said that the *Algerine Captive*, being the first American fiction, is a very creditable beginning of a specialty which now seems almost boundless. The author portrays life as he found it, and if his followers in fiction have excelled him they certainly have had a broader field. The development of society, indeed, is fully equal with all advance in literature.

WALPOLE WITS.

Could Horace Walpole have designated the character of the New Hampshire village which should bear the family

name he could hardly have been more felicitous. How strange it now seems that Walpole should have been one of the most important literary centers! This was at the beginning of the present century, but still it is worthy of remembrance. Isaiah Thomas was a printer at that place, and though he afterward concentrated his efforts at Worcester he did some of his best work in Walpole, and his Farmers' Museum was the ablest periodical of its day. It contained the brilliant contributions of Royal Tyler, and also of Joseph Dennie, who afterward became the editor of the Portfolio, which was the best thing of the kind on the entire continent.

It is no small distinction to Walpole that the first American fiction should have been published there, and the Algerine Captive was followed by a volume of Dennie's Essays. During the publication of the Farmers' Museum Walpole attracted the attention of the literary world, but hard times killed the Museum, and then Royal Tyler devoted himself to law, and reached a high position in the judiciary of Vermont.

It may be added that Walpole not only produced the first American fiction, but that it was the birthplace of the first American author who appeared in English literature after the revolution. I allude to Thomas Fessenden, who was one of the Walpole wits, but afterward visited London, where he published, in 1804, a satire which went through two editions, and was reprinted in New York. It appeared under the pen name of Christopher Caustic, F. R. S., LL. D. and A. S. S., and was one of the best things of that day.

CLERGYMEN AND THEIR TITLES.

The hit which Christopher Caustic makes at titles shows that even in his time the ridiculous nature of this

mania was apparent. Had Christopher Caustic, however, lived in the present age how much more intense would have been his sarcasm? The mania indeed has increased to a degree which often awakens contempt, and if the clergy and others, who are so proudly displaying their titles, could see how this appears to others it certainly would do them no harm. Perhaps, Mr. D. D. and LL. D., it might at least induce you to omit the title occasionally.

This leads me to say that no class is so tenacious on this point as the clergy. Horace Greeley, Charles O'Connor, Secretary of War Stanton and Washington Irving, each received LL. D., and yet who ever beheld it tacked to their names? Such men have too much self-consciousness to permit this display. Our clergy, however, generally parade every additional title in the most showy manner — first D. D., then LL. D., then D. C. L., and all others that they may obtain. These titles they exact when their names are put in print, and the result is that the religious papers are studded with D. D. and LL. D. to a degree that is often disgusting. The editors, however, know that an omission of title would give offense.

A young clergyman, who was preaching at a rural resort during his outing, said to a friend of mine when they posted a notice of the meeting: "Make it doctor. It may attract more." This man could not forego his title even for one evening. Another instance of the same kind is as follows: The writer of this once addressed a young clergyman as plain "Mr.," when the person addressed drew back with an appearance of offended dignity and said "*doctor*, if you please, sir." I am not, however, in the habit of giving flattering titles to any one, and I can only regret that my clerical brethren show so little self-consciousness of their great work as to think they can really be honored in this manner.

The clergy, however, are but human, and yet true humanity rises far above such petty vanity. See how much greater "William Pitt" sounds than any title belonging to the peerage. As prime minister he ruled Great Britain, but he never desired to be aught else than Mr. Pitt. How grand also does "Mr. Gladstone" appear — retaining this simplicity among the titled ranks of the British aristocracy.

In speaking of the mania of the clergy some exceptions are to be noticed. The learned commentator Barnes declined it, and so have other distinguished preachers, thus leaving an example worthy of imitation.

One of the evil results of clerical titles is the discontent among those whose ambition has long been fixed on this attainment, and in some instances the practice has been as Shakespeare says: "assume a virtue if you have it not." Men have boldly attached the D. D. to their names without waiting for the slow movements of colleges, and I have even seen it engraved on a door-plate by one who had assumed it in this manner. This also explains the pressure on college trustees by solicitous applicants — or their friends — who, after all their wire-pulling, are often disappointed. The editor of a New York religious paper was once called on by a rural pastor who requested him, in mailing his paper, to address it to "Dr." instead of "Mr.," and the editor naturally inquired what college had conferred the honor. "Oh, none," was the reply, "but it's a way my people are getting into of calling me." He really meant it was a way which he desired they should be led to adopt.

The degree business has become so extensive that it is now classified. When a clergyman parades his D. D. the question is often asked, "where did he get it?" and then will come the estimate of its rank. Harvard stands first,

Yale next, and after these come the colleges of more recent date. "Ycs," was the remark made concerning a preacher who flourished one of these titles, "true, he's a D. D., but he only got it from a western college." Rev. Henry K—— wrote thus to a catalogue maker:

My degree (D. D.) was conferred by Harvard. In the catalogue you mention —— College. It proceeds from an institution that is less profuse in its degrees than the younger colleges. You may therefore make the alteration.

What an example of gospel humility.

The colored congregations have caught the same itch, and it was said by a man on his return from the south that he had been shaved by a doctor of divinity, while another blackened his boots and a third waited on him at table. The colored people are determined their preachers shall be doctors, however humble may be their secular employment, thus emulating that display which they see so dearly coveted by their white brethren. Perhaps this mania may yet inspire another "Christopher Caustic."

PENALTY OF SUCCESS.

This is jealousy and hate. Poe sneered at Longfellow, and Irving endured the spite of another American writer. Wordsworth was jealous of Byron, but a still more impressive instance is found in Pope, for the reason that he was the first writer that made literature profitable. This was sufficient to occasion the attack of the starving horde of Grub street, which employed every method of expressing hate — as he says in the Prologue to the Satires:

The tale revived — the lie so oft o'erthrown,
 The imputed trash, the dullness not his own;
 The moral, blackened when the writings 'scape,
 The libell'd person and the pictured shape;
 Abuse on all he loved, or loved him spread,
 A friend in exile or a father dead.

A sample of these libels is found in Gildon's statement

concerning the envied and hated poet: "His origin is not from Adam but the devil, and he wanted nothing but horns to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father."

John Dennis, wrote as follows:

What rare members are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated muse who has got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes him hobble so damnably.

In another place he thus describes Pope:

A young squat, short gentleman whose outward form, though it should be that of a downright monkey, would not differ so much from the human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding.

Smedley says: "He will do well to escape with his life, and add a desire that he would hang himself or cut his throat," while a number of small wits issued a satire called the *Popiad*, which contained a full measure of insult. No wonder this incessant fire awoke the severest vengeance of which the galled poet was capable, and the result was the *Dunciad* which as has been mentioned was published anonymously and in Dublin in order to distract public attention from the author. As soon as the latter found himself free from what he calls "the threats of vengeance on his head," he took great delight in this satire, which he published in London in an enlarged edition. To this he thus refers in his Prologue to the *Satires*:

Out with it *Dunciad*. Let the secret pass
The secret to each fool that he's an ass.

John Dennis, who was one of Pope's worst assailants, afterward became old, blind, and so poor as to be an object of charity, and Pope then assisted him, as he says in one of his poems:

Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress.

Pope's generosity in forgiving Dennis and assisting him is one of the most beautiful traits in his character.

In 1733, a benefit was given to Dennis at one of the theaters and the prologue, written by Pope is rich in sympathy. Having compared the unfortunate critic to Belisarius, he thus refers to his opposition to the foreign drama :

Such, such emotions, should in Britons rise
When pressed by want and weakness, Dennis lies,
Dennis who long had warred with modern Huns
Their quibbles routed and defied their puns,
Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
Maul the French tyrant or *pull down the pope.*

One cannot but notice in the closing line a pardonable pun, leaving a question which Pope he desired to pull down.

LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS.

A painful lesson found in the history of Pope is the brevity and uncertainty of literary friendships. During his youth he was intimate with Wycherley, who submitted his verses to the young poet for correction, but this early intimacy resulted in a quarrel. Later on he was on friendly terms with Addison, and his *Messiah* first appeared in the *Spectator*. He also wrote the prologue for Addison's *Cato*, but this harmony was soon broken, Addison no doubt being in fault, and Pope then made his former friend the subject of one of the keenest satires in the language. Pope was at one time an admirer of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, with whom he maintained a correspondence, and he afterward induced her to reside at Twickenham, but a quarrel occurred and he gave vent to his irritability in a lampoon which was unworthy of him.

Pope's long intimacy with Bolingbroke also ended in a rupture, and it is said that the latter hired Mallett to traduce the poet even after the grave forbade a reply. The only one of Pope's literary friendships that escaped rupture was with Swift, and no doubt the reason is found in their wide separation. Swift lived in Dublin and Pope

in London, and this was a safe distance. Pope knew Swift's influence and dedicated the *Dunciad* to him, no doubt as a method of conciliation, and Swift readily saw that peace with such a man was the wisest policy. Hence these two greatest satirists of the age never crossed swords.

As a feature in literary history Pope connects the comic dramatists of the restoration with Johnson and his early associates, who counted it a matter of note to have even caught a glimpse of the great satirist when carried in his sedan chair through the streets of London—as was said in classic days: “*Virgilium vidi ipsi.*”

Rogers says in his *Table Talk*: “When I first began to publish, I got acquainted with an elderly person named Lawless, who was in the book trade. He told me that he was once walking through Twickenham, accompanied by a little boy, and on the approach of a very diminutive, misshapen and shabbily-dressed person, the child drew back, half afraid. ‘Don’t be alarmed,’ I said, ‘it is only some poor old man.’ ‘A poor old man,’ exclaimed one who overheard me, ‘why that is Mr. Alexander Pope.’”

DORMANT LITERATURE.

It is surprising to notice the length of time a work may lay in manuscript. I have already referred to Lord Herbert's *Memoirs*, which were printed one hundred and sixteen years after the death of the author. Pepys' *Diary* was published one hundred and twenty-two years after his death, and to this may be added one of Wycliffe's tracts, which first appeared in print in 1840, having lain in utter neglect four hundred and forty-four years. It is called the *Last Age of the Church*, and is a prediction of the speedy approach of the day of judgment, based on the pestilence which had so recently ravaged Europe. Like all other such prophets Wycliffe proved a failure.

Another instance is found in the Minutes of the Tryon County Committee, which lay in manuscript for more than a century, when they were published by that indefatigable antiquary and historian, J. R. Simms.

In this connection I may also refer to the vast amount of books which utterly fail of publication.

The most striking instance of this kind is found in Cotton Mather's Illustrations of the Scripture. It forms six volumes of closely written manuscript and has waited more than a century and a half for a publisher.

Books of even great merit have sunk hopelessly out of sight through change of taste. Look for instance at Young's Night Thoughts — the most impressive poem of the eighteenth century, but who hears of it now?

WOMEN OF LETTERS.

I do not here refer to literary women, but to letter writers, and in mentioning these instances I connect their names because they represent three nations — France, England and America. Yes, reader, Madame De Sevigné, Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Mrs. Harriet E. Francis form a rare trio of letter writers, all inspired by domestic affection. Each wrote letters to her children which were not fully published until after death, and this point gives them marked unity. Mrs. Francis' "By Land and Sea" was intended to be social "chats" with loved ones at home, during her tour round the globe in company with her husband, Mr. John M. Francis, editor and founder of the Troy Times. They render the reader familiar with the most important scenes in such a tour, and viewed in connection with their illustrations and exquisite finish, form the most admirable book of travels from woman's pen.

CHEERFUL AUTHORS.

In order to produce good books, the writers should be

in healthy, if not a buoyant, condition. Much that is pernicious in Byron may be ascribed to his morbid frame. Poe's painful tales were no doubt born of that gloom which so often obscured his genius. Dickens, on the other hand, was cheerful, notwithstanding his domestic troubles. Irving was remarkably cheerful. Occasionally, however, he had long spells of disinclination to writing, and he never used his pen till a genial mood returned. The cheerfulness, both of Dickens and Irving, was no doubt chiefly due to their excellent bodily health, and also to their financial success. The same remark will apply to Robert Southey, who was one of the most voluminous writers of his day. He was of a cheerful turn, and bore the burdens of life with great patience.

Our melancholy authors, such as Dr. Johnson and Cowper, were chronic invalids, and much of Pope's bitterness may be ascribed to his infirmities. He spoke a volume of painful experience when he called his life "a long disease," and the wonder which many feel is that so frail a frame could endure such laborious application.

Johnson's mental disease led him to impress the following lesson on all who seek divine mercy:

Pour forth thy fervors for a healthy mind,
Obedient passions and a will resigned.

Tom Hood, who died too soon, is almost the only instance of a humorous writer who was obliged to contend with incessant physical suffering. Speaking of Southey, who labored till he was an old man, we note the contrast between him and his brother-in-law Coleridge, a large part of whose writings suggest a dark undercurrent of misery—the utterance of a blighted life, and genius paralyzed by an intoxicating drug.

Wordsworth gives us several very fine illustrations of cheerfulness amid age and poverty. One of these is his

friend Mathew and another is the old leech gatherer of the moor. The last occurs in his poem called *Resolution and Independence*, and reader, I have thought that this title is worthy of your adoption as a rule of life.

There exists in many gifted youth before they pass what may be termed the vealy state, a tendency to diseased imagination, which finds utterance in melancholy verse. Even Keats felt the danger of such an influence, and how painfully does he refer to himself in the preface to *Endymion*: "The imagination of a boy is healthy and the mature imagination of a man is healthy, but there is a space of life between in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided and the way of life uncertain, and thence proceeds mawkishness and all the thousand bitters which those must taste who go over the following pages."

Reader, if you pursue literature, let mental health be maintained. It is a great mistake to imagine sickly sentimentality to be a mark of genius.

STAY-AT-HOME TOURISTS.

Samuel Purchas was a London clergyman who never left the shores of England. He had a great desire to see foreign parts, but being unable to do so, he traveled by the use of such authorities as were accessible. The study of foreign lands through other men's narratives, formed the amusement of his life, and led him to write his *Pilgrimage*. The last volume was published only three years before his death, which took place in 1628.

Purchas' *Pilgrimage* has some points of peculiar interest, one of which is that it was while Coleridge was reading it that he had that strange series of visions called *Kubla Khan*. Purchas set a good example, and it has been followed by a vast number of stay-at-home tourists, who enjoy foreign scenes without the sufferings and dangers that accompany

travel. His Pilgrimage is now one of the curiosities of literature.

SCOTT AND NAPOLEON.

The fate of this pair of gifted men is recalled by the fact that the 15th August is their birthday, Scott being the younger by two years. Each possessed immense brain power with sufficient physical strength to sustain it. It is not easy to establish a table of proportions which will illustrate the varied endowment of this nature. Some persons are reckoned to have a ten-man power, while others are reckoned as high as one hundred. These statements are highly suggestive, but they are of a general nature, and cannot be reduced to figures. But if we have, as a given point, perception, judgment, energy, courage and intellectual gifts generally sufficient to endow ten men, all concentrated in one strong body and fixed on one great purpose, a proportionate degree of mastery must be obtained. Let the rate of concentration be increased and the conquest will be greater, but when these powers give way the collapse will be in proportion. Thus was it with the pair referred to, both having been vastly elevated above their race in the scale which I have mentioned, and hence the points of resemblance, as well as those of contrast, are striking and instructive.

HIS FAMOUS UTTERANCES.

Napoleon, though not utterly destitute of imagination, made no display of it. Those grandiloquent speeches which writers enjoying his patronage put into his mouth, are fine in point of sound, but really mean nothing. On the Alps it is "The eagle your guide," while at the pyramids it is "Soldiers, forty centuries are looking down upon you." These are pretty utterances, but are not true to nature, though they are true to French rhetoric.

Napoleon may have encouraged this publication for effect, just as he is said to have had dispatches written for the occasion, describing the tactics at certain victories. For instance, it is now affirmed that the description of the *echelon* movement which decided the day at Marengo was an after-thought neatly described by an accomplished writer.

It may be remarked that successful military leaders are seldom imaginative, Washington, Wellington, Grant and Sheridan being examples. Still an imaginative man may be a good soldier, as is shown by Korner and others of modern days, as well as by the troubadours of chivalry. Scott would have made a good soldier had he been put into mounted service, for his lame leg forbade any other. While visiting Paris after the battle of Waterloo the czar of Russia, to whom he was presented, mistook him for a wounded veteran, and asked him where he received his hurt.

The principal difference between these giants was that the one marshalled men in the field while the other marshalled them to the imagination. The one subjugated nations by the power of the sword, the other subjugated the world of literature by the power of the pen. Both were bold in their plans, even to temerity, and by assuming unparalleled risks came to ruin. Bonaparte reached supreme power at an earlier time in life than Scott, but sooner reached his collapse, and in point of age died much earlier; but their reigns were about the same in duration, the extent being nearly twenty years.

Napoleon was autocrat of France as soon as he returned from Egypt, and Scott was at the head of literature from the date of the *Lady of the Lake* until three years before he died. *Abbotsford* was a throne occupied by conquering genius, and even the house in Edinburgh was also worthy of that name. One of the most devout of

all admiring subjects — himself a genius — confesses standing by the hour near the latter watching for a glimpse of Sir Walter. This man was Hugh Miller, who was then a poor stone cutter, and who thus bore his tribute to the great.

Their schemes were not dissimilar — family aggrandizement being the main idea. Napoleon exalted each of his brothers and also his brothers-in-law, while Scott obtained a commission in the army both for his son and his brother, together with a berth in the civil service for his other son, and if there had been a score of additional dependants they might have been promoted. In point of self-confidence there was great similarity. Napoleon never permitted defeat to form a part of his plans, and when the fatal invasion of Russia was projected he refused to listen to expostulation. Thus also with Scott — failure never seemed possible. He had won success like that of enchantment, and one of his last acts before insolvency was to add another tract of land to his enormous estate. Failure came on both in the midst of most dazzling success.

While death held its way around them, each seemed expectant to live forever. The soldier marched over the ruins of kingdoms, while the author summoned the dead to new life on his page, but each of them was planning schemes of the most evanescent character. How strange it seems that men of such penetration should only follow the general crowd in the old experience of human destiny. Both had the empty show of great success, and both fought well against their fate, but having begun wrong, their first error gathered strength with time until it led to hopeless ruin.

CONSCIENCE.

Each of these men, though thoroughly worldly, showed

at times the power of conscience. After Napoleon had been banished to St. Helena, and had time for reflection, the murder of the Duc D'Enghien, which is the greatest stain on his character, seemed to awaken distress, and he frequently sought to extenuate the crime. In like manner Scott's hours of misfortune were harrowed by the remembrance of his anger against his miserable brother Daniel to whom I shall refer hereafter.

Scott like Napoleon was insatiably ambitious and even before Abbotsford was occupied he planned a still greater elevation. Lockhart thus speaks of a memorable night when he accompanied the author to the tower — the building being then unfinished.

Nothing could be more lovely than the panorama; the Tweed winding and sparkling beneath our feet and the distant ruins of Melrose appearing in the delicious moonlight as if carved out of alabaster. The poet leaning over the battlement seemed to hang over the beautiful vision as if he had never seen it before. "If I live," he exclaimed, "I will build me a higher tower and a more spacious platform."

In this utterance one beholds the same ambition, which under another form of development, led the Corsican to

Wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Napoleon probably had little moral education. A Corsican home could have offered but few advantages, and at seventeen he was a cadet at a military school. But little was to be expected of one trained to a military life at a time of such general violence. Scott on the other hand was educated in a land of piety, and the influences which surrounded his childhood were of a purifying and elevating character. Hence more is to be expected of him, nor is it expected in vain. He was morally superior, and that too in a very great degree.

Domestic life is one of the great cultivators of the

heart. This Scott possessed, but not Napoleon. The latter was childless and almost homeless, for what home is there in palaces and camps? It is remarkable that after Napoleon was banished to St. Helena he found in the society of the English family at the "Briars" a new experience — *domestic life*. A bouncing girl used to sit on his lap, pull his ears and greet him with her tiny kisses, and thus developed those feelings which are identified with home life. I have called Napoleon "childless." True, he had a son, but he was then engrossed with war. Before the babe was a year old the invasion of Russia began, and during the ensuing troubles the queen fled to her father, and Napoleon never again saw mother or child.

CONTRAST OF BURIAL.

The burial of Napoleon in Paris in 1840 was one of the grandest pageants which that city ever saw, and such was its imposing character that it was presented as a dramatic spectacle on the boards of the Bowery Theater. Amid the thunders of artillery and the gaze of thousands who were entranced by the majesty of the scene the grand array of veterans laid the dead emperor in Les Invalides. The funeral of Sir Walter Scott, on the contrary, was simple in the extreme, although the attendance was great, the procession of carriages being a mile in length. The old servants of the family asked the privilege of bearing the remains, and it was granted them. They bore the coffin to the hearse, and from the hearse to the grave, and amid the mourning multitude it was laid by the side of his wife in Dryburgh Abbey. It will be some time before the 15th of August will give the world an equal pair.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

This once popular author has not been much read since

his death — which took place more than a century ago — and he is now chiefly known through Boswell, who is also falling out of notice. In fact, Johnson is now little better than a tradition of genius, learning and sorrow. His prose died soon after its author, and of his poetry all that is held in common parlance is a couplet on the Vanity of Human Wishes. Hence had it not been for Boswell, the lexicographer might have been utterly forgotten.

Boswell was the Johnsonian chatterbox, and though a respectable lawyer, was in some points the weakest man ever immortalized in literature, but at the same time he was the best biographer the world ever saw. He was determined at the beginning of his acquaintance with Johnson to allow nothing to break their friendship. This, indeed, was his chief capital as a society man, and hence he submitted to Johnson's irritable and overbearing temper. The gratification of his vanity compensated for occasional humiliation, and he repaid his surly friend with such adulation that it conquered rudeness — as Milton says :

Smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled.

Boswell was only twenty-three when he first met the great author. He went to London with a desire to see "Dictionary Johnson," and their friendship was begun with that sacrifice of nationality which renders the biographer contemptible. He knew that Johnson disliked the Scotch, and hence, when the desired introduction was about to take place he said, "Don't tell him where I come from." The friend, however, roguishly added, "from Scotland." Boswell replied, "Mr. Johnson, I do come from Scotland, but I can't help it." How utterly unworthy he thus proved himself of that noble nation !

Johnson was then fifty-five. After the much-desired acquaintance had been formed, Boswell made the tour of

Europe and then established himself in his profession at Edinburgh. He soon cherished the purpose of writing Johnson's life, and by adroit toadying became a special favorite. He visited London as often as possible, and made the most of his opportunity of seeing Johnson, taking notes of all that was said and done in such reunions.

On close examination it is found that Boswell's visits to London during the twenty-one years which elapsed prior to Johnson's death, made an aggregate of two hundred and seventy-six days, and yet the personal interest is kept up so vividly that it seems as though he was there most of the time. This is done by interweaving anecdotes obtained from others, and also by letters and delightful gossip, such as are found in no other volume.

After ten years' acquaintance, he announced his intention of writing the biography, but eleven additional years elapsed before Johnson's death rendered the task practicable. Seven years more were occupied in getting the work before the public, and Boswell was then fifty-one. Only five years were added for the enjoyment of his success.

Boswell considered his greatest achievement, next to the biography, to be the tour to the Hebrides. While Johnson was in such demand in London, Boswell was delighted to think he had captured him, and carried him through Scotland, where they beheld the rudest as well as most cultivated society. This journey seems the more surprising when one considers Johnson's bitter hatred of the Scotch, in almost every point of view. Boswell's narrative of the tour is now obsolete, and yet it was once thought interesting, as it gave Johnson's sayings and doings, many of which were highly grotesque. While walking along a crooked street in Edinburgh after nightfall, Boswell (who was in front) inquired: "Doctor, can you

find your way?" "Keep on," was the reply, "I can smell you in the dark."

SOME PICTURES.

Boswell gives us the picture of a huge, clumsy pedant, whose early days had been passed in poverty of a painful character. Poverty in youth, poverty at the university and poverty in married life until he had reached fifty, when his pen yielded a respectable support. His parents kept a petty bookstore in Litchfield, but the profits were too small to raise them above meagre poverty. He says himself that he was a miserable babe, infected with scrofula, and he mentions that one of his relatives said he would not have picked up such a child from the street.

Another aspect is the poverty-stricken student leaving the university, when we see him in his twenty-seventh year marrying the widow Porter, who was forty-eight. Notwithstanding this unusual discrepancy, they were deeply attached, and after her death he remained a widower. Then we see this newly-married pair opening a boarding school, which soon failed, and after which they started for London to try their chances in a great city.

From his twenty-ninth to his forty-fifth year Johnson led the life of a bohemian, suffering extremes of want, such as are suggested by some of his poems, which are always deep-toned and melancholy. Of this time of misery no record is left, but enough is known to show that he keenly felt the truth of his own lines.

Still is this mournful truth confest
Slow rises worth by poverty repest,

Under these circumstances his wife died, and it always seemed an additional grief that she could not have lived to share even that moderate prosperity which he enjoyed after he became distinguished as "Dictionary Johnson."

Looking again at Boswell's picture we see Johnson in his widower establishment, which included two women and a servant. One of the former was a poverty-stricken daughter of a family friend, and the other (Mrs. Williams), in addition to poverty, suffered from blindness. Connected with this establishment was the poor physician, Levett, who had rooms and a living and was deeply beloved and tenderly mourned by his patron.

HIS SOCIAL LIFE.

A more agreeable feature is the social side of Johnson's life, including his literary friendships and the famous club of which he was the leader — where Burke, Goldsmith and Reynolds were among his admirers. Boswell also opens us to the palatial abode of Thrale, where Johnson is the lion of many a social scene, though Mrs. Thrale often chafes under his rude speech and clumsy manners. Here it is that Boswell seems in his element, since it enables him to indulge in that gossip which is his delight. Then the picture changes. Thrale dies, and an alienation between his widow and the author is the natural result. How sad seems the utterance of the latter: "I went to Streatham, but there was no Thrale."

MORTALITY OF FRIENDS.

As Johnson advanced in life his best friends were removed by death, awakening many a touching lament. In addition to the loss of Thrale may be mentioned the death both of Garrick and Goldsmith, and also poor, blind Mrs. Williams. To these was added the loss of Levett, the physician of the poor, whose death was so deeply felt that it awoke a poetic tribute. Along with this record of mortality one is led to notice Johnson's prolonged and incurable fear of death, which at last shrouded him with gloom. This was partially due to his

natural melancholy and partially to the dark and erroneous nature of his religion.

As he grew old his constitution failed and the dropsy set in. His fear of death intensified the misery of his condition, and thinking his surgeon too reluctant in using the knife, he exclaimed: "You fear to give me pain, for which I care little. It is life that I want." Carrying out this idea he actually opened one of his bloated limbs, hoping to find relief, and when this was discovered, he said: "I would give one of these legs for a year or more of comfortable life."

A few days before his death, at the urgent request of a friend, he made his will, leaving an annuity to his faithful servant, Francis Barber, to whom he said: "Francis, remember you have a soul to save." He also gave his physician an injunction to "remember his need of a Saviour." On the 13th of December, 1784, a number of his friends were present, and they all saw that dissolution was momentarily expected. A young lady called and asked the dying man's blessing, and he feebly replied, "God bless you!" soon after which he expired, being then in his seventy-sixth year. His death made a deep sensation in London, and the interment was in Westminster Abbey.

HIS WORKS.

No one now is expected to read Johnson, but every one should know something of him who held such distinction in the literary world a century ago. His Rambler is a collection of heavy essays. His tragedy of Irene, though its publication brought some profit, proved a failure when presented on the stage by Garrick, and is now forgotten. His Lives of the Poets is interesting only to those who wish to make literary research. His dictionary is superseded. His poems, though powerful, are unattractive.

His *Rasselas* is full of wisdom, but is exceedingly dull, and even his criticisms on Shakespeare, which are his best productions, are little known. His Latinized style was very injurious because it was imitated by those who could not equal its power, and it did much to impair the influence which Addison had so admirably exerted.

Notwithstanding all this, however, Johnson made a beneficial as well as an enduring mark on the literary world. He was the first man that rose from the lowest conditions of bohemian life to the front rank of society solely by learning and ability, and was indeed the first writer that made the British public feel that genius was higher than rank, an instance of which is found in his letters to Lord Chesterfield. His dictionary, the work of eight years, was the first that was worthy of a name, and it prepared the way for greater efforts.

BOSWELL AND GIBBON.

There is a noticeable parallel between these two authors, both of whom prosecuted through the best part of their lives a great task, which they were allowed to finish, and then died, after brief fruition. The two most important publications of the London press during the last part of the eighteenth century were Gibbon's *Rome* and Boswell's *Johnson*. The first was issued in 1788, and the latter three years afterward — each author being then fifty-one. Both died in London — Gibbon being fifty-seven and Boswell a year younger.

Those who read Boswell's *Johnson*, must, in order to appreciate the work, enter fully into that man-worship with which it is imbued. The sole idea seems to be, "Johnson is great, and Boswell is his prophet." To properly read such a work, one must remember that there can be no trifle so small that the name of Johnson does

not make it important. Those who take this view of the subject find Boswell's Johnson one of the most delightful biographies in the world.

BOSWELL'S LOTTERY TICKET.

One of Boswell's weaknesses was a love of lottery gaming. While preparing the biography for the press, he was much in need of money, and this led him to try the chances of a prize, but he was grievously disappointed. This was the more annoying, since a ticket bought in the same office the same day and for the same price, drew £5,000. Boswell wrote the following account to Malone, the Shakespearian critic, dated February 10, 1791 :

I bought my ticket at Nicholson's, and paid £16 8s for it. That very evening I learned from an advertisement that a ticket sold at the same office for £16 8s had drawn £5,000. The number was mentioned in the advertisement. I had sealed up my own number without looking at it, for I had resolved not to know what it was until after the drawing, in order to avoid any shock at a blank. This advertisement made me highly elated, but on opening the envelope I saw that mine was not the lucky number. O, could I get but a few thousands on a credit for a few years, what a difference would it make on my state of mind. I am sorry to add that your own ticket has also drawn a blank.

Boswell had invested a sum equal to \$120, while Malone's ticket cost half as much. Neither of them was in a condition to lose, and yet their funds went to swell the profits of the dealers, and this has been the common fate of all who pursue gaming in any shape.

BURNS.

Reader, having thus briefly viewed the conflicts and the sorrows of educated genius, let us now by way of contrast ramble through the leading incidents in the life of the peasant bard. His birthday was January 25, 1759 — when as he says: " 't was then a blast of Janwar win, blew hansel on Robin." This occurred in a clay-built cottage at Alloway. Passing on to his sixth year he was

sent with his brother Gilbert to a neighboring school. He says "the earliest compositions in which I took pleasure were the Vision of Mirza, and the hymn by the same writer, How are Thy Servants Blest, O Lord. The first two books I ever read were the Life of Hannibal and the Life of Sir William Wallace."

His mind was at this time imbued with the witch-lore of the country to such a degree that as he says "he could not for many years afterward move about at night without keeping a sharp lookout in suspicious places."

FOURTEENTH YEAR.

Robin, who has already made some rhymes, becomes ploughman on his father's farm and falls in love with a lass who assisted in reaping, in whose praise he writes his first song, beginning O Once I Loved a Bonny Lass.

The farm proves unprofitable and the family is obliged to seek another place. Burns writes My Father was a Farmer and It was on Lammas Night. He now read some reputable authors, which gave him an idea of the world of literature.

TWENTIETH YEAR.

His brother Gilbert says this was the happiest year in the record of the family, which included the two brothers, their three sisters and their parents. Burns wrote John Barleycorn, My Nannie O and some other of his most sprightly songs.

TWENTY-THIRD YEAR.

Burns had established a social club which, no doubt, led him to his fatal habit of drinking. He left home, working for a flax dresser, and became so despondent that he wrote his father that he was willing to leave the world. The reason for this, no doubt, was in that first ruinous error of his life, the paternity of an illegitimate child.

TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR.

Had began a commonplace book, and started the record of his thoughts, which were still more saddened by the death of his father, whom he portrays in the Cotter's Saturday Night. The family is evicted and most of its property seized. Hence they seek a cheaper home on a "cold upland farm." After the failure of two successive crops the poet returned to his rhymes, and his soured frame is indicated by Holy Willie's Prayer and some other discreditable utterances.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR.

He still continued to help the family by farm labor, but found so much time for writing that this may be considered the most active period of his life. It brought the Cotter's Saturday Night, Halloween, Lines to a Mouse, Death and Dr. Hornbook and other of his best productions.

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

This was a very eventful year, since his poems appeared in a small volume issued in Kilmarnock by subscription. Burns wanted money to obtain passage to the West Indies, and he devoted part of the proceeds to this purpose, but the intervention of a friend led to a change of purpose. This year Mary Campbell, his Highland Mary, died, and he wrote the Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast. At this time, however, he was cheered by the sale of his book and the encouragement to visit Edinburgh for the purpose of getting out another edition. He was received with great favor, and at this time Walter Scott saw him, an account of which is given in another place. The new edition was 3,000 copies, and its proceeds were £500, equal to \$2,500, but money was then worth thrice its present value. One-third of this amount he gave to his

brother to aid the family, and the remainder was devoted to leasing and fitting up a farm for himself, having already married Jean Armour, and thus restoring her reputation.

THIRTIETH YEAR.

Fails at farming and is appointed exciseman. No doubt the constant intercourse with whisky-dealers increased his already destructive habits. He attended the great drinking contest for the whistle, and his convivial habits led to such reaction that he complained of "a horrid hypochondria pervading body and soul." Notwithstanding this bad influence, he wrote this year *To Mary in Heaven*.

THIRTY-FIRST YEAR.

Having given up his farm he hired part of a house in Dumfries and joined the volunteers. *Tam O'Shanter* was written at this time and was the last of his long pieces. His popularity was then so great that more than one hundred of his lyrics were published in the collection called *Scottish Melodies*.

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

A new edition of his poems is issued, including *Scots Wha Hae*, which added much to his fame, and the next year another edition is ordered, which enabled him to take a better house in the street which now bears his name.

THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

Wrote his best production, *A Man's a Man for a' That*, which is the noblest utterance of the Scottish muse. He then began to realize the full power of his evil habits, and wrote a friend that the "stiffening joints of old age were fast coming over his frame."

1796 — THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

In January seized with rheumatic fever which left him

pale, emaciated and so feeble as to require help to rise from his chair. In summer he was removed to a rural abode whence he issued his last song called *Fairest Maid on Devon's Banks*. In the middle of July he was brought back to Dumfries, where he died on the 21st, aged thirty-seven years and six months. Four days afterward he was buried in St. Michael's church-yard, and then Scotland began to realize its loss.

LATER FACTS.

Seven years after Burns' death Wordsworth visited his grave and commemorated the event in the verses beginning:

'Mid crowded obelisks and urns
I sought the untimely grave of Burns.

And he addresses the poet's sons a touching lesson, which closes thus:

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
Be independent, generous, brave,
Your father such example gave
And such revere,
But be admonished by his grave
And think and fear.

In 1815 the remains of the poet were removed from his obscure grave and placed in a beautiful mausoleum. Nineteen years afterward his widow was laid by his side. In 1844 a Burns festival was held in Ayr, not only in honor of the poet but also to welcome his two sons, who had been in foreign service. The banquet was presided over by the Earl of Eglinton, and the speech of the occasion was by John Wilson, the Christopher North of Blackwood. In 1859, centenary celebrations were held in Britain and in America, and on one of these occasions Beecher delivered one of his finest efforts.

SCOTT AND BURNS.

Walter Scott always considered it a fortunate incident

that he had not only seen Burns but had received from him a favorable utterance. His description of this occurrence is as follows :

I was a lad of fifteen when Burns came to Edinburgh, and I was highly desirous to know him. One day I was at Professor Ferguson's, who on that occasion entertained Burns and several other literary men, while we youngsters sat silent. The only remarkable thing I remember about Burns was the effect produced on him by a picture representing a dead soldier — his dog on one side and his widow and child on the other. Burns seemed much affected by the scene, and actually shed tears. Beneath the engraving were some poetic lines, and Burns inquired the name of the author. I was the only person in the room that could answer the question, and Burns rewarded me with a look and a word, which I received and still recollect with very great pleasure.

Such was the only interview between these distinguished characters, and how little could Burns have imagined that the youth whose intelligence he thus complimented would become the greatest author of his age. Scott thus describes the peasant bard :

His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments, but the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character. It was large and of a dark cast and glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling. I never saw such an eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time.

This is an interesting picture, since it presents the chief author of his day, described by the greatest author that succeeded him. Scott never became personally acquainted with Burns, though he saw him occasionally in the streets of Edinburgh. Scott was always convinced of Burns' superiority to himself, and while speaking on this subject said to a friend, "There is no comparison between us, and I ought not to be mentioned on the same day with him." Scott ranked the two great emotional poets together in the following manner: "I have always reckoned Burns and Byron the most genuine poetical geniuses of my time, and of a half century before me." This estimate has been

fully confirmed by history. It may be said of Burns and Byron that although separated by the extreme of social difference, they now occupy the same rank as masters of the heart. No other writers wield such power over the emotional nature.

A point of peculiar similarity is found in the fact that both reached the same age — thirty-seven — and died the victims to their vices. There was also a close similarity in national origin, the one being full-blooded in his Caledonian birth, while the other sprang from a union between Scottish and English families. Byron's mother was Catharine Gordon, a Highland heiress, and a part of the poet's youth was spent in the wildest part of Scotland, which led to such effusions as the following :

I would I were a careless child,
 Still dwelling in my Highland cave;
 Or roaming through a dusky wild,
 Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave.
 The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride
 Accords not with the free-born soul,
 Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
 And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

The following extract is still stronger in national character :

Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices
 And rides on the wind in his own highland vale.
 Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy wind gathers,
 Winter presides in his fierce icy car;
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers:
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

Again, when describing the battle of Waterloo, he thus gives a glowing tribute to Caledonia bravery :

And wild and high the Cameron's gathering rose,
 The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes;
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills.

These quotations, and others which might be offered,

show that Byron was at heart a Scotsman, and hence he and Burns have a tie in nationality as well as in genius.

ANOTHER INTERVIEW.

More than a third of a century after Scott first met Burns he entertained one of the sons of the latter at Abbotsford, and the occasion was one of special interest. Scott had then gone through his splendid career of authorship and was broken in health and in fortune. He had retired from society and was living in seclusion, and this was the last time that he opened Abbotsford for social purposes. Lockhart, who was present, penned a few stanzas on the occasion, from which I make the following extract :

What princely stranger comes,— what exiled lord,
From the far East to Scotia's strand returns,
To stir with joy the towers of Abbotsford,
And wake the minstrel's soul? — The boy of Burns.

The children sang the ballads of their sires,
Serene among them sat the hoary knight;
And if dead bards have ears for earthly lyres,
The peasant's shade was near and drank delight.

The "hoary knight" was Scott, while the "peasant" was Burns, but genius leveled all distinctions and they were one in the sad lessons of misfortune.

A CONTRAST.

A very striking contrast is found between Burns and his poetical predecessor, Allan Ramsay, who had for many years been the admiration of Scotland. Ramsay's best production, the Gentle Shepherd, though a very clever poem, is tainted with that snobbish worship of rank which then was so general throughout the British realm, and if it be less prevalent at the present time, the change to a great degree is due to Burns himself. The Gentle Shepherd represents the loves of a shepherd and a rustic

maiden, but the progress of their attachment is broken by a startling disclosure. The shepherd is found to be the son of a baronet, who comes for the purpose of calling him from his humble employment and placing him in that station to which his rank is entitled. Then we have the sorrows of the disappointed maid and their sad farewells, which, however, are happily terminated by another startling discovery. The maid herself is an *incognito* member of a blooded family, and when this is known it removes the bar to their union.

BURNS' INDEPENDENCE.

Burns took a far loftier position, and instead of bowing to the tyranny of caste he boldly proclaimed "a man's a man for a' that." This tyranny has been modified to a very great extent owing to Burns' influence, and the Gentle Shepherd no longer expresses a national sentiment. In conclusion, it may be said that those who really love Burns feel that intense devotion which overlooks his intemperance and other defects, and who clasp him the closer to their hearts whenever his faults may be mentioned. Like Shakespeare, he shows that the true poet is owned of all mankind, because he masters the heart.

STATE OF LITERATURE.

The death of Burns marked the lowest reach of British literature. All the great lights had gone out; Johnson, Gibbon and Hume were dead, and Burke died the next year. The world of literature seemed almost extinct, and yet what a new glory was about to arise? Wordsworth, Scott, Moore, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats were already in existence, and some of the number had already felt the first movings of genius — but however great their subsequent development they have not eclipsed the peasant bard.

As I begin this old but interesting theme I am led to notice the similarity between the phenomena of the literary and astronomical worlds. Byron speaks of Churchill as "one that blazed the *comet* of a season." This was a very suitable expression. Churchill was for a short time the object of great admiration. His biting wit and relentless sarcasm when clothed with ringing rhyme could not but command a high position both in politics and literature. But his course was as evanescent as it was brilliant. Who hears of Churchill now? An apostate clergyman he burst from the obscurity of his profession, and after a brief splendor disappeared in an early grave.

It is said by astronomers that there are stars which suddenly increase in brilliance to a degree which suggests the idea that they may be burning worlds, and which afterward disappear forever. Such an instance once occurred in the world of literature. A resplendent genius, masked as to name, suddenly broke forth, commanding the highest degree of admiration, and after exciting the wrath of the government and the curiosity of two continents it totally disappeared. More than a century has since elapsed, and has evoked all possible scrutiny, but in vain. The same shadow from which he emerged covers his retreat, and all that can be said is that he was JUNIUS, and to this is added the defiant motto which was placed on the title page of the first published volume "*stat nominis umbra.*"

The facts surrounding the history of these letters, are as follows: Prior to the American revolution the English government had become exceedingly corrupt. It was indeed the time of political and national demoralization. The result was a series of blunders which not only cost the nation the American colonies, but led to general

disgrace. The energies of the government were to a large degree expended in prosecuting a noted reformer, who baffled every attempt to crush him. This man was John Wilkes, who for three years filled the British mind to a greater degree than has ever been known before or since. Wilkes was a dissolute but highly gifted man, and conducted a fiery journal called the *North Briton*. He was prosecuted by the government, but though convicted his punishment only added to his fame and power.

At this time of weakness and corruption, a prominent London editor received from an unknown source a contribution of unusual character. Its style was elegant, and indicated greater knowledge of public affairs than could be possessed by any other than a statesman, while that knowledge was devoted to the vindication of public rights. The editor referred to was Woodfall of the *Public Advertiser*; but who was the contributor? The article was printed and attracted general attention. It was followed by other contributions, the signatures being varied, from which it appeared that the author desired to identify his most polished and powerful efforts with a pen name, which was withheld from others of less importance.

The 28th April, 1767, was the date of the first letter, and among other signatures were *Lucius, JUNIUS, Brutus*, no doubt in honor of that celebrated Roman patriot in whom these names were united. For nearly two years these various signatures were employed, with the exception of one. This was only assumed when the author felt the importance of an unusual effort, and appeared on the 21st January, 1769, when the *Public Advertiser* contained the first letter by *JUNIUS*. In this he attacks the administration in a manner which may be judged by the following extract, with which it concludes:

In one view behold a nation overwhelmed with debt; her

revenues wasted; her trade declining; the colonies alienated and the administration of justice made odious. We are governed by counsels from which a reasonable man can expect no remedy but poison; no relief but death. If by the interposition of Providence it were possible for us to escape, posterity will not believe the history of the present times. They will not believe that their ancestors could have survived while a Duke of Grafton was prime minister, a Granby commander in chief, and a Mansfield chief criminal judge of the Kingdom.

In another article, he thus expresses his views :

Our worthy governors divide their time between private pleasures and ministerial intrigues. Away they go; one retires to his country house; another is engaged at a horse race; a third has an appointment with a ———— — and as to their country, they leave her like a cast-off mistress to perish under the diseases they have given her."

Lord Hillsborough he addresses thus :

That you are a polite person is true. Few men understand the little morals better or observe the great ones less than your lordship. You can bow and smile in an honest man's face while you are picking his pocket. These are virtues in a court in which your education has not been neglected.

Of the cabinet he thus speaks :

While the fate of Great Britain is at stake, these worthy counsellors dispute without decency, advise without sincerity, resolve without decision, and leave the measure to be executed by the man that voted against it. The state is in disorder and the physicians consult only to disagree; opposite medicines are prescribed and the last fixed upon is changed by the hand that gives it.

The attention paid to these philippics and the celebrity they immediately acquired stimulated the author to still greater effort, and when the name of JUNIUS was adopted he attained a finished power that never has been surpassed.

It was evident to Woodfall that his correspondent was not only a man of highly cultivated intellect, but that he had studied carefully the laws and the constitution of his country as well as its political detail. Woodfall knew too well the value of such a correspondent to embarrass him by the indulgence of curiosity, and in addition to this he was controlled by a sense of honor. Had he placed a de-

tective on the track he would, no doubt, have discovered the author, but that discovery would have cost him the distinction of being the publisher of Junius. Curiosity, however, was tempered to patience by the promise which Junius extended in one of his private notes, in which he says: "Act honorably by me and at the proper time you shall know me." This promise was never fulfilled. Junius ceased to appear on the 21st of January, 1772, and the editor in vain gave hints in his paper that his correspondent should resume his pen. Junius' reply to these hints will be found in the latter part of this article.

LEADING CHARACTERISTICS.

The leading characteristics of Junius and the circumstances of his position may be inferred from his own statements. He was not only, as has been said, a man of culture and acquainted with the constitution and laws of his country, but it may be presumed that he was also possessed of wealth; that he moved in the immediate circle of the court and was acquainted with most of its secrets. The first of these is evident from his refusing any participation in the profits arising from his letters, especially when Woodfall issued them in book form. His reply is: "What you say about profits is very handsome. * * * Be assured I am above all pecuniary views. * * * Make the most of it, therefore." To this may be added his assurance to Woodfall, at an earlier day, that in the event of the latter's being subjected to pecuniary damage by reason of these letters, the author would not allow him to suffer. "Some way or other," says the latter, "you shall be reimbursed." In another place he adds: "You may be satisfied that my rank and fortune place me above a common bribe."

It is evident that the author had attained an age that

would allow him to speak from experience as well as from information, and also that during the years 1767 to 1771 and part of 1772, he resided almost constantly in London and its vicinity, and that most of his time was devoted to the highest order of politics. It is also evident from these letters that he was excitable and impetuous and was subject to strong prejudices, but that he possessed a rare independency of spirit, was attached to the British constitution, and was both fearless and indefatigable in maintaining his opinions. It is also evident that he was an advocate for morals, was an avowed member of the Church of England, and though well acquainted with legal practice was not a lawyer by profession.

SCOPE OF INFORMATION.

How any man, not a member of government and hence interested in concealing its plans, could penetrate and expose such secrets is one of the most surprising features of this mystery. His accuracy was extraordinary. He tells Woodfall, at one time, that "war is inevitable, and that a squadron of four ships of the line is ordered *with all possible expedition* to the East Indies." At another time he refers to a prosecution with which the printer was threatened, and adds: "You have nothing to fear from the Duke of Bedford in case he should bring you before the House of Lords. I am sure I can threaten him privately with such a storm as would make him tremble even in his grave." In his published letter to the same Duke he tells him things which could scarcely be known outside the latter's family. He wrote Woodfall "*That* Swinney is a dangerous fool; he had the impudence to go to Lord George Sackville (whom he had never before spoken to) and to ask him whether or no he was the author of Junius."

This statement is true and was made shortly after it

had happened, but how should Junius, unless he were Lord Sackville, know? For this reason some have supposed that the mysterious writer was Sackville himself. Another instance is found at the time when the prime minister's friends are boasting of his honesty in refusing to sell a monopoly in Jamaica, especially as the would-be buyer was prosecuted for an attempt at corruption. Junius exposed this hypocrisy by showing that this very minister had recently been concerned in the sale of just such a monopoly as now was refused. He even knew the anonymous writer in the Public Advertiser, and says to Woodfall, "Your Veredicus is Mr. Whitworth; your Lycurgus is Mr. Kent, a young man of good parts."

CONSCIOUSNESS OF DANGER.

With all his boldness Junius was not unconscious of his danger. Indeed, he occasionally refers to the perils inseparable from such a position. When Sir William Draper bids him "throw off his mask," he replies, "It is not necessary that I should expose myself to the resentment of the worst and most powerful men in this country. Though *you* would fight, there are others who would *assassinate*." He also writes Woodfall, "I must be more cautious than ever. I am sure I should not survive a discovery three days."

Later on he thus addresses the same man: "Tell me candidly whether you know or suspect who I am?" Again, in another private note, he says: "Upon no account are you to write me until I give you notice." Again: "Change to the Somerset Coffee-house and let no mortal know the alteration. I am persuaded that you are too honest a man to contribute to my destruction."

METHOD OF COMMUNICATION.

In a literary alliance like that existing between the

publisher and his unknown contributor, there must be some peculiar method of communication, and this was devised by the latter. It is evident that he shunned the post-office. His letters, both to the Public Advertiser and to private parties, such as John Wilkes, were all sent direct by private hand. His arrangements with Woodfall were these: A common name and one not likely to attract attention was chosen by Junius, and a place of deposit was indicated. The parcels for Woodfall were conveyed directly to him, but whenever a letter was sent to the unknown, it was announced in answers to correspondents by such signals as these: "C — a letter at usual place," sometimes "—— a letter," and then simply, "Vindex shall be considered." "Don't always use the same signal," said the writer, "any absurd Latin verse will answer." Among those used were such expressions as "Quid vetat?" or "Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem."

During November, 1771, eight of these signals appeared in the paper, and each indicated that a letter had been left for Junius at the spot designated. The names which these letters bore were either "Mr. William Middleton" or "Mr. John Fretly," and the most frequent depot was the bar of the Somerset Coffee-house, although Munday Coffee-house was sometimes chosen. The waiters received appropriate fees, and hence no better plan for a secret correspondence could be devised. By what agency Junius obtained *his* parcels from the coffee-house has never been ascertained. In his correspondence with John Wilkes, the letters were sent by a public messenger, with directions that replies should be left at Woodfall's, whence they were forwarded to the coffee-house in an enclosure addressed to either "Middleton" or "Fretly," as the choice might be.

It is evident that a variety of schemes were employed by his enemies in hope of detecting the writer, but his extreme vigilance and the honorable forbearance of his publisher enabled him to baffle them. "Your letter," says he in one of his private notes, "was twice refused last night, and the waiter as often attempted to see the person who sent for it." Among other expedients, letters were frequently addressed to him at the printing office, with a hope of tracking them up to their destination. Hence he thus says to Woodfall: "I return you the letters sent yesterday. It is probably a trap for me. If he writes again, open his letter, and if it contain any thing worth knowing, send it — otherwise, not. Instead of 'C. at the usual place,' say '*only a letter*' when you address me again."

The most persistent attempt to discover him was made by David Garrick, who was a favorite at the court. For three weeks Junius, in every letter to Woodfall, cautioned him against this famous player — "To deter him from meddling, tell him," says he, "that I am aware of his practices, and will be revenged if he do not desist. An appeal to the public from JUNIUS would destroy him." He says again: "Beware of David Garrick. He was sent to pump you, and went directly to Richmond to tell the King I should write no more." Having mentioned that the letters to the publisher were sent by private hand, it may be added that chair-men (as they were called) were generally employed. Once, however, a tall gentleman, dressed in a light coat and sword, was seen to throw a letter from Junius into Woodfall's door, and a young man who followed saw him enter a hackney coach and drive off — but whether this man was Junius himself or his messenger is, of course, uncertain.

HIS STYLE.

The style of Junius is too latinized to be popular at

the present day, but such was then the fashion. This defect, however, is offset by their brilliant antithesis and their overwhelming power. That they cost a great deal of application is admitted by the author. His inferior productions were signed variously, and JUNIUS was only applied to those of highest finish. Thus he writes to Woodfall: "As for JUNIUS I must wait for fresh matter, for this is a character that must be kept up with credit." The letter against Lord Mansfield is accompanied by a note saying: "*This has been greatly labored.*" In his epistle to Mr. Horne he refers to himself by asking: "What public questions have I declined? What villain have I spared? *Is there no labor in the composition of these letters?*" The most elaborate are those to the King and also to Lord Mansfield. The most sarcastic is to the Duke of Grafton, and the most valuable is that to the editor of the Public Advertiser on the means of uniting the people in one great party for a common cause.

He thus expresses to Wilkes the difficulties of procuring information: "In pursuing such enquiries I lie under a singular disadvantage. Not venturing to consult those who are qualified to inform me, I am forced to collect every thing from books or common conversation. The pains that I took with that article were greater than I can express to you, yet after I had blinded myself with poring over debates and parliamentary history, I was at last obliged to hazard a bold assertion which I am now convinced is true."

MYSTERIOUS FRIENDSHIP.

Junius was an admirer of John Wilkes and did him the honor to address him a letter which led to a correspondence lasting more than a year, and included seventeen letters on both sides. Junius offered Wilkes, advice,

which the latter usually followed, and in several instances with great benefit. The mysterious correspondent speaks thus in reply to Wilkes' profession of friendship :

I will accept as much friendship as you can impart to a man whom you will assuredly never know. Beside every personal consideration, if I were known, I could no longer be of any service to the public. At present there is something oracular in the delivery of my opinions. I speak from a recess which no curiosity can penetrate, and darkness, we are told, is one source of the sublime. The mystery of JUNIUS increases his importance.

Having given Wilkes political advice of the highest value, he adds the following on personal bearing: "It is your interest to keep up dignity and gravity. I would not make myself cheap by walking the streets so much as you do." He also advised Wilkes to dress well and pay better attention to personal appearance, but perhaps this admonition was based on the fact that Wilkes was the ugliest man that ever became prominent in public life.

REASON FOR DISCONTINUING.

The last letter of Junius appeared January 21, 1772. On the 19th of January, 1773, nearly a year afterward, Woodfall received a brief note from the mysterious author, who writes thus :

I have seen the signals thrown out for your old correspondent. Be assured I have good reasons for not complying with them. In the present state of things if I were to write again I should be as silly as any of your wise aldermen. I meant the cause and the public. Both are given up. I feel for the honor of this country when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together on any one question. But it is all alike, vile and contemptible. *You* have never flinched, that I know of, and I shall always be glad to hear of your prosperity.

This was the last trace of the great unknown, and it is supposed that the retirement of Junius was occasioned, in part, at least, by disgust at the corrupt state of public affairs, which he had vainly attempted to reform. It is remarkable that his last published letter (to Lord Camden)

should be totally different from its predecessors. Instead of containing satire and invective, it is of a flattering character. Indeed it is the only encomium on any individual which received the signature of Junius.

Having begun in bitterness he closed his career with words of peace and approbation to the person addressed. He had some time previously expressed to Woodfall the burden and danger of keeping up the Junius correspondence. "I doubt," says he, at one time, "whether I shall write *under this signature*. I am weary of attacking a set of brutes." The labor involved in the self-assumed task must have been very great, and he wrote to Woodfall: "I want rest most severely and am going to find it in the country for a few days." It is very evident that Woodfall supposed Junius to be a man of high rank, and he also inferred, from an expression in one of his private letters, that the unknown writer expected to become a member of the government, if its policy should change.

A FEW EXTRACTS.

I shall give a few additional extracts from Junius in order that those of my readers who have no time to read the original may form an idea of his style. Here is something on the press:

It remains for me to speak on the liberty of the press. The daring spirit by which these letters are supposed to be distinguished requires that something should be said in their defence. The liberty of the press is our only resource. It may be a security to the king as well as to his people. The constant censure and admonition of the press would have corrected the conduct of Charles the First, would have prevented a civil war and saved him from an ignominious death.

To the Duke of Grafton (prime minister):

If nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you perhaps the most formidable minister that was ever employed to ruin a free people. We owe it to the bounty of Providence that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes

united with a confusion of mind which counteracts the most favorite principles and makes the same man treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving. It is not, indeed, the least of the thousand contradictions which attend you, that a man marked by the grossest violations of ceremony and decorum should be the first servant in a court where prayers are morality and kneeling is religion.

As you became minister by accident, were adopted without choice, trusted without confidence and continued without favor, you will, when occasion presses, be discharged without regret. Yet for the benefit of the succeeding age I could wish that your retreat might be deferred until your morals shall be ripened to that maturity of corruption at which the worst examples cease to be contagious.

To the Duke of Bedford :

Can grey hairs make folly venerable? Can age itself forget that you are now in the last act of life? For shame, my lord; let it not be recorded of you that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits in which youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider that though you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the imbecility after you have lost the vigor of the passions.

To Chief Justice Mansfield :

In public affairs, my lord, cunning, let it be ever so well wrought, will not conduct a man honorably through life. Like bad money, it may be current for a time, but will soon be cried down. I feel for human nature when I see a man so gifted as you are, descend to such vile practice. Yet do not suffer your vanity to console you too soon. Believe me, my lord, you are not admired in the same degree in which you are detested.

To the Duke of Grafton again :

Your cheek turns pale, for a guilty conscience tells you you are undone. Come forward, thou virtuous minister and tell the world what was the price of the privilege Mr. Hine has bought, and to what purpose the money has been applied. Do you dare to complain of an attack on your honor while you are selling the favors of the Crown to raise a fund for corrupting the morals of the people? And do you think it possible that such enormities should escape impeachment? Unhappy man! What party will receive the common deserter of all parties? At the most active period in life you must quit the busy scene and conceal yourself from the world, if you would hope to save the wretched remains of a ruined reputation.

Junius expresses his relentless purpose as a public writer in the same letter :

I should scorn to keep terms with a man who preserves no measures with the public. Neither abject submission nor the sacred shield of cowardice should protect him. I would pursue him through life and try the last exertion of my abilities to preserve the perishable infamy of his name and make it immortal.

QUESTION OF AUTHENTICITY.

Who *was* Junius? To answer this question, not less than one hundred volumes have been written. Immediately upon the publication of the letters, suspicion lighted on several individuals whose claims have since been laid aside. But quite strangely he who is now commonly designated as their author was not then thought of. Sir William Draper, who attempted a controversy with Junius and was sorely worsted, divided his suspicions between Burke and Lord George Sackville, and when the former denied the charge, he fastened upon the latter. The fact that Junius, in a private note to Woodfall, asserts that Swinney actually called on Sackville and taxed him with being Junius, has led some to believe that the charge was correct. At any rate it is a mystery how any other man could have learned this incident. Junius, however, knew it a few hours after its occurrence. But if Sackville were the author, it is strange that Junius should have accused him in one of his letters of cowardice — the basest charge that could be urged against a gentleman. Byron in his *Vision of Judgment*, says:

Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people's fancies,
And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

The person with whom the above reference concludes was at the time of the Junius letters a clerk in the War office in London. This institution (at present called the Horse Guards) was under the control of Lord Barrington, who little dreamed that one of his own clerks might be attacking both himself and the government. This position would afford the writer a minute acquaintance with the

condition of the army, which is one of the strongest characteristics of the letters of Junius. However, instead of following my own train of reasoning, I accept that of the historian Macaulay, who writes thus on the question before us:

“Was he (Sir Philip Francis) the author of Junius? Our firm belief is that he was. The external evidence is we think such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay in a criminal proceeding.” Macaulay proceeds to state the reasons for his conviction, which are as follows: The author of Junius must have been acquainted with the technicalities of the department of State, and must also have been intimate with the business of the War office. It is evident that he attended the debates of the House of Lords during 1770 and took notes—that he was strongly attached to Lord Holland. Philip Francis *did* pass several years in the office of the Secretary of State, and was subsequently chief clerk in the War office. He repeatedly mentioned having heard in 1770 the speeches of Lord Chatham, and he was introduced into public life by Lord Holland. To this it may be added that the handwriting of Junius resembles the disguised hand of Philip Francis.

The investigation has been recently revived, and a fresh array of argument has been adduced in favor of the position taken by Macaulay. It may be remembered by some of our readers, that while the Waverley novels were first interesting the public, the question of their authenticity was frequently discussed. The secret was kept with remarkable success for twelve years, but the authorship was soon fastened on Sir Walter Scott by a writer of unusual acumen, who produced a train of circumstantial evidence which even Scott could not resist, and therefore replied to by a piece of *badinage*. He was

determined to maintain his secret, even at the expense of telling a few white lies. As he says in a letter to a friend:

I shall *not* own Waverley, chiefly because it would prevent the pleasure of writing again. David Hume (nephew of the historian) says the author must be of Jacobite family, a cavalryman and a Scottish lawyer, and desires me to guess in whom these are united. I shall not plead guilty however, and as such seems to be the fashion of the day, I hope charitable people will believe my *affidavit* in contradiction to all other evidence.

By a similar train of reasoning the letters of Junius are now traced to Sir Philip Francis. The latter died in 1818, and had for some time enjoyed the reputation of this mysterious authorship. It is said that some years previously he had an interview with that King, whom he attacked so bitterly at an earlier day. Many years had passed and both had become old men, and if the King felt the keenness of the philippic launched against him in his youth, he might forgive the author, because it was the work of an Englishman.

ASTRONOMICAL FANCIES.

The death of Professor Proctor recalls some of his peculiar astronomical theories, among which is the river in **Mars**, whose width is at least twenty miles, together with other discoveries equally surprising. Another astronomer has reached the conclusion that Jupiter is of no firmer consistence than water — to which a wag replies that if so, then the inhabitants must be web-footed. How neatly such vagaries as these are hit off by Wordsworth in one of his poems (Peter Bell), where he takes the reader sailing through the stars:

The Crab, the Scorpion and the Bull,
 We pry among them all — have shot
 High o'er the red-haired race of Mars,
 Covered from top to toe with scars —
 Such company I like not.

The towns in Saturn are decayed
 And melancholy spectres throng them;
 The Pleiades that appear to kiss
 Each other in the vast abyss,
 With joy I sail among them.

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,
 Great Jove is full of stately bowers;
 But these and all that they contain,
 What are they to that tiny grain,
 That little earth of ours?

According to the above, Wordsworth seems to think that Mars owes its color to its red-headed population, which he calls combative, while as in mythology Saturn is the oldest of the gods, the planet that bears his name naturally shows signs of decay. Mercury on the other hand is "mercurial," and society there is full of fun and frolic, while Jupiter, being named after a very dignified god, is a place where good form is observed. Reader, this discrimination is certainly as sensible as many other theories, some of which, indeed, remind one of the revelations which startled the world a half century ago and which are now only remembered as Locke's "moon hoax."

IRVING.

The revolution had terminated, but the British army still held New York, and their barracks occupied what is now the city hall park, while most of the churches were turned to military use. New York indeed was desolate, and at least one-quarter of the city lay in ruins, occasioned by the fire of 1776. At such a time — the date being April 3, 1783 — a babe was born into the family of a Scottish merchant, who already had what now would be considered a sufficient burden. Four sons and three daughters already claimed his protection when the eighth and last born gladdened the mother's arms. William Irving — the father — was from the Orkneys, and had

cruised on the ocean before settling in New York. His wife was a beauty whom he had won while in an English port, and her character was as beautiful as her person. They had reached this city just in time to meet the colonial troubles, and having weathered the storms of the war, gave the name of the patriot hero to their new-born babe. Under such circumstances Washington Irving made his appearance in the world.

EARLY DAYS.

The first New York directory, issued in 1786, contains "William Irving, merchant, 75 William street." The place mentioned was a small, two story house, and the front room was occupied as a store. William Irving was a thrifty dealer, and supported his family in a reputable manner. Every Sunday they attended the Brick church, and that group of children which followed their parents to the family pew awoke admiration. William, John, Ebenezer, Peter and Washington were the names of the sons, the daughters being Ann, Catharine and Sarah, and the former was the special guardian of the youngest and most beautiful, as well as the most gifted. But we can only take a brief glimpse of youth. The family grew up to usefulness. William and Ebenezer became merchants, John studied law, Peter chose medicine, while Washington seemed at first to promise little but amiability. He was not of a business turn, but his beautiful person and charming manners rendered him a universal favorite. The easy life of such a boyhood had an enduring effect upon the man. It was not, however, a life of idleness, but one of roving through those scenes which were then so full of interest. New York was a small city, but it held chief distinction. Broadway only extended to St. Paul's, and Wall street was the center both of fashion and political

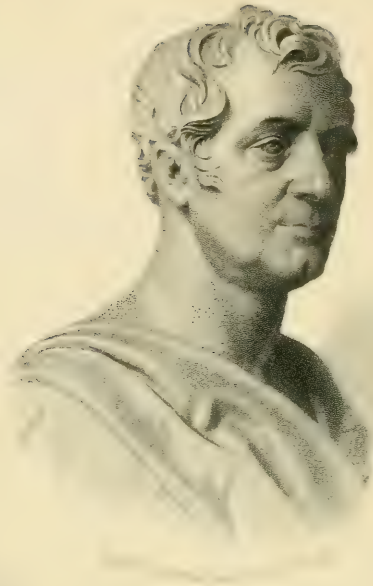
influence ; but there was the East river with its Hell gate, and its traditions of Kidd and his buried treasures, and in fact the little city was surrounded by an atmosphere of romance which threw its charm upon the youth and prepared him for authorship.

A voyage across the ocean was then so rare that it gave one marked distinction. Hardly a score of Americans had made an European tour, but the youth was in delicate health, and his brother William, who was doing a good business, determined to send him abroad. Passage was taken on a ship bound for Bordeaux, whence the young tourist went to Nice, to Naples, to Sicily and to Rome. The Eternal City contained three Americans,



ALLSTON.

one of whom was Allston, who almost persuaded Irving to become an artist. This tour was one of deep interest, and Irving saw the effect of Napoleon's war, being as he traveled through France taken for an English prisoner. He saw much for so limited an opportunity, and while in London witnessed the histrionic performances of Kemble,



Washington Irving

Mrs. Siddons and Cooke. After nearly two years of wandering he returned home with a head full of beautiful thoughts, but with no settled purpose.

Nothing better offered, and so, like many others who have nothing else to do, he studied law. This means that he entered Josiah Ogden Hoffman's office and turned over the leaves of law books while his heart was somewhere else. Nevertheless, he was admitted to the bar, the examination being conducted under the plea "be to my faults a little blind." Irving could answer a few simple questions. "He knows a little law, Wilkins," remarked Hoffman to his associate examiner. "Make it stronger, Joe," was the reply; "say — little." So they let him in, and the tin sign was soon visible in Wall street, "Washington Irving, Attorney-at-Law."

LITERARY EFFORTS.

America at that time had no literature. A few books came from England, and of course controlled taste. Pope was read, and the Spectator was popular among the cultured few. Fielding's novels were also known, and so were the writings of Goldsmith. Some of the best poetry America had thus far produced was by a colored girl brought from Africa and sold in Boston as a slave, and it may be added that the verses of Phillis Wheatley contain a surprising degree of merit. New York had neither poet, reviewer, editor, novelist, nor even tale-writer. Its newspapers rarely contained a well written paragraph, and the thinking part of the public was so occupied by politics that there had hardly been any opportunity for general literature.

The time, however, had come for a new birth, and the literary infant was called Salmagundi. Its paternity was three-fold. One of these was William Irving, who,

though a business man, cultivated literature, and had he pursued it instead of trade would have won high rank. James K. Paulding was another. He had recently come from Dutchess county, and William Irving had married his sister. The third was Washington Irving, who was just twenty-one. Salmagundi was a series of humorous hits at the town, and being the first thing of the kind made a sensation, but at present such an issue would hardly attract notice. It is now only kept from oblivion by the fame of one of its authors. After an existence of little more than a year, during which twenty numbers had been issued, Salmagundi was discontinued, owing to a disagreement with the publisher.

One now reads its pages not only with a melancholy sense of the change in society and its locality, but also with a sense of the value of progress and improvement. The allusion to "our lawmakers waiting at Albany for the opening of the river," and also to "the sail boat that served as ferry to New Jersey" are sufficient for this. It may be added that Sophie Sparkle of Salmagundi was Mary Fairlie, who afterward married Cooper, the tragedian. She was the most brilliant girl in the city, and no doubt would have won Irving's affections had they not been previously fixed on the delicate form and tender beauty of the daughter of his legal patron, Josiah Ogden Hoffman.

LOVE MATTERS.

Life is nothing without love, and love becomes both elevated and deepened by disappointment. It is this which gives such power to Pope's epistle of Eloise to Abelard, and adds such a charm to Byron's emotional pieces, while it reaches its highest utterances in Burns' Highland Mary. Matilda Hoffman was in no wise a striking character. Indeed, she was too young for development, and would

probably have held an average place among the amiable, sympathetic girls just released from the hard lessons of daily tuition and admitted into society. Irving loved her, however, and to such a man the emotion could only be of the most intense power. His affection was returned, and there was that union of hope and happiness which recalls the words of the poet :

O there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Now comes the crushing hand of death rending the lovers, but giving Irving the deep tone which was needed by such a mercurial character. Matilda died — only seventeen. How early to fill so large a space in the history of genius! Her death made Irving what he became. Had Matilda lived her husband would have been merely a struggling lawyer (half *litterateur*) and the father of a sickly family. She died to become an object of consecration, and to give him an experience like that uttered by Byron :

Time tempers love but ne'er removes;
More hallowed when its hope is fled.
Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?

MORE AUTHORSHIP.

Irving's life had thus far been sunny and joyous to an unusual degree, but now he was called upon to meet repeated sorrows. The death of Matilda was preceded by that of his father, and then died his beloved sister, Ann, who had nurtured him with such fondness that the tie was one of unusual strength. These shadows fell upon him at a time when he was writing a humorous book, and the contrast was therefore one of peculiar power. The Knickerbocker History of New York made others smile, while its author was laden with sadness. The book had merits, and also glaring defects. Its humor is overdone,

and its style shows that the author had not read Fielding in vain, but the creation of Diedrich Knickerbocker, the quaint old historian, is fully equal to that of Sir Roger De Coverly, and the allusions to Dutch manners in the olden times were pleasing and felicitous.

The book was successful from the very rarity of authorship. It was the first original volume printed in this city outside of politics, and the Dutch gentry were so indignant at the liberties a Scotchman's son had taken that the sale was beyond expectations. This work, however, which brought Irving \$3,000, is so ephemeral that only his subsequent fame keeps it alive. Had its author written no more it would now be in oblivion, except one utterance. I refer to the most vital contribution the author ever made to the common parlance of the age when he spoke of the "almighty dollar."

IRVING AND BURR.

Irving, while in Europe, heard of the Hamilton and Burr duel, but shocking as it was, this tragedy did not destroy the friendship which united the families. The Irvings, like many of the young men of that day, had been magnetized by the fascinating politician, and Peter Irving, having renounced medicine, became the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, which advocated Burr's claims to the presidency. To this paper, Washington Irving, when only nineteen, contributed a series of articles on the drama, and as the Park theatre was then recently opened, they attracted some notice. These Jonathan Oldstyle papers were so inferior that the author was much annoyed by their republication after he had reached fame.

To return to Burr, it may be said that when in prison in Richmond he sent for Irving, hoping that his influence might be of assistance. Burr needed all possible power

of friendship. Irving obeyed the request, and found the friend of better days the solitary inmate of a cell. He remained through the trial, and ever afterward spoke of Burr in terms of kindness, though he felt a proper disgust for his depraved morals.

THE WAR OF 1812.

The success of the Knickerbocker history did not immediately stimulate its author to greater efforts, and during a whole year he wrote nothing more than a brief sketch of Campbell to grace an edition of *The Pleasures of Hope*. The brothers were so deeply interested in his welfare that they proposed to give him a share in their importing house as a mere benefaction, for they had no idea of his ever becoming a business man. The plan was to send him abroad, but before this was done it was important that the movements of Congress should be learned, and hence the young author was sent to Washington. He wrote to Brevoort that "the journey was terrible. I was three days going to Baltimore, and slept one night in a log-house. I have attended Mrs. Madison's drawing-room. She is a fine, buxom, portly dame, and has a smile and pleasant word for every one."

The ensuing war prevented Irving from going abroad, and he remained in New York, doing such literary work as fell to his hands. He became editor of the *Analectic Magazine*, to which he contributed some biographical sketches of our victorious naval commanders. This kind of work, however, did not suit him, and was discontinued. The governor of the State then appointed him military secretary, and the young author held the rank and title of colonel, and did good service in this specialty. A military order is still extant bearing the signature of "Washington Irving, aid-de-camp."

Peace soon gladdened all hearts, and brought a renewal of the importing scheme. Foreign goods were in great demand, and Peter Irving, who had been abroad during the war, repaired to Liverpool and awaited his brother. Peter had been physician and editor, and now intended to try his hand at trade, for which he was as little adapted. He took an office, however, erected his sign, "P. Irving & Co.," the "Co." being the author and his New York brother

MORE FOREIGN LIFE.

In May, 1815, Washington Irving, then in his thirty-second year, sailed for Liverpool in order to take his place in the new firm. He had a literary distinction not limited to America, for Scott had read the Knickerbocker history, and expressed his gratification, but he was not worth a dollar, and hence it was time to try for pecuniary success. After a brief tour through some interesting localities, we now find the author laboring at the desk like an ordinary bookkeeper, and he writes a friend: "I am as dull, commonplace a fellow as ever figured on 'change."

He soon perceived that Peter's purchases were too heavy for the capital of the New York firm. The market glutted, sales were dull, and the New York partners were unable to remit. After seven months of this experience, the author says, in one of his letters: "I would not again endure the anxious days and sleepless nights which I have suffered since I have taken hold of business for the wealth of Cræsus."

DARK PERIOD.

We now reach the darkest period in Irving's life. Failure and ruin threatened the concern, but his anxiety was not so much for himself as for his brothers. This is shown by the following extract from one of his letters: "My heart is torn by anxiety for my relatives. My own

individual interests are nothing. The merest pittance would content me if I could see my connection safe." Dark, however, as were his own prospects, he could sympathize with others. He met Campbell, who, like most poets, was very poor, and who had a scheme for lecturing in America. Irving encouraged the idea, but the unfortunate poet had not nerve enough to make the attempt.

Irving, in these troubles, again resorted to literature. He went to London and tried to induce the leading publishers to send their best works to America, hoping that such an agency would afford him a commission, but in this he was disappointed. He also hoped to republish his *Knickerbocker History*, but this scheme was long delayed. Irving had now been two years in England, and was getting poorer every day. He determined to break away from trade, and made an excursion to Scotland, where he met his first encouragement. Blackwood invited him to write for his magazine, and Scott, who gave him a warm welcome, wished him to edit a new periodical. They viewed the young author as the son of "a brother Scot," and hoped that he would become a resident of the land of his fathers, but though Irving was delighted with Scott's hospitality, he declined these proposals, having still a hope of success in his negotiations with London publishers.

BANKRUPTCY.

The house of P. Irving & Co. having sunk in the universal storm, we now find the author, at the age of thirty-four, a bankrupt. He wrote Brevoort: "We are now to pass through the bankruptcy act. It is a humiliating alternative, but my mind is made up to anything that will extricate me from this loathsome entanglement." He adds: "I trust that something will turn up to give me subsistence, and however scanty may be my lot I can be

content — but I feel harrassed in behalf of my brothers. It is a dismal thing to look round and see the wreck of such a family.” Irving appeared before the commissioners in bankruptcy, stood an examination and was discharged. Then came the first token of success in an engagement to forward British works to a Philadelphia house. It lasted a year, and gave him \$1,000. What a grand lift to one who seemed sinking!

At this time of darkness he entered the literary market with some sketches which had amused his shadowed hours, and which he submitted to John Murray, who was the most liberal and at the same time the most aristocratic publisher of the age. His plans are thus unfolded in a letter to a friend: “I have been for some time nerving my mind up for literary work. Should I succeed (beside the copyright), I trust it will not be difficult to obtain some official situation of a moderate, unpretending kind, in which I may make my bread. Should I not succeed, I am content to throw up the pen and take to any commonplace employment. I shall not return to America until I have sent some writings which shall make me welcome to the smiles of my friends, instead of skulking back, an object of pity.”

It may be added that the above-mentioned “writings” were sent to one of Irving’s brothers, who had them published as fast as received, and they were entitled the Sketch Book, by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Their popularity in New York was decisive, and the sale was much beyond expectations. This led Irving to offer the work to Murray, as above mentioned, and when it was declined, Irving, remembering Scott’s kind notice of Knickerbocker, sent him the printed pages, and requested his influence with Constable. Scott’s reply was encouraging, but in the meantime Miller had arranged to issue the book,

which appeared in London eight months after its first appearance in New York. Miller was at that time in financial difficulty, and would only publish on condition that the author should meet all the bills, including advertising. On these terms 1,000 copies were issued, and soon afterward Miller failed.

SUCCESS AT LAST.

Irving had reached thirty-seven, and up to this time he might have been termed a failure. In both law and merchandise he had proved unsuccessful, and this was added to a series of bereavements. He had lost his sweetheart, his parents and his best-loved sister. He was poor, and his brothers were also poor. Misfortune was crushing the family, and yet at that time he had just reached the turn of the tide which thenceforth set in and was soon to show a full wave of success. Scott was in London when Miller failed; he induced Murray to issue the work, and the author received the handsome fee of £250 for the copyright.

The Sketch Book had a rapid sale. An American author was then a curiosity, and the British were delighted to see their country so elegantly portrayed by a foreigner. They had heard the oft-repeated inquiry, "Who reads an American book?" Here, however, was an American book they could not but read. Irving became a welcome guest in society, where his beauty and elegant manners awoke general admiration, while as a *litterateur* he became one of Murray's favorites and was sure of the highest price that genius could command. A report soon got in circulation that the Sketch Book was written by Walter Scott, and this alone is proof of its popularity.

UNLUCKY PETER.

Irving was utterly devoted to his brothers, but Peter

was the special object of his affection. As soon as the Sketch Book placed its author in funds he and Peter started for the continent. A scheme had been started for steam navigation on the Seine, and the two brothers became interested in it. The author thought it would be a fine thing for his unfortunate brother, and this was a sufficient inducement. He was able to raise \$5,000, and had achieved a reputation which would bring more. Hence he invested the above-mentioned sum in the steamboat scheme, and Peter was installed manager. The man who had failed as physician, editor and merchant, now added one more failure to the list. The scheme proved a bubble, and the entire capital was sunk. Irving briefly alludes to it in a letter with the closing remark: "If all I have advanced is lost, my only regret is on Peter's account." In contrast with this ill-luck, however, was the news that Crayon was overselling every other book of the season, and Murray sends £200 additional merely from a sense of justice.

LIFE IN PARIS.

The next scene is Paris, where Irving met Tom Moore, who had left England on account of financial difficulty. Moore was living in a cottage in the suburbs, and one night his wife gave a little reception. Piano music and dancing were among the amusements, and a chalk line was drawn around a hole in the floor to warn of danger. Another hole was watched by one of the guests, and every time the floor cracked the humor of the scene rose to a higher degree. It was an occasion so full of real pleasure that Irving always loved to recall it. Irving also met at this time John Howard Payne, and both being Americans a close friendship was the consequence. They took rooms together, and engaged in adapting French dramas to the London stage. Payne had gone through

severe poverty, and Irving could fully sympathize with him. It was at this time that Payne wrote the opera of *Clari*, which contains his famous *Home, Sweet Home*. Irving was indebted to Payne for an introduction to Talma, the famous French tragedian. While in Paris Moore allowed Irving to read Lord Byron's autobiographical memoirs, and he was the only man thus favored, except the publisher, as the latter was induced to suppress the work out of regard to the family.

RETURNING TO LONDON.

Irving soon returned to London and wrote *Bracebridge Hall*, which, indeed, had been begun in Paris, and also aided Payne in bringing out one of his plays. Murray paid Irving £1,000 for the new book, which also had a large sale in America. The author immediately sent £200 to Peter, who was still in Paris — it being always his rule to share his good luck with the family. Irving was now a courted guest in the highest circles, and for a time became a society man, but he felt his homeless condition deeply, as may be seen by the verses written by him at that time in a lady's album, one of which is as follows:

For ever thus the man that roams,
On heedless hearts his feeling spends;
Strange tenant of a thousand homes
And friendless with ten thousand friends.

VISITS GERMANY.

Irving's life now became a "tale of a traveler," and we next find him rambling through Germany and drinking in the romantic and supernatural legends of that land of mysticism. Frankfort, Mayence, Heidelberg and Darmstadt were visited, and at the latter he began the *Tales of a Traveler*, of which his life was indeed an illustration. Thence to Munich and Vienna, after which came six months in Dresden, which formed indeed one of

the brightest scenes in Irving's life. He found a delightful circle of English visitors, and as his fame preceded him, he had an enthusiastic welcome. He became a favorite with the royal family, and aided in getting up private theatricals, in which he bore a part and performed in a very clever manner.

Among others whom he met at this time were the Fosters (mother and two daughters), a family of British gentry with whom he became very intimate. Emily Foster afterward claimed that Irving offered her his hand, which was declined for prudential reasons. This, however, is hardly probable. The lost *Matilda* was enshrined in his heart; her prayer book was his companion during all his travels, and a still greater treasure — her miniature — was always with him, and to these memorials was added a lock of her hair, all of which were kept sacred from other eyes until revealed by death.

Six months at Dresden was a delightful dream which passed away, and then came renewed literary effort. Murray sent him a spurring letter wanting another book, and offered £1,200 without seeing the contents. Irving was then finishing *Tales of a Traveler*, and when he brought the manuscript to the publisher, the price was raised to £1,500.

LONDON AND PARIS AGAIN.

Irving, at forty, was one of the lions of London society. He met Rogers, Crabbe, Proctor and others of the literary notables, while the artists Newton and Leslie were rivals for his portrait. Newton's drawing of the author is inferior, while Leslie's portrait is both elegant in finish and correct as a likeness. It is one of the gems of the Lenox collection, and its reduced size is its only defect. From London again to Paris to see Peter and afford all possible encouragement, and then in order to

provide for the future the author takes stock in a copper mine. A "friend," as usual, is ready to assist him in making the investment. Friends are plenty under such circumstances, reminding one of the bubbles of the present day. So the money goes, bringing only experience, and the author must once more to literature.

LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

Alexander Everett was then our minister at Madrid, and as a life of Columbus had just been issued by a Spanish historian (Navarette), he wrote to Irving that a translation would be remunerative. Irving replies: "I doubt whether I shall get as much as you suppose, but there is something in the job that pleases me, and this will be compensation." Before the lapse of a month Irving was in Madrid, and the task was begun. A mere translation, however, was found less desirable than an original work, and the latter plan was adopted. Irving, who was then forty-three, did the hardest labor of his entire life. Two years of close application finished the work, and Murray paid £3,000, while the American edition gave a profit of \$3,000, thus making an aggregate of \$18,000. Irving then visited Grenada, the seat of the ancient Moorish monarchy, and passed several months in those researches which afterward gave the Conquest of Grenada, and the still more charming Alhambra, or Moorish Sketch Book.

BACK TO LONDON.

A tour embracing Seville, Cordova, Malaga, Cadiz, Gibraltar and other places of interest followed, and the scenes thus visited are given in many delightful letters which can be read even now with pleasure. Seville was for one season a place of residence, when suddenly comes the appointment of secretary of the legation at London, thus breaking up dreamy romance and ancient memories

in the soft and fascinating atmosphere of Spain. Here is a picture of life in the Alhambra (in a letter to Peter): "I cannot tell you how delicious these cool halls and courts are in this sultry season. My room is so completely in the centre of the old castle that I hear no sound but the hum of the bees, the notes of birds and the murmuring of fountains." Irving's three years in Spain, indeed, was one of the most agreeable episodes in his European career.

His arrival in London opened diplomatic life — a new and interesting experience. Irving was now the most honored of all the *litterateurs* of the metropolis, and Oxford made him an LL.D. The Colonel Irving of the war of 1812 is thus the Dr. Irving of a British university. Irving, however, was well aware of the ridiculous character of all such titles, and hence dropped it at once. He was presented at court, and became acquainted with many of the political magnates of the day, but he now began to sigh for home and was glad to be relieved of his office. One of his most interesting events at this time was a visit to Newstead Abbey, the former seat of Lord Byron, and also a farewell interview with Scott, who was merely a wreck, body and mind, and who went to the grave in a few months.

NEW YORK ONCE MORE.

Seventeen years had elapsed since Irving left New York for the purpose of becoming a Liverpool merchant. He returned the most popular author of his day. We need hardly say that his welcome was of the most enthusiastic character. A grand dinner at the City Hotel was one of the features, and the leading toast (given by Chancellor Kent) was "Our illustrious guest — thrice welcome to his native land." The author replied in an unassuming but earnest manner, and closed thus :

I come from countries lowering with doubt and danger, where the rich man trembles, and the poor man frowns, and where all repine at the present, and dread the future. I come from these to a country where all is life and animation, and where every one speaks of the past with triumph, and of the future with confident anticipation. Is not this a land in which one may be happy to fix his destiny? I am asked how long I mean to remain here? They know but little of my heart who can ask this question. I answer, as long as I live.

The hall resounded with applause, and Irving, as soon as he could again be heard, added as a finale, "Our city, may God continue to prosper it."

NEXT MOVEMENTS.

Irving now determined on a tour through the West, extending to the prairies, to gain an experience of frontier life. He had seen the most finished society, and he wanted now to see a contrast. Making this tour, he visited Johnstown, where the grave of his sister Ann was an object of hallowed interest, and where some of her children were still living. Irving, then in his fiftieth year, was a model of manly beauty. I was at that time one of the small boys of the place, but I remember vividly the easy and elegant form as it passed through the street, and the countenance so expressive of the kind and genial nature. He walked down alone to the grave, and recalled the sister that once dandled him in her arms, and whose lullaby so often had laid him to sleep. Then he turned away, and it was his last visit to that sacred spot.

His Tour through the Prairies was the result of this expedition, and, as usual, it had a remunerative sale. Then Astor was ambitious of a place in literature as well as in finance, and he wanted Irving to write Astoria. He justly felt proud of his grand enterprise to the mouth of the Columbia, and wished it suitably chronicled. This work brought its author \$7,500, which he needed to carry out a long-cherished purpose.

A little home on the banks of the Hudson had long been a leading point in the author's ambition. He wanted a place where he could gather around him that circle which had always been so dear to him, and to this he refers in a letter to a friend: "You have been told no doubt of my purchase of ten acres on the river bank. It is a beautiful spot, capable of being made a paradise. There is a small stone Dutch cottage on it, built about a century ago. My idea is to make a little nookery, quaint but unpretending. In fact it is more with a view of furnishing my brother a retreat for himself and his girls, where they can ruralize during the summer."

The brother referred to was Ebenezer, who had been unfortunate in business, and who passed the last twenty years of his life in that very cottage, which indeed became the home of his family. The first plan was enlarged, and the building became all that the author expected. He received many distinguished guests there, including Louis Napoleon and Thackeray, and Sunnyside indeed soon attracted the admirers of genius both of American and foreign birth.

MISSION TO MADRID.

The politicians had made every effort to turn Irving to account. He had declined nomination for Congress, and also for the mayoralty of his native city. Next came a message from Van Buren, offering him a place in his cabinet as secretary of the navy, which was also declined, but when Tyler appointed him to the Spanish mission he could no longer refuse the demands of his country. His business affairs were committed to the hands of a faithful nephew, and the cottage was in charge of Ebenezer during this period of absence. Going by the way of England the author saw some of his former friends, among whom

was Moore, whom he met at the dinner given in behalf of the literary fund, where Prince Albert presided. Moore was much shattered, while Irving was in full vigor.

He also attended Queen Victoria's fancy ball, but was obliged to decline an invitation to a public dinner in Glasgow. Of his official services I have no time to speak, and therefore omit all allusion except to say they proved highly satisfactory to the government which he represented. His anxiety to return is shown by the following extract from his domestic correspondence: "I long to be once more at my dear Sunnyside while I have yet strength and spirits to enjoy the simple pleasures of the country, and to rally a happy family once more around me. I grudge every year of absence. To-morrow is my birthday, and I shall then be sixty-two. The evening of life is fast drawing over me, but I hope to get back among my friends while there is a little sunshine left." In a few weeks after writing the above he was restored to the bosom of friends and kindred on the banks of the Hudson.

MORE LITERARY WORK.

It is certainly remarkable that two American authors of high rank should select the same subject. These men were Irving and Prescott, the theme being the conquest of Mexico. Irving had just made a beginning when he learned that Prescott was similarly engaged, and with his customary generosity he at once discontinued, and informed Prescott of his purpose. A prompt and grateful acknowledgment was soon received from the favored author, but he little knew the sad and even bitter regret which accompanied this surrender.

Irving, however, had long cherished a desire to write the life of Washington. This subject, indeed, had been proposed by Constable soon after the appearance of the

Sketch Book, since at that time but little was known of Washington outside of America. This fact recalls a *mot* which Irving occasionally related with a full sense of its humorous aspect. He was passing through an exhibition of pictures in London when his attention was arrested by a portrait of the "father of his country," which attracted much attention. While all were thus gazing the inquiry was heard from a full-grown girl: "Mamma, who was Washington?" "La, child," was the reply, "why, he wrote the Sketch Book." To produce a history which should be authority on so grand a theme was now Irving's great purpose, and formed the crowning work of his life.

PUTNAM'S PROPOSAL.

For several years after Irving's return from Europe his works had been issued by a Philadelphia house, but as the latter lacked enterprise there was a good chance for rivalry. At that time (1848) Putnam opened negotiation and secured the exclusive privilege. He produced Irving's works in so attractive a form that a fresh demand appeared, and its extent surprised both author and publisher. A new generation had come into existence since Irving's first publications, and this gave what might be called "the verdict of posterity" to the works of the veteran author. Putnam's success led him to still greater efforts, and the rapid sales yielded Irving a degree of wealth of which he had little expectation.

The misfortune which marked Irving's early life found a compensation in the prosperity which now awaited him. The sale of his works gave him a handsome income, and instead of living in solitude and penury as he once imagined, he was able to afford an establishment which cost \$6,000 a year. What a contrast between his condition and that of Scott! The one began in disappointment, but

ended in wealth; the other began with success, but ended a bankrupt.

Among other points of Irving's good fortune was the selection of his name by Astor as one of his executors. The business was done by his associates, but Irving drew \$10,000 as his fees. The popularity of his name was everywhere apparent. There were Irving banks, Irving insurance companies, Irving stores, Irving magazines, Irving fire companies, Irving hotels and even Irving oyster houses. He had, however, seen too much adversity to be inflated with such honors, and in point of real humility few such instances are ever found. His character was simple, and while he avoided public notice, he was accessible to the humblest and had a deep fellow feeling for his race. The life of Washington kept him busy, and the favor with which each volume was received encouraged him to labor amid the infirmity occasioned by age and illness. He was social among his neighbors and was a regular attendant of the Tarrytown Episcopal church, of which, indeed, he was for many years a regular communicant. Among his greatest pleasures were the family gatherings at the "cottage." His great desire of being useful to his brothers had been fulfilled, and his life thus was rounded by a completeness which is rarely met in social history.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

The children of William Irving were all of fine appearance, but the author was the most attractive. His height was five feet seven, and he was finely proportioned. His countenance is so well known from portraits that no description need be added except to say that the artist rarely did him full justice. I remember him as he appeared in New York after he had passed fifty, for my

employer was his favorite nephew. I was then struck by the absence of all assumption. He seemed (in common parlance) "an every day sort of a man," and his conversation was marked by a flow of humor that a child could appreciate. A stranger would hardly believe that this could be the diplomat and author, who had met more of the great than any other American, and who had been on friendly terms with royalty. I also occasionally saw him walking the streets in an apparent reverie. His erect form moved quietly along, his glance was downward, and his countenance bore a pensive look. He was no doubt thinking of old times, when he and Brevoort and Paulding were among the lively youth of New York, and when Matilda Hoffman was the star of his affections. Ah, what changes had come over the spirit of his dream since that day of buoyant youth!

DEATH AND BURIAL.

During his latter days Irving suffered many painful symptoms which indicated disease of the heart. He enjoyed the ministrations of his faithful nieces and the best medical talent of New York, but all was in vain. He kept busy at his great work, however, but only survived its completion a few months. His life had reached seventy-seven, and had attained such a completeness that all that was now required was an easy dismissal. Suffering, indeed, had become the sole condition of existence. He was unable to sleep, and this often filled his nights with unutterable distress. His last day on earth, however, was one of peculiar beauty. The autumn was closing with that sad and solemn grandeur which sometimes marks the decline of the year. All of the family were rapt in admiration of a glorious sunset, and the author himself exclaimed at the beautiful scene, little

dreaming that it would be the last he would ever behold. He retired at half-past ten o'clock, expressing a dread of the night, and added in a sad tone, "When will this end?" His niece, who stood near, saw him as he uttered these words, sink to the floor, and the next moment he was dead. It was in every aspect of the case a relief which none could deny to such a sufferer. Thus passed away on the 29th of November, 1859, the author whom the world delighted to honor.

The funeral was of imposing character. The services were held in the church at Tarrytown, and the attendance was estimated by thousands, many of whom moved in solemn procession to the old Sleepy Hollow cemetery, where the author was buried by the side of his parents, and in the bosom of the kindred whom he loved so well.

Agreeable to general expectation the entire estate (except one copyright) was bequeathed to Ebenezer, the sole surviving brother, and to his daughters. The testator wished the cottage to continue a gathering place for the family; hence he desired that it should not be sold, but that the last survivor of the nieces should bequeath it to some good man of the name of Irving. The entire estate was not less than \$100,000. Ebenezer survived the author five years, and since then the nieces have been diminished by death to two, who reside in New York in the winter, but make Sunnyside their summer home. The place remains unchanged. The pen which the author last used lies on the table, as though awaiting his touch, and his hat hangs in the hall where he left it. Sunnyside has become one of the shrines of genius, and pilgrims from distant nations resort thither to honor the memory of Washington Irving.

IRVING'S SISTERS.

Irving had three sisters, who were in all points women

of worth and usefulness. One of the number (Sarah) married Henry Van Wart, who then was a fine-looking scion of an old Dutch family. He became a partner with William and Ebenezer Irving in the importation of hardware, and went to Birmingham as purchasing agent. Both he and his wife died there, and the latter is the only member of the Irving family buried in a foreign land. Another sister (Catharine) married Daniel Paris, a highly respectable lawyer, who at one time was prominent in State politics, and held a seat in the Senate. He was a resident of Troy for several years, and both he and his wife were buried there. Anne was the oldest of this trio, and became to a very great degree the nurse and guardian of her youngest brother, who for this reason was tenderly attached to her. Next to his sweetheart he loved Anne with all the depth of that affection which marked his character. Anne Irving married Richard Dodge, a native of New York, who, with his young bride, settled in Johnstown, which was then the "far West." In point of time it was nearly as distant as San Francisco.

Anne was the first of the Irving family that passed away from this transitory world, and her death was the first serious blow the author received. He was at that time making a journey to the northern part of the State, and he wrote to a friend as follows, under date of June 2, 1808:

While I was traveling in high spirits, with thoughts of home to inspire me, I had the shock of hearing of my sister's death, and never was a blow struck so near my heart before. One more heart lies cold and still that ever beat toward me with the warmest affection, for she was the tenderest and best of sisters, and a woman of whom a brother might be proud. To-morrow I start for Johnstown. Would to heaven I had gone there a month ago.

When Irving returned from Europe in 1832 he visited his kindred in Johnstown, and the writer of this, who was then a child, saw him walking down to Anne's grave.

The author went alone, for he wished no one to interfere with the sad and tender memories thus recalled. The grave is near the entrance, and is marked by a stone bearing the following inscription :

Sacred to the memory of Anne, wife of
Richard Dodge, and daughter of William Irving
of New York, who died on the 20th May, 1808,
in her thirty-eighth year.
She lived in the exercise of the Christian virtues,
and died in the full hope of a glorious resurrection.

This was the author's last visit to a spot consecrated by holy affection.

IRVING AS A DRAMATIST.

We seldom view Irving as a dramatist, and yet this was at one time a marked feature in his literary labors. He and John Howard Payne were intimate friends while living in Paris in 1817, and the latter led Irving to attempts of this character. Payne went to London for the purpose of introducing some of his own dramas, and while there Irving sent him a play in three acts entitled *Charles II, or the Merry Monarch*. This was a mere adaptation of *Le Jeunesse de Henry V*, a French play by Duval, which appeared thirty years previously.

Payne wrote to Irving that he thought it one of the best pieces of the kind he ever read, and adds that he sold it to Covent Garden for 200 guineas (equal to \$1,100). The play was immediately produced, and was a marked success. One of its peculiar characters was an old sea captain, who was continually trying to sing the only song he ever knew. This was a very clever hit in Irving, whose rhymes ran thus :

In the time of the Rump,
As old Admiral Trump,
With his broom swept the chops of the channel
And his crew of Big Breeches,
Those Dutch sons of ———.

Mary (putting her hand on his mouth) said: "Oh, uncle, uncle, don't sing that horrible rough song!" In this manner something always happened to stop the captain's song, and Charles Lamb said that "he got so anxious to hear it that it kept him awake nights."

Irving had stipulated for the concealment of his name, but in the preface Payne mentioned "his obligation to a literary friend for invaluable assistance." Some time afterward Payne wrote thus to Irving: "I am under obligations to you beyond the common kindnesses between friends of long standing. In the comedy of Charles the Second I have referred to the assistance you gave me, without violating your injunction of secrecy. I only regret that it is not in my power to make a more adequate return." Now that Payne and Irving are both dead, it may be said that the former is the original of "Buckthorne, or the Man of Great Expectations," in *Tales of a Traveler*.

AUTHORSHIP AND CHRONOLOGY.

While looking at Irving's life I am led to notice the recurrence of the number nine in the following manner: He began authorship in 1809, with the *History of New York*. In 1819 his *Sketch Book* was issued in New York, which placed him at the head of American literature. Ten years later (1829) he was the guest of the Spanish government in the Alhambra, and was elevated by his Columbus to the first rank in history. Ten years later (1839) he began his *Life of Washington* — an old scheme which was thus deferred by circumstances of a peculiar character. In 1849, Putnam's national edition gave Irving what was called "the verdict of posterity." Ten years later (1859) the *Life of Washington* was finished. Another point to be noticed is the connection between authorship and mortality. Scott, for instance, reached his

highest degree of fame with the publication of *Ivanhoe*, but this grand success was marred by the death of his mother and an unusual mortality in the family. The life of Irving is also a similar illustration of the contrasted lights and shadows of genius. His first book was published while its author was crushed by the loss of his betrothed — *Matilda Hoffman* — who died just six months before the appearance of the *Knickerbocker History*. His last — *The Life of Washington* — was finished in the spring of 1859, six months previous to the death of its author.

IRVING'S PEN NAMES.

Irving had five pen names, each so peculiar as to attract attention. The first was *Jonathan Oldstyle* of the *Morning Chronicle* — the next was *Anthony Evergreen*, of *Salmagundi*, and then we have *Diedrich Knickerbocker* and *Geoffrey Crayon*. His *Chronicles of Grenada* were also published as the work of *Fra Antonio Agapida*, this being another fanciful creation. Rather strange the *Oldstyle* articles, though the crudities of a youth of nineteen contain one of the best things the author ever wrote. It has, however, escaped observation, and hence some of my readers may be glad to see a new thing from an old author. Hence I offer the following extract:

Among other characters of the play was an ancient maiden, at whom flings and jests were made by the others for the entertainment of the audience. I think, however, that these attempts to injure female happiness are both cruel and unmanly. I have ever been an enthusiast in my attachment to the fair sex — I have ever thought them possessed of the strongest claims of our admiration, our tenderness and our protection. When, therefore, to these are added stronger claims — when we see them aged, solitary and neglected — cold, indeed, must be the heart that can point the shafts of ridicule and poison the little comfort that heaven may have poured into their cup.

This is certainly an admirable sentiment, and indicates the style of thought which Irving maintained through life.

IRVING AND BYRON.

Irving was the only American who knew the contents of a manuscript volume which has awakened intense curiosity and which indeed had a strange history. A great but polluted genius writhing under the verdict which society had uttered against him, wrote the memoirs of his own life, as an appeal which must be heard. It was to have the additional power of a voice uttered from the grave, for not till its author should have been laid there was it to appear. Such was the character of Byron's autobiographic memoirs. Having finished the work a few years before his death, he gave it to his friend Tom Moore, who sold it to John Murray for 2,000 guineas — equal to \$12,000 — this being the largest sum ever paid for any work of the kind.

After making the sale Moore became convinced that its revelations endangered the characters of others to such a degree that its publication would be dangerous. Indeed, when the annunciation was made, society was thrilled with surprise, and no doubt a tremendous influence was brought to bear on its suppression. Moore returned the price to Murray, and the amount was made up to him in a private manner, after which the manuscript was burned.

By way of explanation it may be said that as Irving and Moore were intimate friends, the latter consulted the former, who read the work, and therefore knew all its strange revelations. As the book was suppressed, Irving never divulged its secrets. It may be added that the destruction of the manuscript was done by Mrs. Leigh, the poet's half sister, into whose hands it was placed by its former owner.

IRVING AND THE GHOST.

There was during Irving's life a story afloat concerning his intimacy with a young Englishman — an invalid — who

agreed to appear after death if he should be invoked. This story is to a certain degree correct. The invalid referred to whose name was Hall, met Irving in Spain, whither he had gone for his health. Irving gives the following account of the affair: "One day we were talking about ghosts, and Hall suddenly asked me if I should like to receive a visit from him after death? I replied that, as we had always been on good terms, I would not be afraid to receive such a visit if it were practicable. Hall then said he was serious in his idea, and added 'I wish you to say you will consent.' To this I agreed, and Hall then said: 'Irving, it is a compact, and if I can solve the mystery for you I will do it.'" Soon afterward the invalid expired, and Irving was the only real mourner at the funeral. He wrote to the dead man's friends a full description of the sad event, and, while oppressed with the tender associations of such a mournful scene, he wandered out to one of their former haunts and there recalled the compact. In obedience to his promise he whispered an invocation, but no one appeared, nor did Hall ever make himself present to his last earthly friend. The latter was wont to say that "the ghosts were not kind to him."

SIMILAR CASE.

Ben Franklin mentions a similar agreement which he made with a friend named Osborne, when he was a young man living in Philadelphia. He says in his autobiography, "We had seriously engaged that whoever died first should return, if possible, and pay a friendly visit to the survivor, to give him an account of the other world," and he adds, "Osborne never fulfilled his engagement." This desire for such mysterious knowledge is so natural that it has been a matter of discussion for ages, and Blair thus alludes to it in his poem, *The Grave* :

Tell us, ye dead! Will none of you in pity
 To those you left behind disclose the secret?
 O, that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
 What 'tis you are and we must shortly be?

HOFFMAN AND IRVING.

The late Charles F. Hoffman was half-brother to Matilda Hoffman — the object of Irving's early affection. Matilda was the daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, an eminent attorney, who had been left a widower with several children. The youngest of these was Ogden, who became so noted for his eloquence. Two others were daughters, the youngest of whom was Irving's betrothed. Her mother died early, while Ogden was but a small child. Before Irving had become acquainted with the family there was a second Mrs. Hoffman, who had three children, one of whom was the unfortunate Charles. The family was a very happy one, and the new mother was deeply beloved. She was a favorite with Irving, who at that time was studying law in Hoffman's office.

How odd to think of Irving's Matilda as a pupil at the writing-master's; and yet, by reference to the *Museum*, published weekly in New York, in 1798, I see the advertisement of "Jenkins' Writing School," which contains the following certificate:

I engaged John Jenkins to give my daughter — a child not nine years old, and who was altogether ignorant of writing — twenty-one lessons. I have great pleasure in saying that by his instruction she has acquired a legible and good handwriting. I therefore cheerfully recommend Mr. Jenkins' manner of teaching as deserving peculiar encouragement.

JOSIAH OGDEN HOFFMAN,
 Attorney-General to the State of New York.

December 21, 1798.

Irving, at the date of the advertisement, was fifteen, and was attending Fisk's High School, and the next year he began the distasteful study of the law. He first entered Masterton's office, but in two years began his studies

with Hoffman, and this led to his acquaintance with the former pupil of the writing-master.

Josiah Ogden Hoffman had reason to be proud of his children. Of those of his first marriage, Matilda won the heart of Washington Irving, while Ogden became the most brilliant advocate of the age. Of the second family, Julia was an elegant woman, and Charles became a very popular writer. I met him during the latter part of his literary life, and noticed his fine personal appearance, notwithstanding his lame leg. He started the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and afterward the *American Monthly*. In 1846 he began a comic weekly called *Yankee Doodle*, which was unsuccessful; but its columns were graced by an effusion which will live as long as our national literature. This is his *Monterey*. The news of Taylor's victory over the Mexicans had just been received and oc-



CHARLES F. HOFFMAN.

casioned that thrilling outburst of martial poetry. It was among his last pieces, and is the only one which will live. Soon afterward it was whispered that his mind was failing, and it was not long before he was placed in an asylum, where he remained until relieved by death.

IRVING'S SORROWS.

Irving lost his father, his best beloved sister and his betrothed within the space of little more than a year. Such blows would naturally affect, in a very powerful manner, a sensitive young man of twenty-five, but they were followed by other disastrous changes. He became a partner with his brothers, and the firm failed. He went to Liverpool to take charge of the business, and bankruptcy overtook him in a strange land. Under such circumstances he thus writes to Mrs. Hoffman:

I have been so crushed by cares and troubles that I have almost abandoned letter writing, and indeed would do so altogether but that I am fearful that those whose affection I most value would either forget me or think I had forgotten them. I met Mr. Verplanck lately, and the sight of him brought up a thousand melancholy reflections of past scenes and of distant friends, and also of those that have gone to a better world. When I look back a few years, what changes have taken place! Is this an epoch peculiar for its vicissitudes, or has my own circle been especially subject to calamity, or is it the common lot of man to find, as he advances, the blows of fate thickening? What wreck and ruin a few short years have produced! My future prospects are dark and uncertain, but I hope for the best, and may yet find wholesome fruit springing up from trouble and adversity.

When we consider that Irving's subsequent life was highly prosperous, we may see the benefit of his example in always hoping for the best. The darkest hour is often just before dawn. It was at such a time that he ventured the publication of the Sketch Book, which brought him immediate success.

BYRON.

Viewing Byron either physically or intellectually his life was unusually rapid. His poetic career was hardly more than ten years in duration, and he ceased writing at an age when most men have hardly reached notice. Walter Scott, for instance, at that age had only published his *Border Minstrelsy* and a few ballads. Byron wrote nothing for the press after his thirty-fourth year,



his lines on reaching thirty-six being merely a personal lament, and he died three months afterward. His history may be divided into four parts: First, from infancy to the university, a period of nineteen years; second, university to marriage, a period of eight years; third, married life, a period of thirteen months; fourth, life in Italy and death in Greece, including a period of little more than seven years.

The first of these periods gives us the wild and headstrong boy at school in Scotland, of which country his mother was a native. No control was exercised upon his passions, which he inherited in great force from both parents. Capt. Byron, indeed, was a notorious profligate, who died when the future poet was only three, and on the other hand the mother was subject to fierce paroxysms of rage.

Capt. Byron was married twice, the fruit of the first union being Augusta, who was, therefore, the poet's half-sister. He says of this period in his life: "I differed not from other children, except in my sullen moods, and then I was a devil. They once wrenched a knife from me which I had applied to my own breast. My passions were developed so early that few people would believe me." This ferocity was the prominent feature in his life, and is one of the proofs of mental disease. He had what he calls "an infant passion for Mary Duff." At twelve he was so deeply in love with his cousin that it called forth his first poem. He says that "the effect of his passion was that he could not eat nor sleep." The girl died soon afterward, and before two years were past he was again intensely in love, the object of his affection being Mary Chaworth, whom he called "the star of his boyhood." He says: "Our union would have healed feuds and joined lands."

Castelar is of the opinion that it should have taken place, and that it would have changed favorably the poet's life. This view I cannot accept. She was two years his senior, and being his third love, would naturally have given away to other attractions. I do not believe that Byron and Mary Chaworth would have lived together a year. It is my conviction, based on his own sentiments, that his "love," as he called it, was as diseased as the rest of his nature. Evidently it was as variable as it was intense. Having begun with Mary Duff in childhood, it shifted from one object to another. He says that he was "attached fifty times before marriage." After his wife had left him he continued these varied attachments until he reached Guiccioli, and when he got tired of her he went to Greece, where death stopped his amours.

EDUCATION.

He thus speaks of his university life: "I took my graduation in the vices with great promptitude, but they were not to my taste." He means that he was too solitary to go into what he calls "the commonplace libertinism of the university." He adds: "The heart thrown back on itself threw me into excesses, perhaps more fatal than those from which I shrunk." From such hints as these it may be inferred that Byron's college life was marred by dissipation and licentiousness. He had a set of wild, but talented companions, including Bankes and Hobhouse, but the most noted was Matthews, who was, indeed, one of the most gifted men in England. He gave promise of attaining distinction, but was drowned while bathing.

It was these roysterers that he invited to Newstead Abbey, and as a costuner had provided them with monastic robes their orgies were the more fantastic when con-

trusted with the garb of a religious order. On these occasions Byron was styled "the abbot." He had amused himself while in the university by writing poetry, and in his nineteenth year, having left Cambridge, he published *Hours of Idleness*. Had it not been for the attack made on this volume by the *Edinburgh Review* it would have died a natural death, and that would have been the end of Lord Byron. The review was bitter and unjust as a criticism and rude in its personal allusions, but it was just what was wanted to wake up dormant genius, and he had a reply ready for the press before the end of the year, but while the world was thrilled by English Bards and Scotch Reviewers the author had sailed on a voyage to Spain.

After two years' absence in the east Byron returned and published *Childe Harold*. He was then (1812) in his twenty-third year, and it is surprising that the fame which this work conferred did not make him dizzy. Probably the reason why it did not was because the love of fame had less power over him than his sensual passion. The loose morals of Spanish life had their natural effect and the scenes of the Orient were much of the same character.

He came back ready to alternate in the service of the muse on the one hand and the temple of Venus on the other. His poetic fertility at that time was wonderful.

Childe Harold was followed by the *Curse of Minerva*, the *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos* and the *Corsair*—all published within three years after his return, the author being then just twenty-five. No such precocity can elsewhere be met in the annals of genius, and the best explanation is found in the fact that it was that rapid operation which is generally the proof of disease. He was as he said—"unnaturally old." The *Bride of Aby-*

dos was written in four nights, in order to divert his mind from an unpleasant subject.

During this time he was on the managing committee of Drury Lane Theater and had every facility of loose life. One of the actresses was under his "protection," as he expresses it, and the occasional hints in his letters prove that he sank deep into the vices of the metropolis. This was a strange preparation for domestic life and hence one is somewhat surprised at the announcement which he thus makes to Tom Moore :

September 20, 1814.

Dear Moore,—I am going to be married. You need not be in a hurry to wish me joy. I must of course, reform thoroughly.

This last sentence is decidedly suggestive, but as for reformation, that was impossible. To another person he writes concerning the happy event: "You know I must be serious all the rest of my life." With such preparations he approached a union with an heiress on whose wealth he laid favorable eyes. He was so reduced by his extravagance that money must be had, while some check to his excesses was necessary to save him from decay and perhaps early death.

THE BRIDE.

She who was to be offered up to this combination of genius, drunkenness and passion was a calm and self-possessed young woman of twenty-three, of fine mathematical abilities and one who, being controlled by reason as well as by affection, was just the reverse of her betrothed. In fact, the union was, to a very great degree, the reverse of the sex in each party. Anna Arabella Milbanke — commonly called Annabell — the discreet and methodical bride, was of the masculine element, while the passionate, capricious, unstable and heedless poet, was what is sometimes regarded as the feminine.

On January 2, 1815, the wedding took place, the poet being nearly twenty-seven. Seldom is a man found less fitted for married life, and his opinion of the condition is thus expressed in a letter to Moore just a month afterward: "The treacle moon is over; I am awake and find myself married. * * * Swift says no wise man ever marries, but for a fool I think it the most ambrosial of all future states."

The reformation of which Byron spoke was hardly attempted. He commenced married life in London, and in elegant style; spent his money lavishly — was a regular patron of the theatre in all its freedom, and mingled in orgies of the vilest character. Toward autumn, when Lady Byron was approaching maternity, her husband was reveling at dinners whose drunkenness he chronicles in his letters. On the 10th of December Ada was born, and the poet writes to Moore that "it is a large child for her days," and adds: "I have been married a year, heigh ho!" Little did he think that he was so soon to be free from such burdens.

A SENSIBLE WOMAN.

The lorn Annabell had for a whole year lived with a poetical rake whose reformation at last seemed beyond hope. He was the most brilliant writer of his day, and yet his evil habits more than off-set his fame. Had he loved his wife she might have endured a still greater burden of misery, but she learned by a year of sorrow that his heart was in the stews of London. She had become the mother of a lovely babe, and this at once absorbed her soul. The reckless debauchee whom she was once proud to call husband had lost his power over her. The babe was her life, and the question was how to save it from the abominations which overhung the father's name for two generations.

One excuse, however, had caused her to contemplate him with pity, and made her willing to cling to his side. He was insane! Such, indeed, was the theory by which she accounted for that abominable depravity which no words could express. She would not abandon the wretched lunatic, brute as he had become. This explains the kindness which she displayed when they parted (the last time), six weeks after Ada's birth. She went to visit her parents in the country, and then thought to return, but having reached her paternal home, a thorough examination was made of her husband's conduct.

She was forced by fresh testimony, obtained in a way which I need not describe, to another conclusion. That conclusion was that, so far from being a lunatic, he had full use of his reason; the trouble was not insanity, but the domination of foul and damning passions. Information was then conveyed to the poet that the separation was forever, and they never met again. In this way the greatest woman-killer of the day found that there was at least one of the sex who was his master. He also learned that the details of his evil life had been discovered by his indignant wife by means of an espionage under which he had been placed. The woman had completely out-generaled him, and if he demanded the babe she was ready to meet him in the courts with proof.

Byron's wife became a widow at thirty-two, but never married again. She rarely sought society, but visited Walter Scott at Abbotsford in 1817, when Ada was nearly two years old. No doubt she had at this time heard of Allegra, who was then nearly a year old. Scott writes thus of this visit in a letter to a friend: "My heart ached for her all the time we were together — there was so much patience and decent resignation to a situation which must have pressed on her thoughts, that she was to

me one of the most interesting creatures I had seen for a score of years." Lady Byron devoted much of the last thirty years of her life to works of benevolence, and died in 1860, being then in her sixty-ninth year. She survived her husband thirty-six years, and her only child (Ada) one-quarter of that time, and no doubt had a full share of the sorrows of life.

EXCITING GOSSIP.

The separation of a titled family, after so brief a union, occasioned the most exciting gossip which up to that time London had ever enjoyed. The genius of the young peer, his beauty, his intrigues and his embarrassments, were the vivid and inspiring subjects of conversation. Everybody justified the course pursued by the wife, and the splendid rake received the entire volume of public denunciation. He was compelled, as by force of conscience, to vindicate his wife, and he thus writes Moore three months after the separation: "I must say in the very dregs of this bitter business, that there never was a better or even a brighter, a kinder or more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make. Where there is blame it belongs to myself, and if I cannot redeem I must bear."

To escape the gossip which pervaded the aristocracy, including Parliament, of which he was a member, Byron determined to leave England. Another reason was his financial condition. He had spent money so lavishly and foolishly that he was deeply in debt, and his library was under levy. He writes to Murray, four months after the separation: "This is the tenth execution in as many months. So I am pretty well hardened; but it is fitting that I should pay the penalty of my forefathers' extravagance and my own."

Before the lapse of six weeks he left England, little

thinking he would never return, but such was the case. He raised sufficient funds from the sale of his works to give him a start, and the cheapness of living in Italy would afford an opportunity to retrieve his condition. The poet, though then little past twenty-eight, was prematurely old. His constitution was one of great natural strength, but it had been terribly impaired by the habits which had mastered him. During his journey he collected material for a continuation of *Childe Harold*, but in Switzerland an intrigue with an English woman resulted in the birth of his second daughter *Allegra*, who was only a year younger than *Ada*. Six months after leaving England he reached Venice, and in a few weeks his letter to *Moore* announces a fresh intrigue. His goddess "has the voice of a lute and the song of a seraph," etc.

CONGENIAL ABODE.

Byron's letters from Italy show that he had at least reached a congenial state of society. Yet even at this time genius reasserted her power, and he wrote *Manfred* and other works of ability, including the remainder of *Childe Harold*. The next year he took up his residence at *Ravenna*, and the inevitable amour which followed introduces the name of *Guiccioli*. About this time he placed in the hands of his best friend, *Tom Moore*, that autobiography which was afterward destroyed. It is to be noted that Byron's letters from Italy rarely referred to the glories of art or architecture. One would hardly imagine from their perusal that he was in the land of *Raphael* and *Michael Angelo*, but they are spiced with allusions to his intrigues. His appeal in *Childe Harold* to "*Ada*, sole daughter of my house and heart," was written when he had another daughter (*Allegra*), whom he loved much more tenderly, but who died two years

before her father. These things show that his parental sentiment was artificial and was intended for public display, while the reality was of a very different character.

THE TRUE VIEW.

Byron's Italian life was, in fact, one in which his earlier sins were deeply intensified. He described the social depravity that surrounded him with a gusto which showed how much he loved it. Never did he express regret, still less repentance. He says: "If I were to live over again I do not know that I would change in my life, except it were for — not to have lived at all." The true view of Byron is genius overcome by the unclean spirit. The social corruption of Italian society inspired his last poem, *Don Juan*, which was begun at thirty, the year of life in which the missionary, Brainerd, closed his wonderful career. An impressive contrast with Byron is found in *Augustin*, for both confessed the power of the baser passions. In one we see the soul rising after repeated struggles, in which he made an eventual triumph. In the other we see the spiritual nature gradually yielding to the unclean spirit, until it became the slave of the latter.

The worst spectacle in the world is a wasted life, and such was the picture Byron thus presents of himself:

——— In short, I

Have squandered my whole summer while 't was May,
Have spent my life both interest and principal,
And deem not — what I deemed — my soul invincible.

The best thing to read in connection with this confession is James Russell Lowell's *Extreme Unction*, the original of which Byron might have supplied better than any other character.

The sated sybarite left Italy for Greece worn out and

in premature age. Indeed, the rapid decline occasioned by vice had for some years made him feel like an old man. This idea he brought out in *Manfred*, with an almost prophetic foresight :

Look on me! there is an order
Of mortals on the earth who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age.
Without the violence of warlike death,
Some perishing of pleasure.

The year before he died he wrote thus to the Countess of Blessington :

I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard in my bosom is dead;
What I loved I now merely admire,
And my heart is as gray as my head.

My life is not dated by years,
There are moments which act as a plow;
And there is not a furrow appears,
But is deep on my soul as my brow.

The poet's life in Greece was limited to nine uninteresting months, and perhaps its only noticeable feature is that mournful confession, dated "Missolonghi, January 22, 1824. On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year," and of this the following extract is sufficient :

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of life are gone,
The worm, the canker and the grief
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its base,
A funeral pile.

Three months after the above was written, its author died, but the rude condition of a Greek fortress had no convenience for a distinguished funeral. A carpenter was ordered to make a chest, which was done in a rough manner, and this was the poet's coffin. As there was not a pall in the place, a half-worn black cloak was used as a covering, but it only partially concealed the rude exterior.

The chest was borne to the Church of St. Nicholas by the officers of the Greek army, followed by the troops and many of the population. When placed in the church a helmet, a sword and a crown of laurel were laid upon it, and the funeral services of the Greek Church was then read. A guard of honor afterward took charge of the remains until they were shipped to England. They lay in state for two days in London, and were then conveyed to Hucknell Church, a distance of a hundred miles, the journey occupying six days. The poet was not only transported to his native land contrary to his fixed desire, but the latter was also violated in another particular. He desired, if buried in England, to be placed in the vault by the side of the dog he loved so well, and which he honored with an epitaph. Instead of this, however, he was laid in the tomb under the church. Byron had another favorite dog, which was brought to England with the corpse of its master, and was for many years a cherished feature at Newstead. Irving who visited the poet's former home in 1832, saw this favorite animal, in which he became deeply interested.

THE POET'S DESCENDANTS.

His first child was Ada, whom he never saw after her second month, for his wife then abandoned him. Allegra was thirteen months younger than Ada, and was the only object Byron really loved. She died, however, in her childhood, and was sent from Italy to England for burial. Ada Byron became an elegant woman, but never displayed intellectual power. In her twentieth year she married an English gentleman named King, who by courtesy was called the Earl of Lovelace. She died in 1852, being in her thirty-seventh year, just the age of her father.

She had two sons, and the elder was so eccentric that his death was a relief. He turned amateur highwayman

and stopped a carriage with a pistol, to which was added other mischief which soon wore out the patience of his friends. Then he renounced the name, and got employment in a ship-yard, and was on the point of marrying the daughter of a carpenter when his death suddenly took place.

The next son inherited wealth and a title, but he lacked force of character. He married the daughter of a clergyman, but the union, which was very unhappy, was soon dissolved by the death of the wife. One daughter was born to this discordant couple, and she is now the sole representative of the line, which no doubt will become extinct, and if so it is just what the miserable poet desired.

BYRON CHARACTERISTICS.

The fact that a statue of this poet has recently been erected at Missolonghi, recalls some personal references of a peculiar character. I find, for instance, that he had some very peculiar notions in reference to his own burial. When he was in his twenty-first year, he made his first will, in which appears the following clause: "I desire that my body be buried in the vault at Newstead, without any ceremony or burial service whatever." He also desired that his dog (buried in the same vault) should not be removed. A few days afterward he wrote to a friend thus: "With regard to the few and simple directions for the disposal of my *carcass* [his own italics], I must have them implicitly followed, and this will save trouble and expense." At that time Byron had recently lost a number of friends (including his mother), and he endeavored to familiarize himself with death by keeping four skulls in his room. One of these was made to hold a silver cup, out of which the young poet and his roystering companions were wont to quaff bumpers of Burgundy wine during the revels at Newstead.

BYRON AND THE SEXTON.

When Byron left England after his domestic troubles, life and death, the festal scene and the grave followed him in alternate experience. Whenever he visited a city, after mingling in its wildest dissipation, he often would pass an hour in the cemetery to commune with mortality. A notable instance of this kind occurred at Bologna, where he visited the highest circles, and then immediately went to the Cettora cemetery. He wrote an English friend a full description of the spot, and said the sexton afforded him much interest, especially as he had a collection of the skulls of former friends, each labelled on the forehead. Taking down one of them, he said: "This was brother Berro, a monk, who died at forty — one of the best of my friends. I begged his head of the brethren after his decease, and they gave it me. I cleaned it, and here it is in good preservation. He was the merriest fellow you ever knew, but I shall never see his like again." One cannot be surprised that the scene recalled to the poet the grave digger in Hamlet, with his "Alas, poor Yorick!" of which it was indeed a perfect reproduction.

ITALIAN EPITAPHS.

This sexton told the poet that in eighteen years they had buried 53,000 persons in that inclosure. Many of these were his own acquaintances, and he said he felt a strong attachment to what he called his "dead people." The poet copied (in the above-mentioned letter) some of the Italian epitaphs, such as

MARTINI LUIGI,
Implora pace.

"Can anything," said he, "be more expressive of pathos?" Another was as follows:

LUCREZIA PICINI,
Implora eterna quiete.

“These few words,” said the poet to his friend, “are all that can be said or thought. The dead had enough of life; all they wanted was peace, and this they implore.” No doubt the poet was gratified to see a reproduction of his own idea.

When time or soon or late shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead
Oblivion, may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying head.

Oblivion is the highest boon to bad men, but Christianity gives the assurance of eternal life. That Byron had no desire (in case he died abroad) to have his remains carried to England, is evident from the conclusion of the same letter: “I hope that whoever may survive me and shall see me put into the foreigners’ burying ground will have these words inscribed over me and nothing more. I trust they won’t think of pickling me and bringing me home. I believe the thought would drive me mad on my death-bed could I suppose that any of my friends would be base enough to convey my carcass back to your soil.” This was written in 1819, when the poet was thirty-one. Five years afterward he died at Missolonghi, and, contrary to his request, his remains were borne to the ancestral vault at the Hucknell church, near Newstead.

BYRON’S INFLUENCE OVER SCOTT.

It was to Byron that the world owes Scott’s concentration on fiction, for the latter had previously devoted his genius to poetry until Byron’s genius, drove him from the field, and on the appearance of Childe Harold, the author of *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake* acknowledged his inferiority and turned to prose. Sir William Gell, who was living at Naples when Scott visited that place in pursuit of health, mentions that the latter stated that he longed to turn to poetry and see if he could equal the rhymes of his youth.

“I asked him,” says Sir William, “why he ever relinquished poetry?” “Because Byron *bet* me,” said he, pronouncing *beat* short. I rejoined “I could remember as many passages of his poetry as of Byron’s.” “That may be,” he replied, “but he *bet* me out of the field in the description of strong passions and in deep-seated knowledge of the human heart, so I gave up poetry for the time.”

BYRON AND SHELLEY.

The two poets had each left England to escape popular opinion, and were at the time of the latter’s death living in Italy. Shelley’s sad fate was primarily due to his benevolence. Leigh Hunt, who was a broken-down literary adventurer, had come to Italy to seek Byron’s assistance in some literary project, and Shelley lost no time in calling on his unfortunate countryman. He sailed from his sea-shore dwelling to Leghorn for that purpose, and had an interview with Hunt, but was lost on his return. Both Byron and Hunt witnessed the funeral pile, which was a sad and affecting scene. Shelley’s heart was found untouched, and was taken to Rome and buried near the grave of Keats. Of this literary quartette Hunt was the only one who returned alive to England, where the remainder of his career was marked by painful vicissitude, and then Dickens intensified his fate by reproducing him in the slipshod Harold Skimpole.

HIS ARTIFICIALITY.

Byron has for a half century been the most popular of poets. The reason of this is found in his power over the human heart, or mastery over the emotional nature, in which he is only excelled by Shakespeare. With the exception of the latter Byron stands alone. Every youth or maiden who is disappointed in love turns immediately to Byron for consolation, and finds a full response in the

poet's wounded heart. In precocity he is only excelled by Chatterton. All his works indeed were between eighteen and thirty-four, and he was at twenty-five the greatest poet of that day. We have no similar instance of a first-class author culminating at so early a period, and nothing written after that added to his fame. Precocity is generally caused by disease, and this was the case with Byron whose works display that rapid and unhealthy development which so often accompanies a defective and deformed moral character. Whatever in his works has a better aspect is evidently artificial. He played a role before the public which awoke a degree of admiration, and this double life was so well performed that the world was for a long time deceived.

Byron's artificial sentiment is shown in his poetry, while his true character is revealed by his letters. He makes a showy appeal to his wife in "Fare thee well, and if forever," and some readers may consider it the heart-broken utterance of an injured husband, but his letters at that very time speak of her in a contemptuous tone, and while writing in this melting mood, he was really wallowing in the licentiousness of Venice. Thus we have two Byrons, the artificial and the real. The first is always seeking sympathy for his misfortunes, is eloquent over disappointed affection, is blasted by destiny and finally is deserted by one who should have remained true till the very last, and he is inspired by these crushing sorrows to the highest flights of maudlin poetry. The second is the sybarite who married solely to win a fortune.

BYRON'S NOBLEST UTTERANCE.

On March 4, 1824, he wrote to his physician, Dr. Kennedy, who warned him against the ill effect of the Greek climate: "I am not unaware of the precarious state of my health, but it is proper I shall remain in Greece, and it

were better to die doing something than nothing." This I hold to be Byron's best utterance. He had wasted his opportunities, and when at last life had become a burden he found some satisfaction in serving a patriotic cause, and he then learned the true object of life — usefulness. The lesson, however, came too late, and on the 19th of the next month he died. His last letter was written twelve days before his death, and it closes with the words "we are all doing the best we can." Had he adopted this lesson earlier how different would have been his record!

Moore's reminiscences lead us into Byron's state of mind previous to his marriage. He had offered himself to another lady, but his suit was unsuccessful. He thereupon thought of Miss Millbanke, who had previously declined his hand, and wrote her a letter renewing the offer, which was accepted. The idea of such an emotional creature as Byron offering his heart and hand by letter seems really ridiculous, and yet this was the mechanical way in which he sought Miss Millbanke.

A very remarkable illustration of the lack of heart in Byron's matrimonial life is found in the following incident. Only three months after an event which should have rendered him the happiest of mankind, he expressed his feelings in the lines beginning thus :

There's not a joy the world can give, like that it takes away;
When the glow of early thought declines in feelings' dull decay.
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone that fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone e'er youth itself has past.

These painful lines conclude with the verse :

O could I feel as once I felt, or be what I have been;
Or weep as once I could have wept, o'er many a vanished
scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though
they be,
So through the withering waste of life those tears would flow
to me.

How strange a commentary on married life is the fact

that it could inspire such sentiments! Still more strange is it that the author could ask one so recently his bride to copy them for the press.

Byron married an heiress and one of the highest order of aristocracy. Tom Moore, on the other hand, married an obscure actress. The former found matrimony a hard bondage, while the other enjoyed an unbroken career of domestic happiness. His wife was his "Bessie," while her pet name for him was "Bird." How like love in a cottage does such life seem, and it was certainly a near approach to the poetic idea of matrimonial bliss.

VOLCANIC OUTBURSTS.

Byron wrote the *Corsair* in ten days. He could have boasted, however, a much more remarkable instance of rapidity in the *Bride of Abydos*. The *Corsair* contains nearly 1,900 lines, while the *Bride of Abydos* contains 1,200. As the latter was written in four days, it indicates a much more rapid pace in *Pegasus*. The *Corsair* was written in London in 1814, the author then being twenty-six. The *Bride of Abydos* was written a few weeks previously. Their popularity was remarkable, and 14,000 copies of the *Corsair* were sold in a week. These productions indicate not so much the intellectual powers of the poet as the volcanic nature of his brain. The latter broke out in brilliant eruptions, and then sank into indifference. After the two productions above referred to he remained quiet for nearly seven months, when another outburst took place, and *Lara* delighted the world. The poet then had a rest for more than a year, when the *Siege of Corinth* appeared. As these outbursts occurred during three years of dissipated life, they naturally suggest the occasional efforts of genius to rise above the debasement of his nature. They seem due to a series of

tremendous conflicts between the beautiful and the vile, in which, as is too often the case, the latter eventually triumphed. These poems contain the finest descriptions of moonlight in our language, and are rich in occasional allusions to classic scenes, one of which I cannot but quote :

The winds are high and Helles' tide
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main,
 And night's descending shadows hide
 The fields with blood bedewed in vain.
 The desert of old Priam's pride,
 The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
 All — save immortal dreams that could beguile
 The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.

How little could Byron have imagined that the time would come when Priam's deserts should reveal their hidden testimony, and that the immortal dreams of Homer should be turned to reality by the researches of the antiquary.

Byron had a remarkably small head, and Moore indeed says it was so "small that it was out of proportion to his face." His forehead, though high, was narrow, but these defects were lost in the fascinating though sensuous beauty of his countenance. The relative proportion of brain was never known, as no *post-mortem* examination was made. Gibbon was the first author whose condition was surgically examined after death, and the next was Walter Scott. Strange to say, though Scott had the finest forehead of his day, his brain was found to be small and the cranium was very thin. Such are the facts, and phrenology must meet them.

BYRON AND DALLAS.

Having previously referred to the latter, I will add some personal facts. Robert Charlton Dallas was a *litterateur* of respectable rank, but his works were not remun-

erative, and though he wrote and compiled forty-six volumes, he hardly holds a place in literature. His sister married George Anson Byron, uncle of the poet, and this led to an acquaintance. Byron found Dallas of great use, for he was not only an encouraging critic, but being more than thirty years older had an influence on other features of character.

Byron's first book—Hours of Idleness—was printed for the author in a country town which happened to be convenient. When, however, he wanted to attack the reviewers, he desired to appear in London, and this rendered the experience of Dallas of great value. Dallas had the satire published by Cawthorn, an obscure bookseller, for no prominent house would incur the ill-will of all the *litterati* of the day.

Byron found the satire well received, and having had full satisfaction in slaughtering not only his critics but most of the literary world, sailed on an Oriental tour. Soon after his return he showed Dallas a poem whose publication, "as he had done with authorship, he intended to leave for those who should come after him, if deemed worthy of publishing." Dallas, however, discerned its true character and determined it should be published at once and by some better house than Cawthorne. For this purpose he submitted it to Murray, who first consulted the highest critical authority in London. This was Gifford, editor of the Quarterly, whose full approval of Childe Harold led Murray to undertake the work. It proved a grand success and thenceforth Murray was Byron's chief publisher — but how much the world owes Dallas as well as the wonderful poet!

FRIENDLY CRITICISM.

Dallas felt the responsibility of his position as Byron's

literary *accoucheur*, and therefore ventured some bold criticisms — to one of which Byron replies as follows :

I have shown my respect for your suggestions by adopting them. I received from Murray a proof which I requested him to show you, so that anything which might have escaped my observation may be detected. I will not apologize for the trouble I have given you, though I ought to do so — but I have worn out my politest periods, and can only say that I am much obliged to you.

Byron showed his sense of obligation by presenting Dallas the copyright, and this, indeed, was much better than any apology.

It may be added as one of the most interesting literary secrets that Byron never knew that the caustic critique in the Edinburgh Review was by Brougham. He always imputed it to Jeffrey, whom he not only slashes in his satire, but also says in his latest poem :

Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe,

* * * * *

However, I forgive him, and I trust

He will forgive himself — if not, I must.

Byron had found Dallas useful in opening the way of publication, but he became restive under the moral suggestions of his critic, and their intercourse terminated with the publication of Childe Harold. When Byron died, Dallas, who was in reduced circumstances, endeavored, as I have previously said, to publish the poet's family correspondence, but was prevented by an injunction. It is not probable that they contained anything unfit for the public, but Byron's sister Augusta was determined to stop gossip as much as possible. Dallas, however, improved the opportunity to begin his reminiscences, which were never very popular. He died only six months after the poet, his age being three score and ten, while the latter was only thirty-six.

To return to the satire which Dallas assisted in printing — Byron, as he mingled among literary men, became

ashamed of his early wrath, and bitterly regretted some portions. He began by suppressing his attack on Scott, but ended by destroying the fifth and last edition, of which only one copy survived, that being in the possession of a friend.

THREE FOLD REQUEST.

In early manhood and while living at Newstead Abbey, Byron expressed the desire to be buried in the same vault with his favorite dog, and he even incorporated it in his will. Years afterward while living abroad and embittered against his country by what he considered unjust public opinion, he declared his wish if he died in a foreign land to be buried there. In *Childe Harold*, however, he utters the following solemn thought :

Should I leave behind
The inviolate island of the wise and free,
And seek a home by a remoter sea,
And should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
My spirit shall resume it — if we may
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
My hope of being remembered in my line
With my land's language.

That hope is now realized to a degree beyond the poet's expectation, and he will hold distinction in literature as long as his "land's language" exists.

LITERARY COPARTNERSHIPS.

The most celebrated of these combinations was Beaumont and Fletcher, whose works are now only known by this united name. Beaumont died the same year with Shakespeare — his age being only thirty-one, while Fletcher died the same year Shakespeare's collected works were printed — his age being forty-nine. Each of these men published separate productions, but they are still only known in literature in the above-mentioned union.



FITZ GREENE HALLECK.



JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Another interesting instance of the same kind is found in Horace and James Smith, whose partnership produced *Rejected Addresses*.

Dr. Johnson wrote the closing lines in Goldsmith's poem "The Traveller," and Fitz Greene Halleck did the same good service to Drake's "American Flag," his addition being as follows:

Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner waving o'er us.

OTHER AMERICAN COMBINATIONS.

One of the earliest instances is found in the *Echo*, which was the united effort of Timothy Dwight and Richard Alsop, and which was marked by both wit and literary ability. The *Echo* appeared as a series of anonymous articles, both prose and verse, in Joel Barlow's paper, the *American Mercury*, issued in Hartford. The date was 1791, but they were afterward published in collected form. Later on two other poetical wits amused New York with their joint productions. I refer to the literary firm of Croker & Co., which once so deeply interested the readers of the *Evening Post*. Croker & Co. were Fitz Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake, whose death dissolved the copartnership. Carrying out the same idea, Bryant joined Robert C. Sands and Gulian C. Verplanck, in writing *Tales of Glauber Spa*, and also *The Talisman*.

One of the most felicitous literary copartnerships was that of the brothers Duyckink, whose mutual labors gave the world the *Cyclopedia of American Literature*—a work of that research to which they were adapted. N. P. Willis and George P. Morris, maintained a literary copartnership of twenty years—for though some of their

works were published separately, their hardest labor was mutually devoted to the *New York Mirror*, and later on to the *Home Journal*.

LAMB, LOVELL AND COLERIDGE.

Three copartners is certainly very rare in authorship, and the most striking instance is found in that trio of young poets whose acquaintance began in poverty. Charles Lamb was a literary clerk, and Coleridge, who had been a fellow charity scholar, was ambitious to try his wing; Lovell was a young Quaker of poetical taste, who never reached fame. These beginners induced Cottle to issue their joint poems, which appeared in 1796 and proved a failure, but the book has become a literary curiosity. Coleridge then united with Wordsworth in a joint volume entitled "*Lyrical Ballads*," which Cottle published, and this too proved a failure, though it contained the *Ancient Mariner*. Lamb and Lovell also made another poetical venture, but failure again was their fate.

Thenceforth, Lamb relinquished all such combinations, excepting the assistance he afforded his unfortunate sister Mary. She had a literary turn, and the brother was happy to lend the influence of his name to her productions — even coming down to a joint book of "*Poetry for Children*." Here we have the most beautiful aspect of the poor clerk's character — his devotion to the sister whose misfortune was the chief burden of his life, but whose society during lucid intervals, was so valued; and here one finds the most interesting of all literary copartnerships. The best of their joint productions is *Tales from Shakespeare*, which still holds a place in literature.

Having mentioned the *Castle of Indolence* it may be added by way of explanation, that its author (Thomson) was the victim of constitutional sloth. When he became

rich and thus deprived of the spur which had made him labor, he yielded to the fascinations of indolence, but soon found them changed into a curse. He seems to have striven in vain against this temptation, and then as a matter of conscience he wrote a poem to warn all others against such a fate. It begins with the blandishments of opulent indolence, but ends in horror. We find in this poem the first use of that oft-used expression, "killing time," but I will quote it in its context thus :

"Their only labor was to kill the time,
And labor dire it is and weary woe."

Yes, killing time is as painful as it is laborious, and an additional proof is found in Charles Lamb, who was retired on a pension at the age of fifty, this being the rule at the India House. Writing to a friend he says : " I pity you for over work, but no work is worse. The mind preys on itself, the most unwholesome food. I formerly bragged I could not have too much time, now I have a surfeit. I have killed an hour or two in this poor scrawl." This lesson should not be lost on those of my readers who are inclined to repine at excessive labor.

INLAYING AND ILLUSTRATING.

One of the curious features in literary taste is the present style of special illustration. Those who wish to indulge in such a task obtain an unbound copy of a work, and if possible have it printed in large quarto. They then improve every opportunity for purchasing engravings, and even MS. letters which illustrate the work.

One of the most elaborate works of this kind is a copy of the Life and Letters of Washington Irving, which was valued at \$5,000. Another still more remarkable instance is found in an illustrated copy of Dr. Francis' Address to the Historical Society on Old New York.

The Historical Society of which he was then the oldest member, invited him on its fiftieth anniversary, to deliver an address, which reviewed the changes and progress of the city in a very interesting manner, and to this work I have just referred. Dr. Francis saw New York increase from thirty thousand inhabitants to twenty times that number, and yet this advance, great as it must have appeared to such a man, is evidently only the beginning of that vast development which will eventually be reached by the American metropolis.



DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS.

THOMAS PAINE.

The question is sometimes asked, was Paine an atheist, and my reply is no. He avowed belief in the existence of a Deity, but denied the claims of Christianity, which he attacked in a very rabid manner. As a political writer he had no equal during the revolution. He was one of that class of men which live too long. Had he died before publishing the Age of Reason, he would have ranked with Jefferson, who was equally sceptical, but had better mental balance. Paine died in New York in 1809, and was

buried in New Rochelle; but when William Cobbett, the noted reformer visited America, he had the bones exhumed in order that they should honor the land of their birth. They were taken to England, but no report was ever made of their burial, and it has been stated that the box that contained them was taken by mistake to a public store, and they were forgotten. No doubt they now rest in an obscure grave.

No one knows when Paine became a sceptic. In one of his early political works (*The Crisis*), he refers to a Divine Providence favoring Washington and the American cause. I think that his anti-Christian notions were matured while he was in Paris, during the revolution. There he wrote the *Age of Reason*, which he sent in MSS. to New York by the hands of Joel Barlow, and it was published in that city in 1795, several years before its author returned to America. While in France, Paine did the best and the worst acts of his life. The one was the book I have referred to, the other was to vote against the condemnation of the king, in doing which he risked his life. This act commands our admiration, but his attack on Christianity threw his good deeds into shadow.

It may be remarked that Paine made one exception in his general attack on the Scriptures. This was in favor of the book of Job, which he affirmed to have no connection with the rest of the Bible. He was bred a Quaker, and in his denunciation of Christians made them an exception. Whatever may be said against Paine, the following points are in his favor: From a sailor boy he rose to be an English custom house officer; then came to America and became a leader in the cause of independence; returned to England and was indicted for his *Rights of Man*; went to France and was elected to the national convention; voted with the king's friends and lay in

prison eight months, daily expecting to be sent to the guillotine, from which he was released on the fall of Robespierre. This is a striking record to be written up concerning a poor sailor boy. Paine's error in writing the *Age of Reason*, recalls Byron's pungent expression, "But one sad losel stains a name for aye." The poet aimed this at himself, but he gave Paine a hard hit in the Epigram on Cobbett, which reads thus:

In digging up your bones, Tom Paine
 Will Cobbett has done well;
 You visit him on earth again.
 He'll visit you in —.



Paine was the author of the oft quoted utterance, "These are the times that try men's souls." He was a very caustic writer, and said of Sir William Howe the bitterest thing every uttered against a military leader. It appeared in one of his revolutionary publications, and was no doubt read extensively in the British army. Perhaps, indeed, it even reached the highest authorities, for Sir William was soon afterward removed from command.

Thomas Paine was the first man interviewed for the press in America and hence the incident is worth a brief reference. The interviewer was Grant Thorburn, who wrote occasionally for the press. Paine had just arrived from France, and was a guest at the City Hotel in Broadway, near Trinity Church. The scene took place in 1803 when he was in his sixty-sixth year and Thorburn's narrative is as follows:

"I asked the waiter is Mr. Paine at home?" "Yes."

"In his room?" "Yes."

"Alone?" "Yes."

"Can I see him?" "Follow me."

He ushered me into a spacious room where the table was set for breakfast; a gentleman at the table writing, another reading the paper. At the further end of the room a long, lank, coarse-looking figure stood, with his back to the fire; from the resemblance to portraits I had seen in his *Rights of Man*, I knew it was Paine. While I followed the waiter, presuming Paine was alone, I was preparing an exordium to introduce myself in company with the great author of *Common Sense*. For a moment I was at a stand. Says I: "Gentlemen, is Mr. Paine in this room?" He stepped toward me and answered, "My name is Paine." I held out my hand, and while I held his, says I: "Mr. Paine, and you, gentlemen, will please excuse my abrupt entry; I came, out of mere curiosity, to see the man whose writings have made so much noise in the world." Paine answered, "I am very glad your curiosity is so easily satisfied." Says I, "Good morning, gentlemen," walked out and shut the door behind me. I heard them all burst out into a loud laugh. Thinks I, they may laugh that win; I have seen Paine, and, all things considered, have made a good retreat. The gentleman called the waiter, and inquired who that was. "It is Thorburn, the seedsman." They reported the matter at the coffee-house, and among their acquaintances. As the story traveled it was told with all manner of additions. One was that I told Paine he was a rascal; had it not been for his books I would never have left my native country, etc., etc., in short, there was nothing heard for many days but Thorburn's visit to Mr. Paine.

Political excitement was at that time intense, and was combined with the opposition of religious circles, which naturally recoiled from the author of the *Age of Reason*. This explains the action of the church with which Thorburn was connected. To pay any honor to an enemy of

Christianity were an act which required discipline, and Thorburn was censured and placed under temporary suspension. This may now seem very unreasonable, but things were very different then. The assailants of Christianity were very aggressive, and the arrival of Paine brought them a powerful ally. Hence those who gave them encouragement were liable to censure.

PAINÉ'S WILL.

This document is on record at the surrogate's office, and I examined it carefully up as a matter of curiosity. Then, thinking that some of my readers might be equally interested, I made a copy of the opening paragraph, which in one point is unparalleled. This is the avowal of his works, which was done, I suppose, in order to prevent any other person laying claim to them. I copy as follows:

The last will and testament of me the subscriber Thomas Paine. Reposing confidence in my creator God and in no other being for I know no other neither believe in any other. I Thomas Paine of the State of New York—author of the work entitled Common Sense written in Philadelphia in 1775 and published in that city in the beginning of January 1776 which awakened America to a Declaration of Independence on the 4th day of July following which was as fast as the work could spread through so extensive a country; author also of the several numbers of the American Crisis published occasionally during the progress of the Revolutionary war, the last is on the peace; author also of the Rights of Man, parts first and second written and published in London in 1791 and 1792; author also of a work on religion called Age of Reason part the first and second. N B I leave a third part by me in manuscript and an answer to the bishop of Llandaff; author also of a work lately published entitled Examination of the passages in the new Testament quoted from the old and called prophecies concerning Jesus Christ and showing there are no prophecies of any such person; author of several other works not here enumerated; Dissertations on first principles of government; Decline and fall of the English system of finance; Agrarian Justice Etc—make this my last will and testament.

Some of Paine's admirers claim that he was the author of the letters of Junius, and when attention is called to

the omission of so important a production in this list of his works they explain it by the assertion made by Junius that his secret should die with him, and they claim that Paine adhered to this resolution. The public, however, will hardly believe that any man when making a final catalogue of his works would omit that special one which would give him the highest fame. His will is dated July 18, 1809, a few months before his death, and closes thus :

I have lived an honest and useful life to mankind. My time has been spent in doing good, and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my creator God.

He certainly rendered valuable service to America during her darkest hours, and in fact never should have left this country. In such case it is not probable that he would ever have written those volumes which gave him a bad name and have often shown a damaging effect on society.

HIS NAMESAKE.

It may be observed that only one person on record was ever named after Thomas Paine. This was a son of Robert Treat Paine (signer of the declaration of independence), born amid the excitement of the "time that tried men's souls." His father, out of admiration of the author of the *Crisis* and *Common Sense*, called the child "Thomas," thus making him "Thomas Paine, Jr." This did very well until the Age of Reason appeared, when Thomas Paine, Jr., became disgusted with his title, and at his request, the legislature of Massachusetts allowed him to take the name of his father. He became a very clever writer, and his best production — a poem called *Adams and Liberty*, brought him \$1,500, this being the largest amount which up to that time had been paid for any literary work of American origin. When Thomas

Paine returned from France he found that the rejection of his name was only a part of that general detestation occasioned by his assault on Christianity.

BOSTON MEMORIES.

It was my good fortune to visit Boston before it had lost the charms of antiquity. This occurred when I was but a lad and my antiquarian instinct led me to see many things which are now passed away. One of these was John Hancock's house, which occupied a prominent place in Beacon street. It was a story and a half structure of stone, but, in its day, was a grand house. Among other antiquities I visited the old Province house, which has received fame from the genius of Hawthorne. I also remember seeing in the shop windows a small book called *Twice-Told Tales*, by this author, but I did not hear them

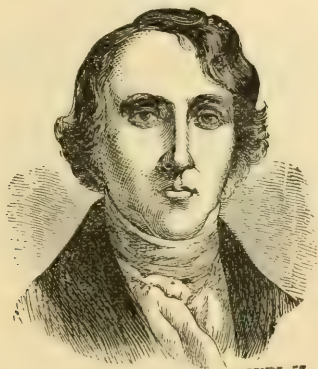


OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

mentioned in conversation, and, in fact, they attracted very little notice. Hawthorne was then a custom-house officer and attended to the uncongenial service of watching the unloading of vessels, but his leisure hours were spent in the old Province house, searching the ancient records, and thus mastering old New England char-

acters. I, too, loved to gaze on that storied building, and, boy though I was, I often ventured in and became deeply interested in its history and associations.

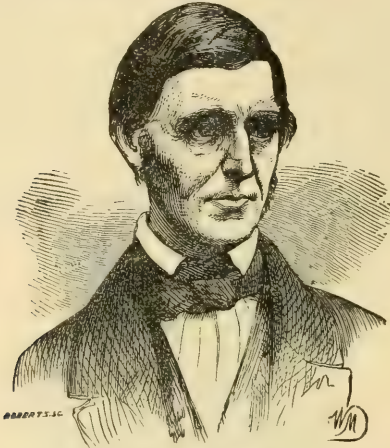
How strange to think what genius has since then been developed. Oliver Wendell Holmes was then a young physician who had attracted attention by some very clever poetry, including his lines on the frigate *Constitution*. It had been proposed to break up that famous ship, but Holmes' appeal created such sensation that she was reconstructed and put into renewed service. I visited the navy-yard at that time and saw the *Constitution* undergoing this renovating process, and I trod with pride the deck of the gallant ship which captured the *Guerrierre* and the *Java*.



WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

To return to the *litterateurs* of that day. Longfellow had just been elected professor of rhetoric at Harvard and had gone to Germany to pursue preparatory studies. Harriet Beecher had just attracted attention by writing a tale which carried off a prize. Her father had moved from Boston to Cincinnati, leaving Channing the most popular preacher, and I well remember the pale, thoughtful face of the latter as it appeared in the pulpit.

James R. Lowell was just venturing into literature and his father, long a prominent preacher, was succeeded by Bartol, who then had recently graduated and was only known as an able young man. Emerson was then attracting attention by his transcendental lectures, which, being a novelty, were of course popular. He had a mild voice, but spoke in such clear silvery tones that it gave additional charm to his utterance, and I remember this as the most important feature in his public efforts.



R. W. EMERSON.

When I visited Boston in after life I found the city grown immensely but so modernized that much of the power by which it held me was gone. It had become the modern Athens, but the charm of antiquity had passed away and I am glad that it is the old Boston which lives in my memory.

WALTER SCOTT.

Reader, though I have previously referred to this delightful author, you will perhaps be willing to accept a few more personal incidents — among which his magna-

nimity holds prominence. Let me say that one of the noblest features in literary life is that large-heartedness which some authors have shown toward rivals or assailants. Having already mentioned Pope's kindness to John Dennis, who had attacked him in the bitterest manner, I find another striking instance in Scott. Byron lampooned him with a severity which was keenly felt, in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, with no reason except that he was enraged at the *Edinburgh Review* and wanted to abuse everybody within reach. Scott's reply was to review Byron's poems in one of the quarterlies, with all the enthusiasm their beauty awakened.

Byron immediately sent Scott an apology and the allusion to the latter was subsequently eliminated from the satire, though it still appears in the American editions. These two poets met in London in 1815, the scene being the parlor of John Murray, the princely book-seller. They then became friends for life and exchanged gifts like the old heroes in Homer. Scott's present was a beautiful dagger, mounted with gold, which once belonged to a Moorish bey, and Byron reciprocated by sending a silver vase containing human relics found in one of the ancient sepulchres of Athens.

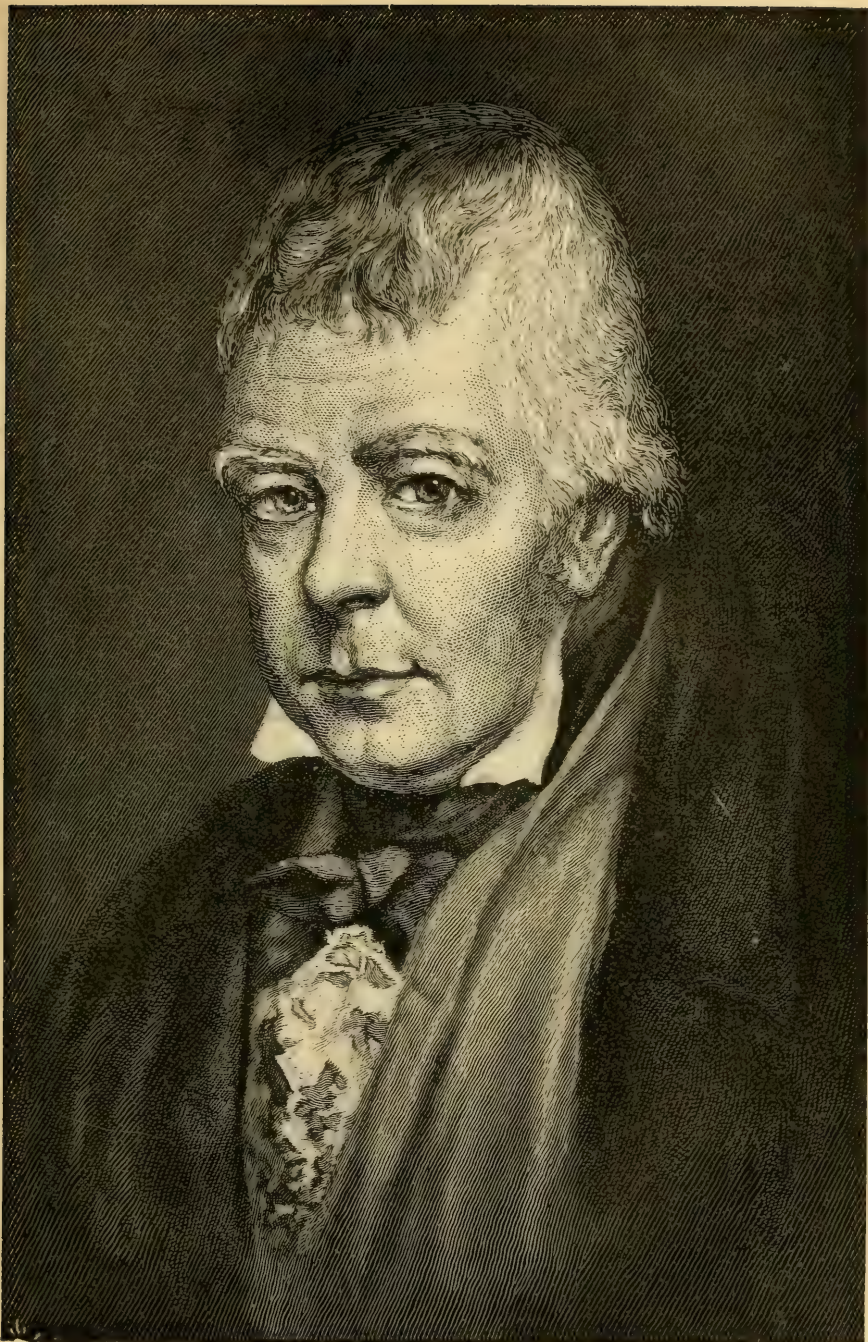
LITERARY BY-PLAY.

Scott's love of perplexing the public led to some things which really have a humorous aspect. I have previously referred to his publishing the *Tales of My Landlord* anonymously, omitting even "by the author of *Waverley*," his object being to increase the mystery which clothed those wonderful productions. He was at that time, however, well known as Walter Scott, the poet, but even, in this specialty, he felt a craving for mystery. Consequently, though his name graced the *Lay of the*

Last Minstrel, Marmion, The Lady of the Lake and Rokeby, yet when he issued the latter he determined to give the impression that he had an imitator. Hence, within two months after the publication of Rokeby the Bridal of Triermain appeared. It was anonymous, and though it bore strong resemblance to Scott, yet the literary world inferred that he could not be the author because the preface had several Greek expressions, and Scott knew nothing of that language. True enough, but he had employed a friend of high classical attainment to insert that very Greek, and in this way the public was blinded, which afforded the author much amusement.

ABBOTTSFORD.

Scott was eight years in becoming a novelist and he endured an equal and even greater delay in building and finishing Abbotsford. He purchased this place simply because he was obliged to "flit" from Ashtiel, where he had first established a home. His lease had expired and he writes to Ballantyne that he had just "resolved to purchase a piece of ground sufficient for a cottage and two fields." The "piece of ground" contained one hundred acres, and the property cost £4,000. Scott wrote to a friend in 1811 that his plan was to have two spare bedrooms, and adds concerning the place, in the words of Touchstone: "It is an ill-favored thing, but my own." A year afterward he writes: "Abbotsford begins to look the whimsical, gay, odd cabin that we had chalked out. The old farm-house is not without picturesque effect." From this humble beginning he built up his grand establishment, which became the most interesting dwelling in Great Britain. It was finished in 1824, after a gradual progress of thirteen years, during which the author's en-



WALTER SCOTT.

ergies had been, to a large degree, devoted to this great object. The tempting territory had increased tenfold, but unfortunately he could not apply to it the satisfactory words of Touchstone, "it is my own." In reality, he was even then, through Ballantyne's bad management, insolvent and daily sinking deeper in ruin.

The year referred to was the happiest in Scott's life, and clouds immediately began to gather which soon brought hopeless bankruptcy. From the cottage and hundred-acre farm arose that passion for accumulation concerning which Horace says, "But growing wealth brings thirst for more," adding with great truth,

Who to himself denies great store
To him the willing gods give more,
Naked I seek contentment's door,
And from the paths of wealth retreat.

Happy would it have been for Scott had such philosophy controlled him. In that case Abbotsford would have remained a cottage, but it would have been preferable to the ruinous grandeur of a baronial residence.

The thirteen years during which Scott was constructing Abbotsford formed the most brilliant period of his literary career. After the grand structure had been finished he never produced a first-class work. An immediate decadence was noticed, especially in *The Betrothed*, and his publishers expressed their opinion that he was "over-cropping," or, in other words, writing too much. Scott's craving for territory continued with full power, and only a few months before his failure he was negotiating for an extensive land purchase.

Notwithstanding this towering ambition Scott was a man of unpretending character and had a vivid sense of the evanescent nature of earthly things. In 1813, he mentions with much feeling in a letter to Byron, the following inscription on a signet-ring: "And this too shall pass

away." Bitterly, indeed, Scott learned this lesson, and sadly, yet faithfully, he placed it on record.

WAVERLEY.

How strange it seems that Scott's first novel should lie in an unfinished state for eight years. It was begun in 1805, and was published in 1813. After one-third had been written it was laid aside as unworthy of further effort. Later on the author accidentally found it and became so interested in the subject that he wrote the remainder in three weeks. This is wonderful execution, but was fully equaled in his second novel — *Guy Mannering* — which some consider his best. This was begun and finished within the space of six weeks. William Erskine, to whose criticism Scott submitted the early chapters of *Waverley*, discouraged further progress. Strange enough, when the book was published, many credited its authorship to this very man, who stood high in the literary world. Monk Lewis, in writing to Scott a month after the book was published, said: "I am now told that *Waverley* is by William Erskine. If this be so, tell him from me that I think it excellent in every respect." *Waverley's* appearance marked a prolific year. Scott was then forty-three and in the fullness of his powers. Within six months the *Lord of the Isles* was published, and four weeks afterward *Guy Mannering* appeared. I believe this is the only instance on record in which an author issues three first-class works within so brief a period.

LUCKY OR UNLUCKY.

In some portions of the world May is considered an unpropitious month for wedlock. Walter Scott was, in most points, a very sensible man, and yet he could not

resist this superstition which then, indeed, was prevalent throughout Scotland.

While the union of his daughter Sophia, with Lockhart, was in preparation, he had important engagements in London, but he left them unfinished, at a time when a delay of a week would have been of great value, merely because that delay would have thrown the marriage into the dreaded month. It was delayed until the last day, but one, in April, and yet the result was almost as bad as though it had occurred in May. The Lockharts had but one child, a sickly boy, who died at the age of ten, and Sophia did not long survive him. She left a daughter who married John Hope who took the name of Scott and became proprietor of Abbotsford.

Going back to Scott himself it may be said that he was married on Christmas eve, 1797, but the union was not felicitous — though never marred by open rupture. The bride indeed was much inferior to the average of young society of that day, and this defect was inherited by their four children, all of whom were far below mediocrity in point of brain activity. The oldest son was of noble figure, which is all that can be said of him. The second son was glad to get a clerkship under the government, which was his highest attainment. The oldest daughter, Sophia, was the brightest of the children, but never left any thing on record to suggest that she was the daughter of a genius. The youngest daughter, Anne, like her brother Charles, died unmarried. She was a frail creature, and was dreadfully shattered by the ruin which fell upon her father's fortunes. After his death she went to London, became a member of Lockhart's family, and died there, less than a year after her father. A pension from the king gave her a support, and thus the daughter of the greatest author of the age, died an object of royal charity.

The second Walter Scott died childless, and the sole representative of the author's line is the great granddaughter Monica, who was born in 1852 and who still lives at Abbotsford. Her mother, Mrs. Hope Scott (Lockhart's daughter), died in 1858. It is sad to see how Sir Walter Scott was disappointed in all his children, and also in his grand residence, Abbotsford. He was thirteen years perfecting this establishment, and failed two years after it might have been called a finished place. Only twice was Abbotsford opened to its full capacity during his life. The first of these occasions was the entertainment given in honor of his son's marriage, the second was the funeral of his wife, which took place soon afterward. After these scenes of joy and sorrow the lordly mansion fell into decadence.

SCOTT'S SERMONS.

The highest earnings of Scott's pen was in a case which illustrates his overflowing kindness, as well as his versatility. I refer to his "sermons" whose history is as follows: He had in his service as amanuensis a young divinity student who was required to produce two sermons by a specified time. The youth was so appalled by the magnitude of this task that he could not pen a page. Scott noticed his distress, and having learned its cause said, "Never mind, my young friend, leave this matter to me, and I will write for you a couple of sermons that shall pass muster." The next morning Scott handed him two discourses. The student's mind being relieved, was in a condition to write, and he afterward prepared two sermons, for he could not honestly offer Scott's — but he kept the latter as a memorial of his employer's kindness.

Some years afterward the student, or rather the clergyman, fell into financial difficulties, and it was necessary that he should raise £180. In his distress he remembered

the sermons, and he wrote Sir Walter for permission to publish them. The request was granted, and the sum of £250 was thus obtained. This is the highest price on record for sermons, and it is also the largest pay earned by literary services in the brief space of one day. The discourses were very inferior, as might be expected, but they awakened curiosity, for the public desired to know what kind of a sermon the poet and novelist could write.

STRANGE BOOK HISTORY.

Scott suffered painful and prolonged illness during one of his most important years, and Lockhart says that the effect was such that "his countenance was meagre and haggard — his clothes hung loosely about him — his complexion was the deadliest yellow of the jaundice, and his hair had, during a few weeks, become almost white." He also says that being at this time at Abbotsford, Scott had a very severe attack, and adds: "I never can forget the groans which his agony extorted from him." Lockhart considered the *Bride of Lammermoor*, the most powerful and thrilling of Scott's tragic romances, and this gives special interest to the following statement by Ballantyne: "This book was not only written, but published before the author was able to leave his bed, and he assured me that when put in his hands he did not recall a single incident, character or conversation which it contained. The original tradition, learned in childhood, held its place in his memory, but nothing of his own work was there."

It is not surprising that Ballantyne adds, "The history of the human mind contains nothing more wonderful than this." Scott having learned that the book was produced during this oblivious condition, read it with much anxiety, but was gratified to find nothing improper in its pages.

During the legal proceedings which followed Scott's failure, he wrote *Woodstock*, working with great rapidity to escape the distress inseparable from his condition. Such was the public interest in the author that this tale, which was merely three months' labor, and which is an inferior production, brought the enormous sum of £8,000. This sum at present valuation would be equal to \$40,000, but as money was then of much greater value than at present, it may be estimated at \$60,000 at least. These figures give *Woodstock* the distinction of being the most remunerative work in the entire range of fiction.

COSTLY RESENTMENT.

At the beginning of his literary career Scott determined to pay no attention to unjust criticism, and well would it have been for him had he adhered to this resolution. His publisher — Constable — also issued the *Edinburgh Review*, which, on the appearance of *Marmion*, criticised that poem with unexpected severity. Scott naturally felt indignant that such an attack should be permitted in a review issued by his own publisher, and, forgetting his early resolution, he determined on a rupture. He withdrew his patronage from Constable and started the Ballantynes in the publishing business, with his novels as a specialty. The Ballantynes had long been engaged in printing, and Scott was a secret partner. They were not, however, adapted to the book trade, and after suffering heavy loss, Scott was glad to form a new arrangement with Constable. This continued until the general collapse in business, in which both Constable and Scott, together with the Ballantynes, sank to bankruptcy.

DEBUT IN AMERICA.

It may interest some of my readers to learn the earliest

appearance of Scott's name in America. In 1807 the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published in New York, and as this is Scott's first prominent production it might be considered his *debut* among American readers. Such, at least, was my idea until I happened to find a copy of *Tales of Wonder*, compiled by M. G. Lewis. It is a collection of weird and harrowing ballads, but is dignified by Scott's *Glenfinlas* and several other early efforts. The compiler in introducing the author says in a brief prefatory note: "By Walter Scott. For more of this gentleman's ballads, both original and translated, see the poems following it." As the *Tales of Wonder* were published by Samuel Campbell, No. 124 Pearl street, in 1801, this must be considered Scott's first appearance in America. But who would have imagined from so humble an announcement that he would so soon achieve fame as the great minstrel of the north? Scott, indeed, was then merely an Edinburgh lawyer, who was amusing himself by literature, little dreaming of the brilliant future which awaited him.

HIS JOURNAL.

Scott kept during the darkest years of his life a journal. This was a solace amid the frowns of ill-fortune and a companion in that solitude which followed the death of his wife. There are few instances on record in which a great mind unveils itself so thoroughly as he has done in these self-communings. They open to us the dark and desolate experiences of one blasted in ambition and left only to labor in the almost hopeless task of paying debts incurred by a mismanaging partner.

Pride was Scott's greatest weakness and it has always been the sin of genius. This led him, when forming his partnership with Ballantyne, to require the closest secrecy, for had it been known it would have impaired his social

rank. According to the false opinion which then prevailed a "gentleman" could not be connected with any craft, and for that error Scott atoned by the loss of all his wealth.

If pride, however, were his sin, honesty was his great virtue. Scott's failure developed an element in his character which otherwise never would have been known. He *would* pay his debts, including all that Ballantyne's blunders had heaped upon him. He saw the glory of Abbotsford pass away, and it left him a solitary and shattered widower; but here is displayed true nobility—he *would* pay his debts. His honesty was really grander than his genius.

AUTHORS AND AUNTS.

An aunt often fills a sphere equal in importance to that of the mother, and occasionally even greater, and hence this influence has often been acknowledged by men of genius. Wilberforce's mother was a fashionable society woman, who would have modelled her son in the same pattern, but fortunately the influence of his aunt saved him from the full extent of maternal perversion. Southey was reared under the care of his eccentric aunt Tyler. Gibbon, who lost his mother early, says: "The maternal office was supplied by my aunt, Mrs. Catharine Porter, at whose name I feel a tear of affection trickling down my cheek. My weakness excited her pity; her attachment was strengthened by labor and success, and if there be any who rejoice that I lived, to that dear and excellent woman they must hold themselves indebted. Many anxious and solitary days did she consume in patient trial of every mode of relief and amusement. Many wakeful nights did she sit by my bed expecting each moment to be my last. She was the mother of my mind as well as

my health, and it was her delight and reward to observe the first shoots of my early ideas. To her kind lessons I ascribe my early and invincible love of reading, which I would not exchange for the wealth of the Indies."

More than a century and a half ago a recluse London student was wont to visit a beloved aunt who lived at Stoke Pogis and while there passed many pensive hours in the churchyard. Gray's elegy would never have been written had it not been for these visits and now both he and his aunt Antrobus and also his mother rest in the very spot which he rendered one of the shrines of genius.

Scott says of his kind and affectionate aunt Janet Scott, that when he was but a small child she read to him the little collection of books which the family possessed, and he adds, "her memory will be ever dear to me."

It may be mentioned that both Gibbon and Scott were taken by their aunts to Bath, in order to try the waters. Scott, while there, first attended the theatre, and saw *As You Like It*. He was then only five, but he remembered it vividly. Indeed, he says in his autobiography, "the witchery of the whole scene is alive in my mind at this moment. I remember being so distressed by the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first act, that I screamed out, 'A'nt they brothers?'" Scott adds that after he left his aunt and went to live in the paternal home, he found that family quarrels were a very natural thing.

Charles Lamb writes to Coleridge thus: "This afternoon I attended the funeral of my poor old aunt. She was to me the cherisher of my infancy and the kindest creature to me when I was at school, who used to toddle there to bring me good things; I was always her favorite."

"No after friendship e'er can raise,
The endearments of our early days;
Nor e'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love."

The early memories of men of genius are always of interest. What pictures of home life, dear though humble are given by Carlyle, Burns and Hugh Miller. Irving too describes the scenes of his youth with much enthusiasm, and Woodworth exclaims :

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.

A remarkable instance is found in the following statement, written by Byron only two years before his death in reference to meeting, at Pisa, Lord Clare, a former schoolmate :

“Our meeting annihilated for a moment all the years between the present and the days of Harrow. We were but five minutes together, and that on the public road, but I hardly recollect an hour of my existence that could be weighed against them.”

It is evident that the true language of the poet's heart was, “Would I could become a child again.”

A still more impressive instance of Byron's love of the scenes of his boyhood, may be given in connection with the death of his illegitimate daughter, Allegra, who had acquired great power over the heart of her profligate father. She died in Italy after a brief illness, and Byron determined to send the remains to England for interment. He wrote thus to his publisher, under date of Pisa, April 22, 1822: “It is a heavy blow, but must be borne with time. The body is embarked, and I wish it buried at Harrow. There is a spot in the churchyard on the brow of the hill, looking toward Windsor, under a large tree where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy — but as I wish to erect a tablet to her memory, the body had better be deposited in the church. Near the door there is a monument whose inscription I remember after a lapse of seventeen years. I wish Allegra to be buried as near as is convenient, and on the side of the wall a marble tablet with these words :

'In memory of
 Allegra,
 Daughter of G. G. Lord Byron,
 Who died April 20, 1822,
 Aged five years and three months.
 I shall go to her, but she shall not return
 to me. 2nd Samuel X, 12-23.' "

The death of this little child led its father to look into the Bible for an epitaph, and the latter, though incorrect in one point, is almost the only scriptural quotation to be found in his writings. It shows that he had a desire to share that happiness which became her eternal portion, and had he yielded to such influences he might even then have escaped from the abominations into which he had plunged, but it is mentioned here to show his love of early association. Byron's memory of Harrow was intensely powerful, and sometimes indeed overcoming.

JOURNALISM.

OLD PAPERS.

How strange it is that of the first newspaper printed in America there should be only one copy in existence and it is not probable that more than one was printed. The paper referred to has no title and the solitary copy is in the State Paper Office in London where it was seen and examined by librarian Fell of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Possibly it may be a revised proof submitted to the authorities who forbade any such publication without license, which discouraged the printer, and he suppressed it. Such, at least, is my theory. It was printed by Richard Pierce, for Benjamin Harris, who had a printing-house and book store in Boston. As the bicentennial of this effort is almost at hand would it not be well to have this pioneer sheet reproduced in order to show

the public the acorn from which has grown so immense an oak. It is a small quarto and is dated September 25, 1690.

THE NEXT.

On the 24th April, 1704, the Boston News Letter appeared, and an imperfect file is preserved in the Massachusetts Historical Library. The New York Historical Society also has a few copies, and it is said that there is a third copy, but, if so, this is the limit of its existence. It was published by John Campbell, the postmaster of Boston, and was the first newspaper that Franklin read — being in existence during his earliest years. The paper which James Franklin started, in 1723, was a rival to the News Letter, which was continued long after the death of its founder. The first issue of the News Letter gave London news four months and twenty days old. It announces trouble in Ireland and there has been trouble there ever since. “A man had been killed for appearing in court against Teddy O’Quin,” and here we see the same terrorism which has become so fearful in modern days. The next page states that the Queen (Anne) opened Parliament with much solemnity and made the usual address.

There is no division of local matter in the News Letter, and the foreign items are followed by the announcement that “Mr. Nathaniel Oliver, a principal merchant of this place, died April 15, and was decently inter’d April 18, *Ætates* 53. The 20 the Re’d Mr. Pemberton Preach’d an Excellent Sermon on 1 *Thess.* 4., ii, *And do your own business.* Exhorting all Ranks and Degrees of Persons to do their own work in order to a REFORMATION which His Excellency has ordered to be Printed.” “Capt. *Davison* of the Eagle Galley sailes for *London* in a month; if the *Virginia* Fleet stays so long he intends to keep them Company Home if not to run for it, being Built for that service.”

Here is a postal advertisement which may interest some of my readers :

The Western Post between Boston and New York sets out once a Fortnight the Three Winter Months & to go Alternately from Boston to Saybrook and Hartford to Exchange the Mayle of Letters with the New York Ryder on Saturday Night the 11th And he sets at Boston on Monday Night the 20th to meet the New York Ryder at Hartford on Saturday Night the 25th to Exchange Mayles. All persons that sends Letters from Boston to Connecticut are hereby Notified first to pay Portage on the same.

Campbell deserves credit for his enterprise in starting a paper, which he conducted for eighteen years, when he sold out, but the paper lived under varied management until it sank amid the revolutionary troubles, after an existence of seventy-two years.

OTHER JOURNALS.

The Historical Society of New York contains files of all the old papers issued in that city, the first being the New York Gazette, which Bradford began in 1725, twenty-one years after the first issue of the Boston News Letter. In 1754, just a half century after the first issue of Campbell's News Letter, there were four papers published in Boston, two in Philadelphia, two in New York, and one in Williamsburgh, Va. In 1825 a book was published called a Picture of New York, in which the following statement was made: "About one hundred years have elapsed since a regular weekly newspaper was established called the Weekly Gazette. At present the aggregate circulation of daily papers published here is 15,000." This was mentioned as a proof of progress, but at the present day the aggregate circulation of the New York dailies is not much less than a million.

NEW YORK PRINTERS.

The first printer New York ever contained was William Bradford, an Englishman, who landed first in Philadel-

phia, but meeting ill success went to New York. Here he was encouraged by the government patronage, and for more than a half century Bradford's press was thus distinguished. His first issues are now in great demand among bibliomaniacs, and at the late Brinsley sale one volume brought \$1,600. It is a copy of the colonial laws and was printed in 1693. New York was then, as it is now, the most important of American seaports, and yet its population could not have been more than five thousand — of whom three-quarters were Dutch. The book above referred to is a folio ten inches long and six wide and weighs not more than three-quarters of a pound, and yet it brought a greater price than was ever previously paid for an American book. It was purchased for the State library, at Albany, and as it has been asked why our government should spend its money for mere curiosities the reply is as follows: It is for the law department of the library, which should possess a copy of the first legislative proceedings of the colony. Its value as a literary curiosity is due to the fact that it is the first book ever printed in New York, and there are only three other copies in existence.

As the tramp nuisance has of late years called forth continued discussion, until at last it has been met by legislative action, I may remark that it is by no means a new question. I find it, indeed, in this very volume of the first colonial laws, under the title of "An act for the prevention of vagabonds and idle persons from other parts." This nuisance was, therefore, felt as early as 1693, and the prohibitory clause is as follows: "Be it enacted, that all persons that shall come to inhabit within this province, and hath not a visible estate or manuel occupation, shall give sufficient surety that he shall not be a burden or charge to the respective places he shall

come to inhabit." Vagabonds and beggars are by the same statute turned over to the constable, and the statute shows that the authorities even then had a correct idea of the proper way to deal with such a class.

CONCERNING BRADFORD.

But little is known, personally, concerning William Bradford, except that he was a practical printer and lived to an unusual age. His principal distinction arises from the fact that he was the first man that started the craft in the city of New York. Another point is that he refused Franklin employment, and thus led him to seek it in Philadelphia. Had Franklin been successful in his application New York would have had the special benefit of his genius, and been honored by his name. The young adventurer had left Boston in order to seek his fortune, and having reached New York, applied to Bradford. The latter had no need of any assistance and hence Franklin went to Philadelphia, making most of the journey on foot. Bradford had a son in that city who was also a printer, and knowing that Franklin had gone thither, he was anxious to learn what effect the arrival of another member of the craft would have upon it. Hence he followed Franklin, who was soon surprised to find himself watched by the man who so recently had refused him employment. It is evident that Bradford discerned elements of power in the young printer.

EARLY PROGRESS.

Franklin obtained employment from Keimer, who was the only other printer in Philadelphia, and his first job was an elegy on Aquila Rose. Some of our readers may not only be interested to see Franklin's first work, but may be gratified by a rare bit of antique poetry. Hence

I offer an extract which gives one a view of an ancient Philadelphia funeral procession ; italics copied :

What Mournful Accents thus accost my ear,
 What doleful *echoes* hourly thus appear ?
 What sighs from melting Hearts proclaim aloud
 The Solemn mournings of this numerous Crowd?
 * * * * *

A gen'rous Mind tow'rds all his Friends he bore,
 Scarce one he lost, but daily numb'ed more.
 Courteous and humble, pleasant, just and wise ;
 No Affectation vain did in him rise.
 While on his Death Bed oft, *Dear Lord* he cry'd,
 He sang and sweetly like a lamb he dy'd.
 His Corpse attended was by Friends so soon
 From seven at Morn till one o'clock at Noon
 By Master Printers carried toward his Grave.
 Our *City Printer* such an honor gave.
 A worthy Merchant did the Widow lead,
 And then both mounted on a stately steed.
 Next *Preachers, Common Council, Aldermen.*
 Our aged Post Master here now appears,
 Who had not walked so far in twice Twelve years.
 With Merchants, Shop-Keepers, the Young and old ;
 A numerous Throng, not very Easy told.
 And what still adds a further Lustre to 't,
 Some rode well mounted, others walked afoot
 Where to the crowded meeting he was bore :
 I wept so long till I could weep no more.

We learn from these verses that in Philadelphia, at the time referred to, funeral processions were either equestrian or pedestrian, and that even the widow followed her husband to the grave on a pillion. Bradford's influence was sufficient to procure the appointment of his son to the office of postmaster in Philadelphia, and the family thus reached distinction. This is referred to by Keimer (Franklin's acquaintance), who, when issuing the *Barbadoes Gazette*, thus uttered his piteous plaint :

What a pity it is that some modern bravadoes,
 Who dub themselves gentlemen here in Barbadoes,
 Should time after time run in debt to their printer,
 And care not to pay him in summer or winter ?
 In Penn's wooden country type feels no disaster ;
 Their Printer is rich and is made their Post Master.
 His father a printer, is paid for his work,
 And wallows in plenty, just now in New York.

To return to Franklin. Bradford's fears were eventually fulfilled. Franklin's skill, industry and good sense gradually gave him precedence, and Bradford lived to see the applicant for employment become the most important printer in America. The following is Bradford's epitaph, which may be found in Trinity churchyard :

Here lieth the body of Mr. William Bradford, printer, who departed this life May 23, 1752, aged 92 years. He was born in Leicestershire, Old England, in 1660, and came over to America in 1680 before Philadelphia was laid out. He was printer to this government for upward of 50 years, and being quite worn out with old age and labor, he left this mortal state in the lively hope of a blessed immortality.

Reader, reflect how soon you'll leave the stage;
 You'll find few live to such an age.
 Life's full of pain. Lo, here's a place of rest—
 Prepare to meet your God and you are blest.

From the above record it is evident that our first American printer was, during his early days, contemporary with Bunyan, Milton, Dryden, Pope and Addison. What a rare galaxy of talent!

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER IN NEW YORK.

When Franklin sought employment of Bradford, the latter was only a job printer, but two years afterward he began the New York Gazette, which was the first newspaper issued in that city. He was then sixty-five. Rather old for a new effort, but he conducted it for a long time, and indeed, it was twenty-seven years old at the time of his death.

Hugh Gaine was the next printer of any importance, for he flourished both before and after the Revolution, but he was not a partisan, while John Holt was pronounced and decisive in his patriotic affinities. Holt edited the first Whig paper ever published in New York. It was called the New York Journal and General Advertiser, and was devoted to the cause of liberty. When the

British took possession of the city, he removed his press to Kingston, and when that place was burned he removed to Poughkeepsie and renewed its publication. After the war closed he returned to New York, and called his paper the Independent Gazette, or the New York Journal Revived. Fifteen years later he died, and his paper then became Greenleaf's Journal. It soon fell into the hands of James Cheetham, an Englishman who achieved a temporary notoriety. Holt died in 1788, and was buried in St. Paul's. His tombstone is a prominent feature in that storied cemetery, and the inscription says that it was erected by his widow, whose affection is displayed in the eulogistic epitaph.

To return to Cheetham, it may be said that he changed Greenleaf's Journal to the American Citizen, which was an abusive partisan sheet, but he died in 1810, and is now forgotten.

James Rivington was a noted printer during the revolutionary troubles. He was a native of London, and was in his fiftieth year when he started a paper in New York called the New York Gazette, or the Connecticut, New Jersey, Hudson River and Quebec Weekly Advertiser. A more extended title to any journal cannot be found on the record of the craft. Rivington was at first a tory, but perceiving that the British cause was sinking, he became a spy for Washington. Hence, when the city was evacuated, he remained and continued his business, but his patriotism was only affected, for while Washington (then President) was suffering such obloquy, he added to it by republishing in book form the malicious fraud, referred to in the appendix. I suspect he was its author.

SATANIC PRESS.

This title was assumed in the earlier issues of the New York Herald, whose caustic editor made it a matter of

boast. This, however, was not its origin, for I find that James Franklin's New England Courant (first issued in Boston in 1721) was the satanic press of its day, and its satires and pasquinades were felt as keenly as those of the senior Bennett. James Franklin, however, was honored by a month's imprisonment. He was also threatened with suppression, to avoid which he put the concern in the hands of his younger brother, Benjamin. The latter was in this manner a publisher before he reached eighteen, but he had given early proof of his business ability. The New England Courant was full of fight, and assailed Harvard College in an unsparing manner, while at the same time the clergy and other leading men were severely handled. These attacks were answered in the rival paper (the News-Letter), but Franklin always had the best of the controversy. He was keen and relentless, and therefore awoke bitter denunciation, but he had the faculty of turning it to good account, and in this point Bennett also excelled. It was said by its enemies that the Courant was edited by the "Hell-fire Club," to which Franklin replies thus:

I would advise the enemies of the Courant not to publish anything more against it, unless they wish to have it continued. Above forty persons have subscribed for the Courant since the first of January, and by one advertisement more the anti-Couranters will be in danger of adding forty more.

HIT AT HARVARD.

Here is another of James Franklin's retorts, the italics being copied:

The hearty curses on the Courant and its publishers are all to no purpose, for, as a Connecticut man said of his onions, *the more they are cursed the more they grow*. Notwithstanding this a scribbling young collegian, who has just learning enough to make a fool of himself, has taken it into his head to put *a stop to this wickedness* (as he calls it) by a letter in his last week's paper. Poor boy!

The above really seems like an extract from some of

Bennett's sharpest paragraphs, and one can hardly believe that it was written in Boston more than a century and a half ago. This "collegian" was Mather Byles, afterward a prominent preacher, and his reply brought a fresh display of Franklin's wit in several scraps of jargon, written, as he said, "in the Mungundean language for the benefit of Harfet Coleg (Harvard College) who strive in vain or are too lazy to study the *other learned tongues*." The italics are copied, and some other interesting extracts might be given if space permitted, but I will merely add that Franklin's enemies succeeded (as has been previously mentioned) in getting him jailed for four weeks. The Courant was issued for a while by Benjamin Franklin, but after his departure for Philadelphia its proprietor removed it to Newport, where there was less tyranny. He died soon afterward, and his name is now only recalled by this reference to the founder of the satanic press.

FRANKLIN MEMORIES.

The present Franklinian revival reminds one that Benjamin Franklin was the first American journalist to assume a pen name. He was then only an apprentice of sixteen years, and while he wished to publish his ideas he determined to conceal his name both from his brother and from the public. He mentions in his autobiography that he was ambitious to appear in print, but fearing that his brother would refuse his offering he disguised his handwriting and thrust the piece under the door. It was accepted and published, and its author was gratified by hearing it highly approved by good judges. It was ascribed to several clever writers, but no one imagined it could be the work of the apprentice. This encouraged the latter, who continued his offerings, which were very acceptable, and the elder brother was astonished when the secret was

revealed. By reference to the New England Courant it has been discovered that these articles were signed Silence Dogood, and this name was evidently prompted by Cotton Mather's volume, entitled *Essays to Do-Good*. Sixty years afterward Franklin wrote thus to Dr. Mather of Boston :

When I was a boy, I met with a book entitled *Essays to Do-Good*, which was written by your father. It gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct for life.

The above extract shows the connection between the Silence Dogood of the New England Courant and the *Essays to Do-Good*, by Cotton Mather.

ANOTHER POINT OF IDENTITY.

Another proof that the apprentice was the author of the Silence Dogood papers is found in the identity of opinions on temperance. Franklin says in his autobiography that, while working at his trade in London, he astonished the printers by the amount of hard labor that could be done by a teetotaler. While they drank great quantities of ale, he only used water, and thus saved four shillings a week, which they spent for drink, and he adds : " Thus do those poor devils continue all their lives in a state of voluntary wretchedness and poverty." Now, turning to the very last of the Silence Dogood papers, I find a brief temperance lecture, in which the writer says :

As the effects of liquor are various, so are the characters given to its devourers. It argues some shame in the drunkards themselves that they have invented numberless words and phrases to cover their folly. They are seldom drunk, but are often boozey, typsy, mellow, fuddled, and in fact, every day produces some new phrase which is added to the vocabulary of the tipplers.

Five years after the publication of the above the "water American" (as he was called) astonished the London printers by the vigor of an habitual abstinent.

Now that typography has reached such perfection it is interesting to notice its gradual advance. It was slow to obtain a foothold, but when that was accomplished the progress was so rapid that all other nations have been distanced.

Thomas Greenleaf, a leading New York printer, published the first collection of State laws in January, 1792. He expresses his grateful thanks for a generous list of upwards of fourteen hundred subscribers, obtained throughout the State, and he adds as follows, the italics being copied :

The types and paper were manufactured in this state and the editor, anxious to give good satisfaction, engaged an ingenious typefounder from Holland to cast a new font. The types are not so perfectly regular as those from the London foundries, but *no cash went to London* for them and our infant manufactures ought to be encouraged.

Types had previously been made in Philadelphia, but Greenleaf felt commendable pride in being the first to manufacture them in New York.

FRANKLIN'S DIFFICULTIES.

We are a nation of newspapers, and how they all live is a wonder. Printers are generally in trouble, and there are but few offices that have smooth sailing. This is nothing new, and Franklin gives us an impressive view of the difficulties which beset the craft in its early days. He also mentions the very encouraging patronage of a friend who became a customer to the amount of *five shillings*, and small as this sum may appear, most of our great editors have seen the time when it was not to be despised. The printing business up to Franklin's time, had never been remunerative. Even Bradford hardly made it profitable, and Franklin was the first in this country that really succeeded. Franklin, however, would have done well at any business, and it may be added that only such will succeed at printing, since it requires an

unusual degree of skill, tact and perseverance. The limited size of Franklin's printing office may be judged by the fact that having to set up and print a folio page of a book as a day's work, he found it exhausted his font, or, in the parlance of the trade, he got "out of letter," and hence after printing a page, the type was distributed, and the task renewed. Slow work, but it was the day of small things.

GOVERNMENT HOSTILITY.

The jealousy of the colonial government was one of the chief difficulties to which the early press was subject, as is evident from the suppression of the first paper. James Franklin, who issued the *Courant*, was also the victim of similar injustice. He was arrested for some reflections on the government, or as Ben. Franklin says, "an article in our paper gave offense, and my brother was censured and ordered into confinement for one month." James Franklin's release was accompanied by the order that he should no longer publish the *New England Courant*, and therefore it passed into the hands of Benjamin. It was a long time a matter of interest to learn what was James Franklin's precise offense, and Edward Everett, for the purpose of satisfying the inquiry, consulted the MSS. records. He there learned that the offensive article referred to a pirate vessel which had appeared off Block Island, and it concludes thus: "We are advised from Boston, that the government of the Massachusetts are fitting out a sloop to go after the pirates and it is thought the captain will sail sometime this month, wind and weather permitting." The insinuation of tardiness was the sole cause of this outrage.

FIRST LIBEL SUIT.

The same governmental opposition was manifested in

New York where Peter Zenger in his *Weekly Journal*, took a bold position against Governor Cosby. The articles were written by some prominent lawyers, but Zenger manfully bore the charge. He was arrested and tried for libel, but the governor was unpopular, and public sympathy ran strongly in favor of the defendant, who was acquitted amid the huzzas of the populace. This occurred in 1734, just twelve years after the Franklin affair, and it seems to have emboldened the Boston people to that defiant utterance which marked the press of that city after the passage of the stamp act.

SOME OLD NAMES.

Immediately after the revolution, Hugh Gaine, who kept a book store, started the *New York Gazette*, and boasted of four hundred subscribers. Samuel Loudon, who had left the city during the war, returned and issued the *New York Packet*, and also the *American Magazine*. The latter only lived a year, and the former was afterward merged into Greenleaf's *Journal*, which in turn gave place to the *American Citizen*. In 1797 the *Commercial Advertiser* was started by Zachariah Lewis, and is therefore the oldest paper in New York. Four years afterward William Coleman started the *Evening Post*, and being a man of fine taste, his paper became popular in literary circles. Halleck and Drake were then the leading New York poets, and they honored the *Evening Post* with their effusions, which bore the pen name of *Croaker & Co.* Drake's *American Flag* appeared in this manner, and so did some of Halleck's best things, including his monody on the death of his poetic associate. Coleman died in 1829, having edited the *Post* for twenty-eight years, and was succeeded by Bryant, who held this position for fifty-one years — an unparalleled extent of



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

editorial service. His staff included William Leggett, who was one of the leading men of his day, and who afterward issued the Plain Dealer. William L. Stone of the Commercial Advertiser, was also one of the strong men of that day. Journalism has always subserved patriotism. Even the Federalist originally appeared in the New York Daily Advertiser. It consists of a series of eighty-five articles, advocating the national Constitution, and written in 1787, soon after the close of the convention. Hamilton, Madison and Jay were united in this work, but the latter only wrote five articles, while Madison contributed twenty-nine, and Hamilton the remainder. The next year they were republished in book form, and will always hold distinction as the most important newspaper contributions in the records of American journalism.

FOREIGN FAMILIES.

Family editorial succession has been maintained in Great Britain with remarkable success, the most noted

instance being the Walters — so long identified with the London Times. John Walter was born in 1739, was bred a printer, and was a workman in London while Woodfall was issuing the letters of Junius. He saw the general lack of energy in the profession, and knew that there was a field for editorial enterprise. In 1785, being then forty-six, he started the Universal Register, whose circulation was not more than five hundred copies, but its proprietor had some government printing which gave him encouragement.

In three years the title was changed to the *Times*, but it remained a very petty affair until the second John Walter assumed its control. He was an infant when his father issued the Universal Register, but at the age of nineteen, he took control of the paper, its daily sale being not more than one thousand copies.

This was in 1804. It was a time of intense mental and political excitement, and under this impulse and also the energy of the new manager, the sale increased in ten years to five thousand copies. He applied himself closely to the improvement of the press, and the London Times in its thirtieth year of existence, was printed by steam, at the rate of four thousand impressions per hour. This was at that time a wonderful achievement. But what improvements have since occurred.

The second Walter, who gave the Times its immense importance, died in London in 1847, and was succeeded by his son John. Decay then began, reaching appalling disgrace in the Parnell affair. How are the mighty fallen!

EDITORIAL RETROSPECT.

Looking back on the history of New York journalism, is like walking through a cemetery, and gazing on the monuments that bear the names of one's friends. I have seen

such mortality in the profession that it can not but awaken many painful memories. Among others there was the Evening Star, edited by Major Noah, who was the best paragraphist of its day. Also the Morning Dispatch, the Daily Whig, the Evening Signal, the Tattler, the New Era, the Plebeian, the Republic, and many others of equally attractive names. Among literary efforts were the New York Mirror, edited by N. P. Willis; and also the Broadway Journal, edited by Edgar A. Poc, each of which deserved a better fate. Greeley's New Yorker made the hardest fight for existence that ever proved unsuccessful. For six years Greeley worked sixteen hours a day in this effort, but still it failed. Much of this work was writing for other papers at a very low rate, in order to earn money to sustain his own, where he was editor, compositor and publisher. Had Greeley sunk under this disappointment how great would have been the public loss, but he knew he had acquired experience, and this led him to fresh effort in the Log Cabin, and eventually in the Tribune.

ANN STREET.

Those who now pass through Ann street can hardly imagine the struggles which once it witnessed, in which the ablest intellects contended, first for mere existence and then for superiority. Greeley was an Ann street man until after the inception of the Tribune, which was issued there until its increase demanded more extended space. Bennett, too, first developed in Ann street, and how strange it seems that so limited a place could contain two such giants. Bennett was a combative in anything which might advance his paper, while Greeley was the earnest opponent of social wrongs and was vigilant to defend the right. I often recall these men as they appeared in Ann

street during my boyhood. There is the tall, ungainly form of Bennett with his repulsive face and eyes fixed on the ground, moving hurriedly along, mindful of nothing but his paper. There, too, is Greeley, with his rural expression and half a smile, notwithstanding hard times, looking so boyish that one could hardly believe that he was the man of the *New Yorker*. Bennett then wrote most of the copy for his paper and was also its Wall street reporter. He had another reporter for miscellaneous work and an assistant editor to make up the form, and then two printers completed his staff. From such small beginnings modern journalism has reached its present immense extent, and its pioneers, Greeley and Bennett, both lived to see the grand development of that system whose foundations they laid in so humble a manner.

EDITORIAL DEATHS.

Bryant's death was due to over exertion in making a public address, but he was a worn out man, having passed four-score. David Hale, who began the *Journal of Commerce* a year after Bryant's connection with the *Post*, died after a quarter century of service. He was attacked with a sudden paralysis which he survived but a few weeks. This was in 1849. He was then fifty-eight while Bryant lived to eighty-four; strangely the life of the latter was prolonged, and yet Hale was the strongest and most vigorous of this remarkable pair.

Henry J. Raymond died suddenly, and perhaps another so sensational and impressive a case cannot be found in editorial history. I met him one summer day walking toward the *Times* office in apparent health. What was my astonishment to read in the next issue of his own paper the announcement of his death! He had left the office in the evening, after finishing his usual task, had

attended a social meeting at midnight, and then returned home, but fell in a fit as soon as he had entered the hall. There he was found dead in the morning, and the whole community was shocked by this sudden and dreadful termination of so active a life. Raymond was then fifty and had been a working editor for twenty-eight years.

The close of Bennett's life was totally in contrast with that of Raymond. He was one of the victims of extreme senility. After a long life of close application, his faculties gradually failed, and, as Swift said, he "began to die like a tree, at the top." His family kept him at their country seat where he was drawn about in a donkey-cart under care of a servant.

Later on he was removed to the Fifth avenue mansion, where he reached the extreme of second childhood, till relieved by death, being then seventy-six.

Greeley died after a short illness, accompanied by loss of reason. He was the only one of our great editors who became insane, and this was really the result of a shattered physical condition. His age was sixty, and his life was no doubt shortened by that injudicious and crushing campaign in which he so vainly canvassed for the presidency.

N. P. Willis, of the Home Journal, died of a lingering illness, being sixty-eight. James Brooks, of the Express, was about the same age, while his brother Erastus, passed three-score and ten.

All of these men found graves in Greenwood cemetery, except Bryant, who was buried at Roslyn. Hale was the first great journalist to honor Greenwood with his name, and although those of the same profession who have been borne thither since have had finer monuments, none left a purer memory.

The Bennett monument is the most striking, in point

of expense and ornament, of the editorial memorials. Greeley's is simply a bust surmounting a column, bearing the description he had designated, "Founder of the New York Tribune." Such an array of editorial genius as this can be equalled by no other cemetery in the world.

HEBREW JOURNALIST.

Mordecai M. Noah holds distinction as the first Jew who became a power in the political journalism of New York. He was a native of Philadelphia and in early life studied law, which led him to politics, and he obtained the Morocco consulship, which later on led him to write a play based on the Algerine war. Returning to New York he started the *Advocate* which failed, and he then began the *New York Enquirer*, which was also threatened



MORDECAI M. NOAH.

with a similar fate. To escape this it was fused with the *Morning Courier*, edited by James Watson Webb. Noah was elected sheriff and wielded great political influence. He also projected a colony of Jews on Grand Island — a delusion which naturally failed.

Newspaper files are the best sources of information, but are very unaccessible, for the most important offices deny them to the public. The only New York files within reach are in the New York city library (in the city hall), and include twenty-four volumes of the Herald, for which \$100 a volume was paid to a fortunate owner. For a full set of the London Times £5,000 has been offered, but in vain. The New York Historical Society has the files of the Commercial Advertiser, which is the oldest paper in the city, but their inspection is a privilege rarely conceded. Their value is beyond ordinary estimate, and it is now found that it pays well to keep such files.

In 1844 only one man had a complete set of the Herald (besides the editor), which he could have sold for \$5,000, but it was unfortunately destroyed by fire.

RAPID WORK.

The most rapid, as well as the most laborious writers New York has ever contained, were Greeley and Raymond, neither of whom ever found any assistants who could equal them in dispatch. The self-inflicted toil of these master editors was much beyond the severest labors of their associates. For many years Greeley worked fifteen hours daily. His writings were imbued with deep thought, and he elaborated a greater amount of opinion than any other publicist up to his day. His American Conflict was written under greater pressure than any other history, the time being only two years. Greeley's early style was crude and incorrect, but he gradually improved until he became a master.

Raymond, on the other hand, had a better gift for writing than Greeley, and his earliest contributions to the press were marked by a neat and graceful style. In the combination of rapidity and elegance, Raymond has never been equalled. His application was intense but it in-

creased with the exigencies of the occasion until it sometimes reached an almost incredible degree. The most remarkable instance of this character was his life of Daniel Webster, which appeared in the *New York Times* immediately after the death of the great statesman. It filled thirty-six columns, and though written under extraordinary pressure, is as admirable in style as it is in its record of facts. Raymond had the material in hand and no doubt part of the article ready, but the remainder of the work was done with the rapidity of ordinary speech, and the task will long stand alone in point of extended duration and masterly success. Raymond was then thirty-two. He was the smallest of our great editors, his height being not more than five feet two inches, while his frame was so light that one could but wonder at his power, but his head indicated great expanse of brain, and this was sufficiently evident.

GREELEY.

No journalist, either secular or religious, ever equalled Greeley in moral power, and the public was convinced at an early period in his editorial life that whatever might be his errors he was always sincere.

It was Greeley's desire to be simply remembered as the founder of the *New York Tribune*, and this is inscribed on the monument that marks his grave. The importance of his services, however, has given him a distinction shared by no other journalist of his day, and he has taken a position in history far above his contemporaries. The time, indeed, has come when his eccentricities fade before his true greatness, not only as a journalist but as a patriot. He was a man of tender heart and full of mercy; but in this was united a love of truth and a fearless defense of the wronged. He was ready to throw himself



Horace Greeley

into the gap, and asked nothing of others that he had not first done himself. When you add to this his wonderful industry, his devotion to the greatest questions of national polity and his purity of motive, it is not surprising that posterity accords him peculiar distinction. The elements of his character, indeed, remind one of the words of Shakespeare in *Cymbeline* :

———— They are as gentle
 As zephyrs blowing before the violet,
 And yet as rough (their blood enchafed)
 As the rudest wind that doth shake
 The mountain pine. 'Tis wonderful
 That an invisible instinct should frame one
 To royalty unlearned — honor untaught,
 Civility not seen from other; valor
 That wildly grows in them, but yields
 A crop as if it had been sowed.

ADDISON IN JOURNALISM.

Journalism has attracted the best intellect of every age since the inception of the profession. Addison in his *Spectator*, showed its more elegant aspect, but his effort failed because he overlooked the important feature of news. He was warned of the deficiency, but omitted to improve the lesson, although he printed the communication in which it was contained. As a matter of curious interest, I give an extract from the above which bears date November 18, 1714 :

MR. SPECTATOR — I wonder that in the present state of affairs you can take pleasure in writing anything but news, for who minds anything else? I have a good ear for a secret, and am of a communicative disposition. Hence I am capable of doing you great service in this way. I am early at the ante-chamber, (of Parliament), where I thrust my head in the midst of the crowd and catch the news while it is fresh.

I stand by the big men and catch the buzz as it passes me. At other times I lay my ear to the wall and suck in many a valuable whisper. I spare no pains to know how the world goes, and I sometimes sit all day at a coffee house and have the news as it comes from court, fresh and fresh.

A piece of news loses its flavor when it hath been an hour in the

air. I love to have it fresh and convey it to my friends, before it is faded. Accordingly my expense for coach hire is no small item, for I post away from one coffee house to another for this purpose. Once more, Mr. Spectator, let me advise you to deal in news.

Had Addison adopted this man's advice, the Spectator might have still been in existence, but his health was then declining, and his habits were beyond improvement. The Spectator soon failed, and five years afterward its founder was laid in Westminster Abbey.

Another man of genius who attempted journalism was Johnson, whose Rambler appeared twice a week for two years. He was like Addison, deficient in the correct idea of his work, and when the Rambler failed he took his valedictory in the following words, dated March 14, 1752:

If I have not been distinguished by literary honors, I have seldom descended to the arts by which favor is obtained. I have seen the meteors of fashion rise and fall without any attempt to add to their duration. In my paper no man could look for censure of his enemies, or praise of himself. I have never complied with temporary curiosity, nor enabled my readers to discuss the topics of the day.

A more remarkable confession of stupidity is rarely found on record. If Johnson had done just those very things that he left undone, the Rambler might have been a permanent institution. When an editor, however, gives such a view of his duty as is found above, and finishes it with the statement that he "never enabled his readers to discuss the topics of the day," there need be no wonder at his failure.

ANOTHER BLUNDER.

Johnson's reputation was so great that the bookseller Dodsley, when about to start the London Chronicle, employed him to write the prospectus. This proves that the true idea of journalism was not then understood. How ridiculous, indeed, to think that a confirmed pedant like Johnson, should know anything about making a news-

paper! It is true he refers in his prospectus to the importance of obtaining news, but he adds the following statement, which reminds one impressively of the closing paragraph in the Rambler :

We pretend to no peculiar power of disentangling contradictions or denuding forgery. We have no settled correspondence with the antipodes, nor maintain any spies in the courts of princes."

Johnson thus disclaims those features for which a true journalist makes every effort, and success in this very point is the present boast of the profession. Of course Dodsley's paper proved a failure.

GOLDSMITH AND BOSWELL.

Goldsmith wrote his popular letters, *The Citizen of the World*, for the *Public Ledger*, and they are the best fragments of journalism of that age — with the sole exception of Junius. They appeared in 1759, and are still read, their racy and sparkling style rendering them very attractive. Goldsmith also started a weekly paper called the *Bee*, but it stopped at the close of two months. The best reporter of that age was Boswell, whose life of Johnson shows how he would have excelled in newspaper work. He had the faculty — so rare among biographers — of making the reader realize the presence of the persons introduced. One feels that he has heard them converse, and also that he is really in the circle of friendship, and for this reason Boswell stands alone as the master of biography.

BYRON.

This famous author had a strong desire to try his hand at journalism, and he looked on Moore as a suitable colleague. What an interesting brace of editors these poets would have made! Byron wrote thus to Moore from Italy in 1822:

I have been thinking of a project for you and me on our return to London, which in my case may be next spring. This project is to set up jointly a weekly newspaper — nothing more or less — with some improvement upon the plan of the present scoundrels who degrade that department — but a newspaper which we will edit in due form and with some attention. There must always be in it a piece of poesy from one or the other of us two, and also as much prose as we can compass. Our names though not announced, will be suspected, and we will, by the blessing of Providence, give the age some new lights upon policy, poesy, biography, criticism, morality, theology, and all other *isms*, *ality* and *ology* whatever. * * *

Why, man, if we were to take to this in good earnest your debts would be paid off in a year, and with a little diligence and practice we would distance the blackguards who have so long disgraced common sense. They have no merit but practice and impudence, both of which we may acquire, and as for talent and culture, the devil is in it if such proofs as we have given of both can't furnish something better than "the funeral baked meats" which have set forth the breakfast table of all Great Britain for so many years.

Moore was at that time in Paris, exiled by his debts, but he soon returned to London, while Byron, instead of also returning, found himself continually delayed and never reached his native land until he went thither, in his coffin. In another letter he says: "With regard to our proposed journal I will call it what you please, but it should be a newspaper to make it *pay*." I copy Byron's italics to show his earnestness in a scheme which never went into operation.

SCOTT AND DICKENS.

Walter Scott, on one important occasion, served as a newspaper reporter, this being after he had reached his highest point of fame. He went from Edinburgh to London for the purpose of attending the coronation of George IV, and wrote an extended description of the scene for the Edinburgh Journal, whose editor was his special friend. It is really one of the best samples of writing to be found in the journalism of that day, and shows that Scott would have excelled in this profession.

Dickens, as is well-known, began his literary career as a reporter for the London True Sun, and afterward for the Morning Chronicle. His odd pen name, Boz, first appeared in the latter, and the sketches to which it was appended were the first indications of his genius. These instances (which might be extended) show the connection between genius and journalism in the past, and this union has now reached a grand consummation.

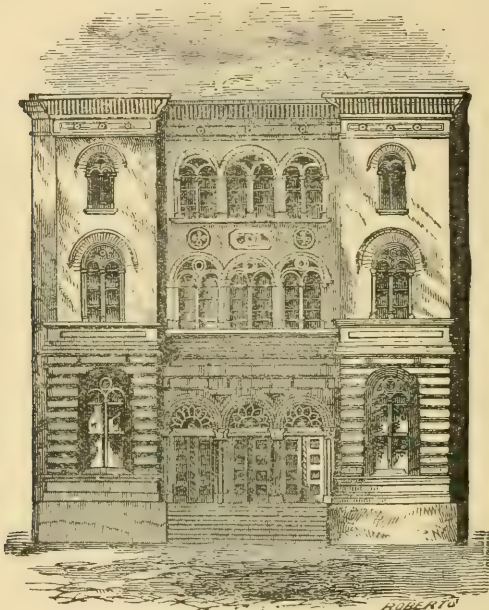
CENTRE OF INFORMATION.

Whenever the New York journalists require information on recondite subjects, they seek it in the Astor library, where a number of this class may be found every day making researches for the press. You can readily distinguish a newspaper man from all other readers by the earnestness of his countenance, and the rapidity with which he takes notes. He differs also in other points, and it is very interesting to see how readily they master any subject through the facilities thus afforded.

The Astor library contains two hundred and fifty thousand volumes, the aggregate weight of which is three hundred tons. When a man looks into the catalogue and sees how immense are the literary treasures which surround him, the effect is staggering. It impresses one with a consciousness of his own ignorance. As I gaze upon the crowded shelves, reaching to an elevation of thirty feet, I may exclaim how many books are here of which I have never yet heard even the names! The very best readers are seldom able to compass more than a literature of one nation, but in this place how many nations are represented? One may here get an idea of the brain work which has been applied to authorship, for every volume in the Astor has a value, due either to its author or subject. The librarian must also know the

geography of departments, alcoves and shelves, so that he can readily place his hand on any volume. It will require two years of practice here to become tolerably acquainted with this detail, but a much longer experience is needed to ensure a rapid reference.

In fact the Astor library is a world in which a man of literary taste could spend his whole existence.



ENTRANCE OF ASTOR LIBRARY.

HUMBLE BEGINNING.

When one contemplates the grandeur which modern journalism has attained, it is well to recall the fact that it arose from the humblest beginning. Greeley, for instance, reached New York from the west by canal boat and worked as journeyman printer. Raymond began journalism by reporting on the Tribune at eight dollars a

week. Bennett came to New York penniless and earned a bare living in a very hard manner, shifting from one thing to another as circumstances might direct. At one time he projected a commercial school and then tried lecturing; after which he obtained employment on the press and eventually started the *Herald*. George Jones was, in early life, a clerk not far from the New York Times building. He, too, went through many changes in employment before trying journalism. Whitelaw Reid was at one time glad to serve as a newspaper correspondent. Joseph Pulitzer began journalism as a reporter. Thurlow Weed rose from the lowest rank in the craft. David Hale, who founded the *Journal of Commerce*, had failed in the dry goods business in Boston and then came to New York to renew his struggle for a living. His partner, Gerard Hallock, was at one time a teacher. Bowen, of the *Independent*, had failed in the dry goods trade before he became a journalist, and it is evident that the greatest success in this profession was born amid misfortune.

GREELEY'S CONFESSIONS.

I find in occasional paragraphs in the *New Yorker* a view of Greeley's struggles in the effort to make that paper a success, and some of them have a ludicrous aspect which makes one smile even amid his tale of trouble. Here is an extract from one of his personal references:

Five years and a half have now elapsed since, young in years, poor even in friends and utterly unknown to the public, we gave the world the first number of the *New Yorker*. On the 23d of March, 1834, we spread our sail to the breeze backed by the moderate earnings of two or three years of successful industry — the good wishes of some forty friends (mostly humble ones whose good wishes were all they could afford us), a sanguine spirit (our experience has mainly been since then), and about two hundred subscribers. Heaven bless them for their generous reliance in advance on our editorial capacities of which they could have had small evidence beforehand. The success of our journal has not been at all of a peculiar character thus far.

Greeley made constant efforts to assist his paper by other literary projects, one of which is shown by the following advertisement whose italics are copied :

The publishers of the *New Yorker* announce that they have fitted up a reading room in connection with their new office, No. 1, Ann street. For the accommodation of the public a bulletin of news will be kept up—subscription \$5. Transient visitors are invited, and will be charged *the merest trifle*.

Greeley also hoped to earn something as a correspondent and his proposals sufficiently prove that he was the founder of that system of metropolitan correspondence which now has reached such vast extent.

TO EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS. — The conductors of journals desiring a correspondent in the city of New York are respectfully apprised that arrangements for daily, semi-weekly, or weekly letters may be effected on advantageous terms by addressing a line to the editor of the *New Yorker*. Commercial, political, or general intelligence will be given as desired, and the utmost exertion made to forward early news.

Well, the *New Yorker* eventually proved a failure, that is as a journalistic effort, but as a school for a higher sphere of labor it was a grand success. Greeley little dreamed while conducting the *New Yorker* that he was at school for the great work of his life. Such, however, was the case. It was the ability displayed in this early effort that led Weed and Seward to make him the editor of the *Log Cabin*, and the *Tribune* was the next advancing step. This gradual progress, in the midst of conflict, recalls the lesson with which Virgil opens the *Æneid* :

Multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem
Inferret que Deos Latio; genus unde Latinum,
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Roma.

which may be translated. Much too he suffered in war until he founded the city and introduced his deities into Latium, whence sprang the Latin race, the Alban fathers and the walls of lofty Rome. Reader, true success is always the reward as well as the result of conflict.

Now, reader, for a few pages on dramatic scenes and characters, and of course I must begin with the one name which will probably always hold unapproachable distinction.

It is evident that London had a bad influence on Shakespeare. Great cities are always dangerous to youth, and genius is often early misled. The licentiousness and obscenity which deform Shakespeare's plays are no doubt due to the evil influence of the theatre, which was his chief resort. When, however, he was brought under home influence his writings were at once improved. Shakespeare, having wickedly abandoned his family, spent thirty years in London, and then returned to Stratford, where he remained. Coming back after this long absence, he found that the deserted wife had brought up his two daughters in a reputable manner, and no doubt he felt ashamed of his misconduct. He built a fine house and the family was reunited until separated by the hand of death. Under such circumstances *The Tempest* and *Henry VIII* were written and the careful reader will discern the internal proof which indicates the above-mentioned change. Shakespeare has of late years been studied more closely in America than in England, of which Richard Grant White's admirable volume (*Shakespeare's Scholar*) is a sufficient proof. Some time ago I attended an auction sale which included four hundred volumes, all on this subject. Among the number was a photographic copy of the first collected edition (1623), and having seen the original in the Astor library, I noticed how closely the paper as well as the type was imitated.

CURIOUS FACT.

It seems strange to me that so wonderful a writer should go to the grave without seeing his entire works in print, but Shakespeare had been dead seven years when the above-mentioned edition appeared. Just think of the

risk incurred! How easily might these dramas have been destroyed by fire! Their posthumous publication is a reason for the manifold blunders which even now perplex critics. Authors generally read their proof-sheets, but Shakespeare was at the mercy of the printer.

One advantage, however, was enjoyed by such a writer. He escaped all criticism. His writings were the developing of his grand dreams, and he had seen some of them on the stage. This was all, and yet Shakespeare seemed content and never left a complaint "that mankind had neglected him, or that men of genius stand no chance in this world." He did not wage war on society like Byron, nor aspire to reform it like Shelley, nor even to satirize like Pope. He sought not family aggrandizement like Scott, and never dreamed of the wealth of Dickens — the second Shakespeare. He wrote in obedience to the voice of genius, unconscious of his true stature, and in his last days was content to be Master Shakespeare of his native town, a mere country gentleman, who made the best of life and was thought well of by a class of people who never had an idea of his genius.

PROGRESS OF FAME.

Seven years had elapsed since the funeral at Stratford, when the world saw the first issue of the poet's collected dramas, and this small edition was sufficient for nine years. Then came the civil war which checked literary taste, while to the severe simplicity of the Puritans such a book was hateful. It did not altogether perish, but thirty-two years passed before another edition was issued — its appearance being in 1664, the time of "the restoration." In 1685 Shakespeare had reached the fifth edition, and even this impression is highly valued.

We find nothing in Bunyan which leads us to suppose

that he had ever read Shakespeare. Had he become acquainted with the genius which left the world so near the time of his own birth, he would have been one of its greatest admirers. Bunyan had so admirable a dramatic genius and such a conception of the beautiful and the grotesque, as well as of the sublime, that he may be called the Shakespeare of theology, and yet it is probable that he never read a line of the great dramatist.

Milton, however, Puritan as he was, had been mastered by the volume to which Bunyan was so complete a stranger, and gives expression to his admiration in the sonnet which speaks of "my Shakespeare." From that time until the present the fame of the great author has been steadily on the increase. In 1715 Jacob Tonson, the London bookseller, had Shakespeare's head as a sign. He no doubt desired to honor genius, but since then the highest order of intellect has bowed before the dramatist who has long stood alone, as Milton says, "the great heir of fame."

LOVE QUESTION.

Was Shakespeare ever in love? By this is meant the highest development of that passion. It seems impossible that one should so admirably delineate the operations of the strongest affections without a deep experience, but in this instance there is an almost entire absence of proof. True, Shakespeare was a married man, but seldom did man of genius marry in a more unsuitable manner.

He was not, however, a man, but merely a youth, for when only eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, eight years his senior, in order to protect her character. Soon afterward he became a father, and a youth without money or employment could be in no condition to support such a burden. The next feature in his history is abandon-

ment of his family and flight to London, where he no doubt soon became an attaché of the theatre. Under those circumstances the question was Shakespeare ever in love, must remain unanswered; and yet how could he have described the tender passion in all its varied emotions without a deep and potent experience?

HE RIDICULES ANNE.

Shakespeare, no doubt, felt keenly his matrimonial blunder. He did not love Anne, and being bound to her by wedlock, it probably resulted in hate. He represents her as Audrey in *As You Like It*, and in the coarse, ill-favored shepherdess I recognize the wife, while the husband is evident in *Touchstone*. What a suggestion is offered concerning the very nature of their union when the latter exclaims: "Audrey, we must marry or live in bawdry." Even his expression, "Sweet Audrey," is mere sarcasm, since he has previously called her a "foul slut."

Again, when he is about to employ the "irregular" Martext to perform the ceremony, and Jaques says: "Will you be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is" — his reply is as follows: "I were better to be married of him than of any other; for he is not like to marry me well, and being not well married it will be a good excuse for me to leave my wife."

This reveals that sophistry by which Shakespeare may for a time have justified his conduct. *Touchstone* and *Audrey* eventually come before the duke (at the finale, when so many of the characters are married), and the former thus explains his appearance: "I press in here, sir, among the rest of the country copulatives to swear and to forswear according as marriage binds and blood breaks." Here I find another allusion to his violated covenant.

Then follows a highly uncomplimentary reference to the bride: "Ill-favored thing, but my own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that which no other man will." Looking at this part of the play, as illustrated by the author's history, it is very clear that he is giving his own experience.

THE CONTRAST.

As You Like It was written in the early part of Shakespeare's life. The time comes, however, when he must return from London to Stratford, and perhaps the political trouble of the day had much influence upon his movements. No doubt he intended eventually to return to the metropolis, but his untimely death shattered all such plans. Coming back, he finds that this rude and despised Anne Hathaway has acquitted herself much better than he in every point of duty. His son (Hannett) is dead, but the daughters are grown up and in reputable condition.

He builds a home for them, for he feels that his injured wife deserves some act of condonement, and having ridiculed her in an early play he makes amends by embodying a portion of her character in the unfortunate heroine of Henry VIII. No doubt such a view led to the words uttered by Queen Katharine, and however ignorant Anne Hathaway might have been, she may have expressed the same ideas:

I do desire you to do me right and justice, for
I am a most poor woman. Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all time to your will conformable.

Sir, call to mind

That I have been your wife in this obedience
Upward of twenty years. If in the course
And process of this time, you can report
And prove it, too, against my honor aught,
Turn me away and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me.

The king's reply is probably the real utterance of the poet's heart :

Go thy way, Kate;
That man who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that.

A very striking parallel is found in Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth*, but the reader of that tale would never know, had not the information been given, that the principal object of the author was to make reparation to an injured brother. Now if such were the case with Scott, why should it not also have been the case with Shakespeare? If the reader inquire concerning the former, I briefly reply that Scott had a brother named Daniel, who became a mere wreck and was a blot on the family. Every effort was made in his behalf, but in vain, and at last he was sent to Jamaica, where he sank lower than ever. Daniel indeed was not only a hopeless drunkard, but to this was added the charge of cowardice, which the high-toned Walter could not forgive, and when Daniel returned to the maternal roof, Walter refused to see him during life, and even to attend his funeral. Lockhart says :

It is a more pleasing part of my duty to add that he spoke to me twenty years afterward in terms of great contrition for this austerity, and he took a warm interest in a child whom Daniel had bequeathed to his mother's care, and after the old lady's death religiously supplied her place as the boy's protector.

Scott's regret took another shape, for Lockhart says, "when the *Fair Maid of Perth* appeared, Scott said of Connochar (one of its prominent characters), 'my secret motive in this was to perform a sort of expiation to my poor brother's *manes*.' He also told me of the unhappy fate of Daniel, and how he had declined attending his funeral." Connochar, indeed, is a painful apology for the cowardice of the miserable brother.

Byron too made a similar effort to atone for unkind

words (uttered in his great satire), and hence, when speaking of the dead of Waterloo, he says :

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine;
 Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
 Partly because they blend his line with mine,
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong.

SHAKESPEAREAN EXPRESSIONS.

Whatever be Shakespeare's faults he certainly bears the palm in giving advice. Polonius' parting words to his son where the latter is about to leave home can only be excelled by the more condensed utterances of a mother under similar circumstances — in *All's Well That Ends Well* :

Love all: trust few
 Do wrong to none: be able for thy enemy
 Rather in power than use, Be checked for silence
 But never for speech.

Then too Wolsey's counsel to Cromwell, how grand.

Coming down, however, to common parlance, the power of Shakespeare over the public is shown by the extent to which his phrases (and even his slang) has become incorporated into our language. In this point, indeed, he is unequalled. Among these is "bag and baggage," "dead as a door nail," "proud of one's humility," "tell the truth and shame the devil," "hit or miss," "love is blind," "selling for a song," "wide world," "cut capers," "fast and loose," "unconsidered trifles," "westward ho," "familiarity breeds contempt," "patching up excuses," "misery makes strange bed-fellows," "to boot" (in a trade), "short and long of it," "comb your head with a three-legged stool," "dancing attendance," "getting even" (revenge), "birds of a feather," "that's flat," "tag rag," "Greek to me" (unintelligible), "send one packing," "as the day is long," "packing a jury," "mother wit," "kill with kindness," "mum" (for silence), "ill wind that blows no good," "wild goose chase," "scare-

crow," "luggage," "row of pins" (as a mark of value), "*viva voce*," "give and take," "sold" (in the way of joke), "give the devil his due," "your cake is dough."

These expressions have come under my own notice, and, of course, there must be many others of equal familiarity. The girl who playfully calls some youth a "milk-sop" is also unconsciously quoting Shakespeare, and even "loggerhead" is of the same origin. "Extempore" is first found in Shakespeare, and so are "almanacs." The "elm and vine" (as a figure) may also be mentioned. Shakespeare is the first author that speaks of "the man in the moon," or mentions the potato or uses the term "eye sore," for annoyance.

Among other features of common parlance which are derived from the same source are "breaking the ice," "love at first sight," "taking a nap," "too thin," "it beggars description," "packed cards," "boxing the ears," "helter skelter," "are out" (*i. e.*, rupture), "sixes and sevens," "chinks" (for money), "foul play," "bibble babble," "give one's self away," "dainty duck," "virtue of necessity," "laying their heads together," with others that might be added.

Shakespeare mentions the "properties" of a play and also refers to "proving poison on animals," and tells us that the "big fish eat up the little ones." He also refers to "corns" (on the toe), mentions copy books in school, speaks of advertisements and is the first author to use the word "reporter."

He is the first to use "antipodes," and also the first to speak of America, and I find in his pages "wo-ha," which I presume to be the same utterance now used in driving oxen and pronounced "wo-haw." He gives us an idea of the attraction of gravitation in the following lines on Troilus and Cressida:

The strong base of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth
Drawing all things to it.

He also thus apologizes for the frequent solecisms in his works :

We commit no crime
To use one language in each clime
Where our scenes seem to live.

How strange it is that Rosalind is the only one of Shakespeare's leading characters that can only be played by a tall woman. No one can imagine why Shakespeare required this qualification, but perhaps he had seen and admired some one of fine stature, and this may have led him to make Rosalind exclaim :

— were it not better
Because that I am more than common tall
That I do suit me all points like a man.

A similar idea occurs in *Mid Summer Night's Dream*, where Helena and Hermia are quarreling about a lover. Shakespeare makes the former tall and the latter short, which renders it necessary for the players to be of corresponding stature. Here is a specimen of their tilting :

Helena. Fie, fie! You puppet!

Hermia. Puppet! Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urged her height,
And with her personage — her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth; she hath prevailed with him;
How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak,
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

SHAKESPEARE CRITICS.

Some of Shakespeare's utterances have been entirely misunderstood. For instance, there is that oft-quoted sentence, "A touch of nature makes the whole world kin," which refers not to generosity but to selfishness. Another

is the "beggarly account of empty boxes," which is invariably applied to a playhouse (when unsuccessful), whereas it refers to the empty boxes placed on a druggist's shelf to help out the display of goods.

Shakespeare has been studied more closely than any other author, and yet the subject is as far as ever from exhaustion. After Hamlet had been studied for two centuries Henry Irving discovered a typographical error which he corrected by a new reading—"the dog will have his bay" instead of "day," which evidently is correct.

Among the earliest of Shakespearean commentators was Dr. Johnson, whose corrections of the text were generally well received. Since then the number has so increased as to exceed my narrow limits, and yet the theme is by no means exhausted.



RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

One of the ablest of Shakespearean critics was Richard Grant White, whose Shakespeare Scholar gave him high rank in dramatic literature. I do not accept all his conclusions, but he has given some very valuable interpretations.

Halliwell was born in 1820, and early displayed great literary taste. His love of Shakespeare led to the production of twenty original essays on that author, some of which reached the size of a volume. Later on he published a life of the great dramatist, soon after which his ambition led to the finest possible edition of the works of the latter. To this task he devoted five years. It is in sixteen volumes and was published in London, at three pounds and three shillings per volume, and only one hundred and fifty copies were printed. This grand work was once offered in a New York auction and created much excitement among the book fanciers. It was soon run up to \$40 per volume, which is more than double the original cost. The entire set thus brought \$540, which is the highest price ever paid for a modern copy of Shakespeare — but what a luxury it is to read the great dramatist in this perfection of typographic art.

SHAKESPEARE'S GEOGRAPHY.

One of my readers addresses me the following inquiry :

You say that "Shakespeare mentions America." Will you have the kindness to inform me in what play or plays I can find this mention?

My reply is as follows: In the Comedy of Errors, act third, Antipholus and Dromio discuss one of the female characters in the following geographical manner:

Dromio — She is spherical like a globe. I could find out countries on her.

Ant. — Where is Scotland?

Dromio — Hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. — Where France?

Dromio — In her forehead.

Ant. — Where England.

Dromio — I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood on the chin.

Ant. — Where America and the Indies?

Dromio — O, sir, upon her nose, all over embellished with rubies, carbuncles and sapphires.

From the above it appears that Shakespeare shared the general idea that America lay adjacent to the Indies, and although Sir Francis Drake had at that time circumnavigated the globe, the information he had acquired had not been generally extended.

Shakespeare evidently had a taste for geography, and his plays are widely extended in point of locality. Among his latest references of this kind is "the still vexed Bermoothes." The *Tempest*, in which this expression appears, was written at the time an English vessel, commanded by Sir George Somers and bound for Virginia, had been wrecked on the above-named islands. Perhaps, indeed, that very disaster may have led to the story of Prospero and the potent spells by which he controlled the ocean. It is the very play that gives us the old saying that he "that is born to be hanged will never be drowned." The same play gives us Shakespeare's idea of a showman, and also of the difference between charity and curiosity. Trinculo thus exclaims on seeing Caliban: "A strange fish! Were I in England now and had this fish, not a holiday fool but would give a piece of silver (to see it). There would this monster make a man. Any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." True enough at the present day, and it is by rendering this idea practical that Barnum has attained such wealth and notoriety.

SHAKESPEARE'S RAMBLES.

Considering the limited extent of Shakespeare's early education, he certainly takes his readers round the world with a facility which is surprising. In addition to those numerous plays which are limited to English soil, we have the *Tempest*, located on an uninhabited island; the

Two Gentlemen of Verona, in Italy; Twelfth Night, Illyria; Measure for Measure, Vienna; Much Ado About Nothing, Sicily; Midsummer's Night Dream, Athens; Love's Labor Lost, Navarre; All's Well That Ends Well, France and Tuscany; Taming of the Shrew, Bohemia; Comedy of Errors, Ephesus; Macbeth, Scotland; Troilus and Cressida, the Troad; Julius Cæsar, Rome and Philippi; Antony and Cleopatra, Egypt and Italy; Pericles, Asia; Hamlet, Denmark; Othello, Italy and Cyprus. If the world had only been larger at that time we should no doubt have had a still wider range of territory.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Notwithstanding his wonderful genius, Shakespeare was naturally of a low turn of mind, and has been properly described as "an inspired blackguard." It has been urged, in extenuation of this defect, that it was due to the age in which he lived. This fact, however, is not sufficient to account for the incessant violations of decency which mark his works. He introduces the latter with an apparent gusto, which indicates his preference. Hence, for general reading, the book should be cleaned up, and some of his plays should be omitted. It is painful to see such splendid works of genius as Macbeth, Hamlet, and even Lear, defaced with wanton obscenity.

FIRST AMERICAN AMATEUR.

Now that Shakspeare is so universally the object of admiration it may be a matter of interest to inquire who was the first American amateur? Reader, should you ask me concerning this point, I reply that the earliest that I can find was Josiah Quincy, the Boston patriot, who did so much toward our independence, though he did not live to see it consummated. He practiced law in Boston prior

to the revolution, but failing health required a voyage from which he never returned.

His published articles abound in quotations from Shakespeare, and in addition to these there is still extant a MSS. volume of extracts made by himself and filling seventy pages. They were probably put in this shape for more facile reference, and as this was done when he was only eighteen, it shows how early he had become the admirer of the great dramatist.

The latter has since then been steadily increasing in his mastery over the American mind, until at last it may almost be said that he is better understood here than even in his native land. It is a very remarkable proof of the appreciation of Shakespeare in this country that twelve copies of the first folio edition are held in New York, and these books are worth, in the aggregate, \$50,000.

BACON VS. SHAKESPEARE.

The recent renewal of the Baconian theory proves at least one thing in a very decided manner. This is the utter weakness of the effort. The previous attacks on Shakespeare's claims had been so utterly forgotten that this revival is almost a novelty. It may, however, be revived annually to the end of the world without really impairing the authenticity of Shakespeare. One very strong point (as it is claimed) against the latter is the impossibility of an illiterate youth from an obscure village attaining such a wide range of knowledge. But to this it may be replied that genius is beyond all rule or limitation.

Perhaps the time will come when it will be a matter of doubt that another Englishman equally illiterate, and also reared in an obscure hamlet and bred to a mechanical trade, should suddenly develop into a wonderful orator—that year after year he should attract and fascinate vast

audiences, eclipsing all rivalry, and while deficient in education his diction should be elegant, his grammar correct, and his utterances so far beyond the power of criticism that the latter was never raised against it. Yes, reader, this may yet be a matter of doubt, but at present I find in Gough one of the most convincing arguments to prove that genius is so superior to all limitation that even the Stratford hoodlum might become the author of all that is ascribed to Shakespeare.

THE CONVERSE.

If it be impossible for the illiterate Shakespeare to have written the plays because of the learning displayed, then, on the other hand, it seems impossible that a man of education, like Bacon, should have been their author because of the ignorance displayed. For instance, think of Lord Bacon, when writing *Romeo and Juliet*, introducing the curfew. Yet it occurs in act iv, scene 4 :

Capulet — Come stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crowed,
The curfew bell hath rung; 't is three o'clock!

Here we find the learned Lord Bacon not only introducing the curfew to Italy, but changing its character by making it a morning instead of an evening bell. Reader, can you believe that a man of learning and an astute lawyer could be guilty of such a blunder? Still less could this be done by the author of Bacon's prim and precise essays, in which every word is so carefully weighed.

On the other hand, the accepted author (Shakespeare) assumes that genius has the right to deal with such matters without rule or sense of propriety, as he says in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, where Gower exclaims :

By you being pardoned we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live.

Pursuing this liberty, Shakespeare next introduces the curfew in the far-distant island, where Prospero exclaims :

———— and you whose pastime
Is to make the midnight mushrooms
That rejoice to hear the solemn curfew.

Here we have more regard to the time when the bell was rung, but how impossible it were for the learned Bacon to shift the curfew from England to Italy, and thence to the still vexed Bermoothes.

SAMPLE OF BACON.

Pursuing this theory of impossibility the reader may be interested to read some of Bacon's acknowledged writings, in order to compare the style with that of the plays Here is a sample :

It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds back to religion; for while the mind of man looketh on second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no farther; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to providence and deity.

Reader, think of the author of the above cumbrous and unwieldy sentence being also the author of "if 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly."

Again, there are utterances in Shakespeare which condemn Bacon's crime, and I can hardly believe that a judge who sold the decisions of the bench could ever have written such a bitter thing against himself as the words of Lear :

See how yon justice rails upon yon simple thief.
Change places, handy dandy, which is the justice and which is
the thief ?
Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks,
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

Robes and furred gowns were worn by the judiciary, of whom Bacon was chief. Does it seem possible that

with his pocket full of bribes he could have even indirectly thus referred to his own crime?

ANOTHER STRIKING INSTANCE.

Now I propose to yield acceptance to the Baconian theory for a few moments, because I have found what a true Baconian may consider a strong parallel case. While looking over an old periodical of very respectable character I came to the following, published in London more than a century ago.

February 25, 1787.

To the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine :

In the course of a recent conversation with a nobleman of the first consequence and information in this kingdom he assured me that Benjamin Holloway assured him some time ago that he knew for a fact that the celebrated romance of Robinson Crusoe was really written by the Earl of Oxford when confined in the Tower of London; that his lordship gave the manuscript to Daniel DeFoe, who frequently visited him during his confinement, and that DeFoe published it as his own production, and the work has been generally attributed to him.

W. W.

Arguing in the Baconian manner, it might be said that the proof from history in support of this statement is clear and irrefragable. For instance, DeFoe and Oxford were contemporaries, and they were on the same side in politics, and both were imprisoned. DeFoe was released first, and naturally visited his old friend, who, being in what he supposed to be confinement for life, entrusted to him (DeFoe) the book whose composition had cheered his prison hours. Another proof that Oxford wrote the book is found in his wonderful literary taste. He made the largest collection of pamphlets and manuscripts which had up to that time ever been known, and these are still preserved in the British museum. A selection was compiled many years ago and published in ten enormous volumes, entitled the Harleian Miscellany.

Continuing the Baconian method of reasoning, if it be asked why the true author of *Robinson Crusoe* allowed another man to carry off the honor, it may be replied that he was probably afraid that his enemies would turn it against him. Those, indeed, who read *Robinson Crusoe* intelligently will at once perceive its real meaning.

Crusoe is the British king, who has wrecked the ship of state, and who, with his man Friday (the prime minister) is obliged to suffer the wretched consequences. I have not space to designate other interesting points of testimony, and in fact the case is too clear to need any, but I might add that the marine character of *Crusoe's* great calamity is suggested by the frequent voyages the king made to his native Germany. Johnson refers to this in one of his satires :

Scarce can our fields — such crowds at Tyburn die —
 With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
 Propose your schemes ye senatorian band
 Whose ways and means support the sinking land,
 Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring
 To rig another convoy for the king.

The unpopularity of these excursions was deep and general, and hence the risk a nobleman would incur by a reflection of this kind. He, therefore, naturally preferred to let DeFoe take the authorship, since being a plebeian there was far less risk. In fact, the Baconian argument is as strong against DeFoe as it is against Shakespeare, and it can be turned against any other author who may be sufficiently distinguished to attract the cranks of literature.

SHAKESPEARE VERSUS BACON.

The claim urged in behalf of Francis Bacon as the author of Shakespeare's plays suggests the counter-inquiry whether Shakespeare be not the author of Bacon's essays

and all that scheme of philosophy which the world calls Baconian? I find that the affirmative may be proven by the following facts: First, William Shakespeare was contemporary with Francis Bacon. Second, he was a man of brilliant wit. This class, however, has its serious turns and just as the humorist Sterne and the witty Sidney Smith both wrote sermons, so this Shakespeare must have had his hours of sober study. Third, it is highly probable that he was too timid and reserved to offer his work in his own name, and hence assumed that of a friendly lawyer, preferring to appear by attorney. Fourth, it is very improbable that this lawyer, who falsely bears the palm, could have produced such pure and exalted ideas, since he was of a very base character.

Turning from the *reductio ad absurdum* to the plain facts in the case, the following question is to be met: If Francis Bacon be the author of the above mentioned dramas, why did he permit even one of the number to be published under another man's name? Was he ashamed to be known as a dramatist, or was it due to kindness? If so, it were an unheard of generosity.

Men have often been convicted of stealing the productions of others, but I have never heard of any one so liberal as to write a series of wonderful plays and then present the chaplet of fame to a mere attaché of the theatre. Had Shakespeare conferred any important favor on Bacon there might be some shadow for the wonderful generosity, but no such idea is suggested. Hence the reader (if he thinks the Baconian hypothesis worthy of notice), is obliged to choose between the horns of the following dilemma. Either the dramas in question were written by the Stratford man, or else their real author disowned them, generously exalting the latter to the highest literary rank in the temple of fame. It may also be mentioned Shakes-

peare's works were published in a collected edition in 1623, three years before the death of Bacon, and yet he continues to make no objection. At this time Bacon was in disgrace and needed all possible assistance. Why, then, did he throw away these dramas which would have done so much to redeem his reputation?

THE GREEK DRAMA.

The *Acharnians*, which was so admirably rendered at the Academy of Music, was written by Aristophanes, who flourished B. C. 400. Of the sixty plays ascribed to this author, eleven are still extant; of these the *Acharnians* is the best adapted to performance, and the public was enabled to form some idea of the way in which the Athenians were entertained by the drama.

The latter, at least in tragedy, had its moral lessons. Euripides, for instance, comments on the uncertainty of wealth. He also speaks of the blessings attending filial duty, and he refers to the increased severity of misfortune when it follows prosperity. The ills of city life as compared to the country are also mentioned by him, and so are the three divisions of society, the useless rich, the miserable poor, and the middle class, which really support the state.

Sophocles portrays a collision at a horse race, with fatal result. He also pictures time as the conqueror, or (as he says) "Time, the mighty, withers all away," and then he comments on the bitterness of mutation. Sophocles also first gives us the idea that life is often a failure, and he painfully contrasts the follies of youth with the musings of old age. He draws the distinction between the troubles which fall on mankind and those which we bring on ourselves, and he is also the author of that oft quoted utterance that no man is to be counted happy until after he is

dead. Many other lessons applicable to the present day occur in these old dramatists, and perhaps that to which experience most readily responds is found in the words with which Euripides makes the Cyclops reply to Ulysses : "Wealth, my little man, is the deity of the wise ; the rest is mere bosh." How painfully true is this utterance at the present day.

THESPIS AND ROSCIUS.

The drama has held its power over mankind from time immemorial. Thespis flourished, it is said, B. C. 535, and no doubt there was some histrionic leader before his day. Roscius flourished at Rome a century before the Christian era, and was very popular among the gentry. He is mentioned by several writers of that day, and, being a star, drew enormous pay. Like many other stars, however, he was improvident, and fell a victim to the harpies of usury. Cicero, who was his ardent friend, defended him from a claim of this kind, and a fragment of the oration is still extant. Such was the power of the drama at Rome that Gibbon says that during times of scarcity, when all strangers were banished, the populace demanded that the players should remain.

Augustin, who was a teacher of elocution and rhetoric, but afterward became a preacher and one of the fathers of the church, gives in his confessions the following experience :

Stage plays also carried me away, and that acting best pleased me which drew tears from me. Why is it that man desires to be sad, beholding doleful and tragical things which he himself would by no means suffer? Yet he desires as a spectator to feel sorrow at them, and this very sorrow is his pleasure. The auditor is not called on to relieve, but only to grieve, and he applauds the actor the more he grieves. And if the calamities be so acted that the spectator be not moved to tears, then he goes away disgusted, but if he be moved to passion, then he stays intent and weeps for joy.

Mankind loves that which awakens sympathy, as Coleridge said of the object of his affections:

She loves me best when e'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

Irving also confesses the same tendency, for he says that when he was a little boy his sister Nancy would sing the touching ballad of William and Mary until he cried, and when she stopped he would exclaim: "Sing it again!" Like Augustin, he loved to be made to weep.

MORTUARY RECORD.

Taking a retrospect of the British stage it may be noticed that few of its distinguished members were buried in London, though they won their greatest triumphs on the metropolitan boards. The only play-actor buried in Westminster Abbey was Barton Booth, who died in 1743. He was one of the stars of that day and the success of the family in subsequent years shows that it is an inherent gift. Garrick, who was the best Shakespearian delineator the world ever saw, won his fame in London, but was buried in his native Litchfield, where his monument is to be seen, being one of the chief ornaments of the cathedral.

John Philip Kemble won life-long admiration in Hamlet. He seemed born for this part and his friends never wished him in any other. He was for many years the pride of Drury Lane and commanded a degree of applause which might have satisfied a much higher ambition. After a long and successful histrionic career he retired to Lausanne for the benefit of his health and died there February 26, 1823, being then in his 66th year.

Kean succeeded Kemble on the British boards and was in many points a wonderful performer. He could sing, fence and dance with inimitable skill, and was not only

a remarkable **acrobat** but was also one of the most impressive tragedians of his day. In Richard III he was beyond rivalry. He visited America twice, and was, as might have been expected, greatly admired. Returning to London he played Othello to his son Charles' Iago, but during the performance fainted and would have sunk to the ground had not Charles caught him in his arms.

He died soon afterward, his death being in no small degree the result of intemperance. This occurred May 15, 1833, his age being only forty-six. He was buried in the village of Richmond-on-the-Thames, ten miles from London. It may be added that Queen Elizabeth also died in the same town, which is one of the most beautiful resorts in the vicinity of the British metropolis.

CHARLES MATTHEWS.

This man was the most distinguished comedian of his day, and reached a position seldom accorded to mere humor. He visited America twice with great success. His death occurred June 23, 1835, just as he reached his sixtieth year, and he was buried in Plymouth, where he had passed his last days. Another Matthews won a name on the stage and then also passed away, his monument being in Kensal Green. It bears this curious inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Charles James Matthews. Born December 26, 1803. Died June 24, 1878. Aged seventy-four. Oh bliss when all in circle drawn about him. Heart and ear fed to hear him. How good! how kind! and he is gone. In memoriam."

SHERIDAN AND OTHERS.

Congreve and Ben Johnson were buried in Westminster Abbey, also Gay, who wrote the Beggars' Opera, which had a remarkable run and was the forerunner of

the present comic opera. The only modern dramatist buried in Westminster Abbey was Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the most brilliant man of his day. He was theatrical manager, playwright, and also member of parliament, and was successful in each position, but his thriftless habits and gross intemperance led to a life of misery. He died in London June 7, 1816, being then in his sixty-fifth year, and was almost under arrest during his last illness. Byron was among his acquaintances and was in some points influenced by his evil example.

Macready was buried at Kensal Green, in the same vault with his wife and children, and the commemorative tablet bears the following touching utterance from Gray's *Elegy*:

There they alike in trembling hope repose
The bosom of their Father and their God.

Talma, who was the grandest of French tragedians, was buried in Père La Chaise. Foote, the "English Aristophanes," as he was sometimes styled, died and was buried at Dover. He was the first performer that made religion the butt of stage wit which he did incessantly, often ridiculing Whitefield. He died October 24, 1777, being then in his fifty-eighth year.

COOKE.

The first British performer who died in America was George Frederick Cooke, the famous tragedian, whose monument has for many years been a marked feature in St. Paul's churchyard. He was born in London and was bred a printer, but his love of the drama led him to the stage on which he reached eminence. He was noted for his power in *Macbeth* and other important characters. His genius, however, was debased by intemperance, and this vice eventually destroyed him. He was the first

British star that came to this country and won great distinction on the American stage, but died suddenly in New York, September 26, 1812, and was buried in St. Paul's.

Eight years after his death Kean came hither and erected the monument to which reference has been made. Twenty years afterward it was repaired by his son Charles, who came to America on a professional engagement. After a lapse of twenty additional years Sothorn, the well known comedian, came hither from London, and at his own expense the entire work was cleaned and put in good condition. Each of these men placed his name on the monument, which is the only one which thus bears the mark of three successive generations.

BOOTH.

Junius Brutus Booth was the second British player of note to find a grave in America. He was remarkably gifted in the highest walk of tragedy, but his intemperate habits prevented that degree of success which might have been expected. He was, as Richard III, almost unrivaled, being as great in that character as his son Edwin is in Hamlet. Booth died in 1852, being then fifty-six years, and is buried at his former residence near Baltimore. He was a great admirer of John Wilkes and gave that name to his son, the subsequent murderer of Lincoln.

Edwin Forrest died at sixty-six and was buried at Philade'phia where he founded an institution for decayed actors, but his scheme has not been successful. How much better would it have been had he carried it out by personal attention. In the same manner had A. T. Stewart fitted up his lodging house for girls instead of leaving it for Judge Hilton, it might have proved a success.

Tyrone Power was the only prominent player that was ever lost at sea. He was one of the passengers in

the ill-fated President, which was the first ocean steamer that was never heard from after leaving port.

GREENWOOD GRAVES.

The record of this famous cemetery includes the names of more than fifty actors, one of whom is Mrs. Duff, who played Lady Macbeth with George Frederick Cooke. She was thirty years younger than the latter, whom she long survived, and at the time of her death she was the last of the players who charmed the public when Irving was a young man. William R. Blake and J. W. Halleck are also in the same record, both men of great power, and to these is added the name of Harry Placide, who was the most inimitable comedian of his day. I well remember him as one of the attractions of the old Park, where he was a permanent favorite.

A plain monument, bearing the name of "Eliza, wife of Captain Brevoort," recalls another former favorite. Her stage name was Mrs. Sharp and she played Lady Macbeth admirably, with Charles Kean in the title-role. The once notorious Lola Montez also found a grave in Greenwood, but the inscription on the stone is simply "Mrs. Eliza Gilbert, died January 17, 1861." Since then a large number of performers have joined the silent multitude of Greenwood, including some who commanded popular applause to a rare and remarkable degree.

PLAYERS' AGES.

Players have attained more than the average of human life, this being no doubt mainly due to the fact that only those who are in good health adopt the profession. I have already mentioned that Garrick died at sixty-three, and John Philip Kemble at sixty-six, but Mrs. Siddons (sister of the latter) reached seventy-six. Another sister,

also a player, died at seventy-five. Edmund Kean died at forty-six, but he was wrecked by intemperance. Cooke who was also a hard drinker, lived to fifty-five. Charles Kean, however, reached old age, and so did his wife, the once admired Ellen Tree who once charmed the audience at the Park.

Macready died at eighty-two; he was a hard worker and did a life-long service on the stage, but was temperate and careful in his habits. Junius Brutus Booth, on the other hand, died at fifty-six, having long been the victim of intemperance. Harry Placide lived to be an old man.

Charlotte Cushman was past sixty at the time of her death and may be mentioned as the most distinguished member of the profession buried in Mount Auburn. Cooper, who was the star of the Park in Irving's early days, lived to be an old man, and many other similar instances might be mentioned. Among later names is that of Chanfrau, who was forty years before the public and reached full three score, while John Gilbert played more than a half century and died at eighty.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

In old times prologues and epilogues were in constant use, the former being spoken before the play and the latter on its conclusion. The custom however, has long been discontinued, but it may be well to mention that some of our most common proverbs are found in these forgotten productions. For instance "let them laugh that win," occurs in Garrick's epilogue to the English Merchant. "All the world and his wife" is found in Foote's prologue to the Trip to Paris. "Give the devil his due" occurs in one of Dryden's epilogues. "Make hay while the sun shines" is in a prologue by George Colman. "A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind"

occurs in Garrick's prologue on leaving the stage. "Studious to please but not ashamed to fail" is in Johnson's prologue to his unfortunate tragedy *Irene*. The word "journalist" I first find in the epilogue to *Ignoramus*, played in 1747, where the speaker exclaims:

For not in law alone could I appear,
My parts would shine in any sphere;
I could turn journalist and write
With little wit and large recruits of spite.

It may seem strange to see the use of epilogues censured in one of these very productions, and yet I find the following in an epilogue written in 1734:

I have been peeping for these many days
In the tail of all the Greek and Latin plays,
And after strictest search in none can find
An epilogue like a dish clout pinned behind.
These ancient bards knew when the play was done,
Nor like Sir Martin Mar — all, still played on;
They imitated nature in their plan,
Nor made a monkey when they meant a man.

What a hit at the development theory in the last two lines. That "damning a play" is nothing new is shown by the following lines in the prologue to *Nero*, dated 1675.

I'm told that some are present here to day,
Who e'er they see, resolve to damn the play.

The only really important production of this kind is Shakespeare's epilogue to the *Tempest* in which we have the confession of a bad life and a prayer for forgiveness, as may be seen from the closing lines:

And my ending is despair
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults,
Mercy itself — and frees from faults,
As you from crimes would pardoned be
Let your indulgence set me free.

This appeal to the reader for release from censure is enough to awaken sympathy and also the hope that the once vice-stained dramatist eventually found mercy.

In speaking of the greatest player of the last century, I begin at his death. This leads me to say that Garrick was then sixty-three, and his usual health had been such as to give promise of longevity. Hence the general surprise. As Johnson wrote to a friend soon after the funeral: "Futurity is uncertain; poor Garrick had many futurities in his head which death intercepted—a death, I believe, totally unexpected. He did not, even in his last hour, seem to think his life in danger." Johnson was deeply interested in Garrick, because the latter was, at one time his pupil, and they entered London together, a pair of fortune seekers, each of whom reached eminence, but how different were their paths!

Johnson and Garrick were from the same town, Litchfield, where the father of the latter, a retired half-pay officer, was trying to bring up a family of boys on his slender income. When Johnson opened a boarding school Garrick became a scholar, and used to amuse himself by mimicking his master and also Mrs. Johnson, who was nearly double the age of her husband. The school failed and both teacher and pupil then went to London, where the latter opened a wine store in partnership with his brother, the capital being a bequest from a recently deceased uncle.

Garrick's attention, however, was quickly turned to the drama. He had while a boy won a name for such performances, and he soon felt the overcoming power of a life-absorbing passion. This led him to attempt the stage, but in a manner so obscure that a failure could inflict no injury. He obtained permission to appear in a country theatre as Oronooko, his role being one that required him to blacken his face, and to add to the concealment, he assumed the stage name of Lyddal. As it was the first instance of the kind, Garrick may be

considered the originator of a disguise which has now become general.

His success was so marked that it led to his appearance in London a few months afterward, and he made his *debut* in a small theatre in the role of Richard III. It was an immediate triumph, and gave him at once the foremost rank. In this manner a young man of twenty-five, of no previous experience and newly come from the country stepped to the summit of high tragedy. Most performers require long practice to walk the stage, but Garrick showed himself at home even at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He was the star of London, and held this distinction until the end.

JOHNSON'S FEELINGS.

The difference between the success of these two adventurers was so marked as to awaken the natural jealousy of one who had been obliged to grovel for a living amid a hungry crowd of hack writers, while his former pupil so rapidly rose to wealth. They occasionally met and renewed their friendship, but Johnson for a long time felt keenly the difference in their fortunes. As soon, however, as Garrick obtained control of Covent Garden, he produced Johnson's play of *Irene*, which certainly showed grateful remembrance. This play was begun while Johnson was keeping boarding school, and his ambition was thus gratified by his former pupil, but the author was grievously disappointed, for *Irene* proved a hopeless failure.

CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS.

Aside from histrionic genius, the peculiar points in Garrick's character were vanity and generosity. At Johnson's request he gave a benefit to the blind protege of the

former (Miss Williams), which cleared £200. Johnson said that Garrick, though brought up in extreme poverty, was very liberal. To quote the words of the lexicographer :

Garrick was a very good man, the cheerfulest man of his age; a decent liver in a profession which is supposed to give indulgence to licentiousness, and a man who gave away freely the money he had earned. He was bred in a family whose study it was to make four pence do as much as others make four pence half-penny do, but when he got money he gave away more than any other man in England.

Garrick, though generous, was opposed to waste, and Johnson mentions that on one of his visits, "Mrs. Woffington (better known as Peg Woffington) made the tea at the table and as it was too strong she was found fault with." Peg was a great favorite, but Garrick would not permit waste in any one. The great histrionist was often censured for vanity which certainly was very natural, considering the applause he had received for a life-time — but Goldsmith's raillery of this weakness is evidently too pointed to be accurate. I allude to that admirable *jeu d'esprit* Retaliation, from which I make the following extract :

Here lies David Garrick — describe him he who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man,
 As an actor, confessed without rival to shine.
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line,
 Yet with talents like these and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings — a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judged beauty, his colors he spread,
 And beplastered with rouge his own natural red,
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
 'T was only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turned and he varied full ten times a day.
 Though secure of our hearts, he was confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick.
 He cast off his friends like a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
 And the puff of a dunce — he mistook it for fame,
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who peppered the highest was surest to please.

That this above picture is overdrawn is evident from the words of Johnson; "How little Garrick assumes. Other celebrated men have had their applause at a distance, but Garrick had it dashed in his face, and sounded in his ears, and went home every night with the plaudits of a thousand."

DOMESTIC LIFE.

Garrick married an actress (M^{lle} Violette) who had a handsome portion, and they lived in such harmony that it affords a marked contrast with the usual matrimonial difficulties of the profession. His moral character remained stainless to the end. Mrs. Garrick survived him forty-three years, and died in 1822, being then ninety-eight. Johnson mentions that he met her two years after the loss of her husband, on which occasion she said, "that death was now the most agreeable object to her thoughts." How sad to think that she had to wait such a length of time!

The best sketch we have of Garrick is given by a lady friend, who wrote thus: "I see him now in his dark blue coat, the button-holes bound with gold, a small cocked hat laced with gold — his countenance never at rest, and indeed seldom his person." When in the country he gave way to his natural volatility, dashing out on the lawn in quest of friends and acting on the impulse of the moment. As a performer Garrick had a mastery over the highest walk, both of tragedy and comedy, and hence was painted thus by Reynolds — whose picture has often been engraved.

Garrick, as has been mentioned, died suddenly in 1779, being then in his sixty-third year, and was buried in his native town of Litchfield, where his monument is one of the marked features in the cathedral. The Shakespeare jubilee at Stratford was one of the most prominent events

in his life. It took place in 1769 and was afterward dramatised and had a run at Drury Lane of ninety-two nights — a success which had never been known before. Neither the British nor the American stage has ever produced his equal, for, though Booth is probably as great in *Hamlet*, he has no comic vein. Garrick, on the other hand, wrought his hearers to tears or smiles, as he chose to wield his power.

THEATRE PRICES.

It is a curious feature in the dramatic record that an indifferent line in Shakespeare gives us the price of admittance in his day. The principal play-house in London at that time was the Black Friars theatre, where Shakespeare was highly popular, and where some of his best plays were first brought out. The price of admittance is found in the prologue to King Henry VIII, which reads as follows :

I come no more to make you laugh — things now
 That bear a mighty and a serious brow
 We now present. Those that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well let fall a tear.
 The subject will deserve it;
 Those that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree
 The play may pass; if they be still and willing
 I'll undertake may see *away their shilling*
 Richly in two short hours.

A shilling in those days was worth as much as a dollar of our present currency, and hence it may be considered that the prices have not really advanced. A century and a half later Garrick had made the drama so popular with the crowds of London that it was one of the great features of the day. The same rate was continued, for the masses at least, but the distinction between pit and boxes was introduced. In Shakespeare's time this did not exist, but Garrick found it necessary. This explains the words of

Johnson who, as Boswell says, spoke of Garrick as "a fellow that shows himself for a shilling." The London managers tried to raise prices, but a riot occurred and it was a long time before they succeeded.

PLAYERS' SUFFERINGS.

The efforts exerted by players to maintain their roles are often of a very exhaustive nature. No allowance is made by an audience for illness, and the player is sometimes brought from a sick bed, and is plied with strong drink in order to carry him through. Hence the scene, which may delight an audience, may be to the player only agony. Sometimes he even comes from some death-bed under his own roof in order to play in comedy or farce. The countenance, though devoured by watching and anxiety, is lit up by paint and gaslight, and the shadow of sorrow is driven away by the necessity of the occasion. Ballet girls often faint under the severe service and foul air of the stage, and are kept up by liberal potations of strong drink. The inside of the theatrical life is, indeed, a strange contrast with the glare and splendor of its garish display.

Anna Cora Mowatt, when describing her efforts while ill, and the agony and failure which follows, says :

I have seen many an actor play with thrilling effect, and the instant he left the stage sink, unable to speak from acute suffering. I have often seen actors after fits of swooning, forced to return and continue their performance. I remember an actor that drew down the displeasure of an audience by the feeble delivery of his role. How little they imagined that he was even then dying. Three days afterward he was a corpse.

One of the severest trials to which the profession is liable is keen and often unjust criticism. An actress, after playing till midnight, may lie awake till morning in anxiety to see how much of her reputation will be left

her when the papers appear. Pope says "there's nothing blackens like the ink of fools," to which many a player can assent from personal experience. Next to the dangers of the press are those arising from personal jealousy and domestic quarrels, which so commonly infest the stage.

NERVOUS IRRITABILITY.

This is one of the sufferings endured by public speakers, and actors have to endure it to a degree far beyond all others. How many of those quarrels, which occur in the profession, are due to this cause? Other difficulties may be explained in a similar manner. Forrest, for instance, while in an irritable frame, assaulted N. P. Willis, for which he paid damages to the amount of \$2,500 and costs.

Macready suffered all his life from nervous irritability, which, at last, became a leading characteristic. The result was that he also appeared in an assault and battery case in London, which he thus describes in his journal :

Rose with uneasy thoughts, and in a disturbed state of mind, laboring under the alternate sensations of exasperation and depression. On reaching my office, I wrote a letter on the subject of Bunn's debt, but thinking it was tinctured with revenge, I threw it into the fire. My spirits were so much depressed that I lay down to compose myself, and thought over my role as well as I could. Went to the theatre; was techy and unhappy, but pushed through the performance in a sort of a desperate manner.

As I came off the stage, passing Bunn I could not contain myself, and exclaimed: "You scoundrel! How dare you use me in such a manner!" I struck him across the face, and dug my fist into him as effectively as I could. As I read these lines I am annoyed at my intemperate and unfortunate rashness. My passions mastered me, and no enemy can censure me more harshly than I do myself, and I felt ashamed to appear on the street.

Bunn sued the unlucky tragedian, who made no defense, and the damages were assessed at £150—equal to \$750, to which were added costs. When one considers the nervous exhaustion inseparable from such a profession,

one need not be surprised at the irritability of dramatic performers.

FORMER DRAMATIC SALARIES.

Mr. and Mrs. Hallam, who were prominent performers in the early part of the present century received each \$25 per night. Mrs. Oldmixon, who was famous in her day, had \$37; Cooper, who held respectable rank in tragedy, received \$25. The entire bill for performers at the Park theatre then amounted to \$480 per week, and other expenditures swelled the amount to \$1,650. Such was the cost at that time of running the most expensive theatre in America. Cooper, whose name is mentioned above, was at one time manager of the Park. He married Miss Mary Fairlie, the Sophie Sparkle of Salmagundi, and one of the most charming ladies of that day. As a manager he was decidedly unsuccessful, but he holds a place in the history of the drama as the first to present high tragedy on the American stage.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Knowles, like many other men of genius, went through a life of poverty. At one time he taught elocution in Glasgow and other cities, but later on he received a pension, and this enabled him to gratify his inclination for the pulpit. He became a Baptist preacher at the age of sixty-one, and remained in the service until his death, seventeen years afterward. He is said to have been the oldest man ordained to the ministry since the days of the apostolic church. His sermons are forgotten, but his plays will live as long as the drama itself, and the Hunchback and *Virginius* are sufficient to ensure fame.

Knowles was thirty-eight when *Virginius* was first produced. He was then teaching elocution, and had been struggling amid poverty for many years. He loved his

home, and in the midst of his troubles would say to his wife as he pointed to his children, "Maria, are we not rich in these?" Hence the success of *Virginius* was a grand domestic event, and his wife then exclaimed, "Oh James, we shall not want friends now!"

The play was offered to Manager Harris of Covent Garden, who requested Macready to read it. The latter says that having undergone the perusal of several tragedies he disliked the task, but determined to make the best of it in a professional manner. He adds :

The freshness and simplicity of the dialogue fixed my attention. I read on and on, and was soon absorbed in the passion of its scenes, till at its close I found myself in such a state of excitement that for a time I did not know what step to take. Impulse was on the ascendant, and snatching up my pen I hurriedly wrote, as my agitated feelings prompted, a letter to the author — a perfect stranger. Knowles replied in a tone of gratitude and delight, and the tragedy was immediately announced.

Before the lapse of a month the first performance took place — May 17, 1820 — with Charles Kemble as *Icilius*, while Mrs. Foote, afterward Countess of Harrington, took *Virginia*.

Macready, who though only twenty-eight, had won high rank, was of course *Virginius*. He says in his memoirs :

The interest grew as the play advanced, and in the third act in *Icilius's* great scene, Kemble brought down thunders of applause. The rapt attention of the audience soon kindled into enthusiasm. Long continued cheers followed the close of each succeeding act. Half stifled screams and involuntary ejaculations burst forth as the fatal blow was struck, and the curtain fell amid deafening applause. The play was a triumph which Knowles, being present, witnessed and enjoyed.

Macready adds that "so long as there is a stage and actors capable of representing the best feelings of our nature, the pathos, the poetry and the passion of *Virginius* will command the tears and applause of its audience."

VIRGINIUS MARRIES VIRGINIA.

Macready played *Virginius* the same season at Dublin

with grand success, and then made a professional tour through Scotland. At Aberdeen he found a Virginia of fifteen, of charming form and countenance. He says:

She might have really been Virginia. There was a native grace in every movement and never were sensibility and innocence more sweetly personified than in her mild look and eyes, streaming with unbidden tears. I soon learned her little history. She was the support of her family. She showed an aptness for improvement which increased the partiality she had awakened. I could have wished that one so purely minded and so gifted had been placed in some other walk in life — but all that might be in my power for her advancement I resolved to do. We parted at Perth, but her image accompanied me on my journey and indeed never after left me.

This girl was the popular Miss Atkins. Macready met her the next year at Bristol, and says that he then noticed her rare talent, and the advice he then gave her led to a correspondence of an educational character. He then adds that “love approached us under friendship’s name, although unsuspected and unconfessed by either of us.” Four years after their first acquaintance the marriage took place. It was one of much happiness, and Macready adds that it realized to him all that the most sanguine heart could have pictured.

VIRGINIUS IN AMERICA.

Two years after his marriage Macready was engaged by Price at the Park theatre, where he made his *debut* as *Virginius*, with great success. His fee was \$250 per night, and his American tour was one of great pleasure and profit. Ever since the introduction of this play in 1826, it has been a favorite with theatrical stars, but it requires such a display of the emotional character that few can do it justice. Forrest never succeeded in it, since he lacked emotional power.

It is an interesting fact that Macready and Forrest both appeared at the Park the same season (1826), and it is

probable that even at that early day the jealousy of the latter was awakened. It continued to increase until it culminated in the Astor place riot, where Macready's performance was broken up and more than twenty persons were slain to gratify the base passions of one man on whom rests more bloodshed than on any other member of the drama.

FAREWELL TO VIRGINIUS.

In 1851 Macready played his favorite role for the last time. He was then fifty-eight and felt that it was time to retire while he could do so in a reputable manner. This took place in London, and he says in his diary :

Acted Virginius for the last time, as I have never acted it before, with discrimination, energy and pathos, exceeding any former effort. The audience was greatly excited. I was deeply impressed by the reflection that I should never again appear in this character, which has seemed one of those exclusively my own, and which has been unvaryingly powerful in its effect upon my audience — ever since the first night in 1820, when I carried them by storm; that now I have done with it, and *done* with it. I was very much affected during the evening, very much, with a feeling of sorrow at parting with an old friend. The thought, the deep emotion, the scenes grouped in this drama now only live in memory. Sad it is for the player when he stands up before all men and says, I have done.

Macready's last words in reference to closing his dramatic career were so touching that they deserve a place in this connection :

My professional life may be said to be ended. That life was begun in a mediocre position, but I have attained the loftiest rank, having gained the respect and friendship of the amiable and distinguished. I have what I trust will prove a competency. My home is one of comfort and of love, and most gratefully and earnestly do I bless the name of Almighty God, who has granted such indulgence to me — sinner as I am.

PLAY WRITING.

Few are aware of the difficulty in writing a good play or the quantity of trash with which managers are flooded. A professional stage reader has a hard task but he must

endure it patiently. Often he is astonished at the stupidity of authors while sometimes he is amused by their absurdity. During the past year one reader in New York has examined 150 plays, out of which only five were accepted. As there are more than twenty theatres in the city, and all have a full supply of such offerings, one may form an idea of the efforts made in dramatic literature. A well known theatrical leader says that American playwrights generally select some foreign scene,— chiefly England — simply because “distance lends enchantment to the view.” When they take American scenes they generally go west where there is more adventure.

Actors rarely can write a good play. Their lives are rather reflections of the thought of others and hence they are deficient in originality. Play-writing requires a degree of tact which few men of genius possess. Walter Scott, for instance, wrote admirable novels, but could not produce a play, while Shakespeare, who never wrote a novel, seemed born for a dramatist. Some of Scott's novels were dramatised, but this was not done by himself. It required an entirely different intellectual power.

Johnson wrote a tragedy which Garrick brought out in the best possible style, and yet it was a failure. On the other hand poor Goldsmith, who was no genius but only a wit and a clever writer, gave the world several comedies which will live as long as the British stage endures. Coleridge, Byron and Charles Lamb wrote tragedies which proved failures, while Sheridan Knowles, who was vastly inferior to the first two, was the author of *Virginius*.

FIRST AMERICAN PLAY.

Now that play-writing has become so extensive a feature in our literature it may be a matter of interest to recall its inception. The first play written and produced in

America was the Contrast, by Royal Tyler, and brought out at the old John Street theatre by managers Hallam and Henry. Royal Tyler was a witty and well-educated lawyer who had reached his thirtieth year before thus making his *debut* as a playwright. The plan of the Contrast (for it has no plot) is certainly both original and amusing. A country fellow visits the metropolis, and while gazing at the sights is attracted by the theatre, but does not understand the nature of the performance. He supposed it to be a legerdemain exhibition and expects to see a conjurer swallow an egg and then pull ribbons out of his sleeve, with similar feats.

Next day, on being asked what he saw at the theatre, he replied: "Why, I vow, while I was looking for the man with the tricks they lifted up a big green cloth and let me see right into the neighbor's house." "How did you like the family?" was the next inquiry. "Why, I vow," was the reply, "they were pretty much like other families: there was a poor, good-natured husband and a regular rantipole of a wife, and when they got done I asked for my money back — for that's no show, but only hearing folks' private family business gabbled about." The object of the Contrast is to display in a laughable manner the blunders of the stranger, and also his Yankee dialect. This was afterward done more admirably by Yankee Hill, and it has always been a popular entertainment for the masses.

The Contrast took well and had an encouraging run, which led its author to write another drama, in which he turned the laugh on the city folks. He had observed the great amount of spring moving, which he "showed up" in a very humorous manner in *May Day*; or, *New York in an Uproar*. This play was also very popular, and Wignell, who appeared in both, found it a gratifying

harvest. The author gave him the copyright, and the Contrast was published and had a remunerative sale, but copies are now so rare as to be among the curiosities of the drama.

Tyler soon left New York and went to the interior of New England where he became a contributor to various papers published both in Boston and in the country. He formed the imaginary firm of Colon & Spondee, and advertised "literary goods, including orations on the shortest notice, dead languages for living drones, anagrams and acrostics, also puns and conundrums by the dozen, love letters by the ream, sermons for texts and texts for sermons, old orations scoured and blunt epigrams new pointed, serenades for nocturnal lovers and black jokes of all kinds. Newspaper editors supplied with accidents, bloody murders, premature news, thunder and lightning with hailstones of all sizes, adapted to the season. Also, serious cautions against drunkenness and other coarse wrapping paper *gratis* to all who buy the smallest article. N. B. — On hand, a few tierces of Attic salt; also, highest price paid in cash for RAW WIT, or taken in exchange for the above articles."

It is very evident that Royal Tyler was the cleverest humorist of that day, but he was also one of its best lawyers, and in his forty-fourth year the legislature of Vermont elected him chief justice of the State. While holding this office he published nine volumes of reports and gave other proof of eminent professional ability. Judge Tyler died at Brattleboro in his seventieth year.

STAGE SOLECISMS.

Many who write for the stage show the most absurd omission of common sense. An experienced play examiner says that recently "a play was offered him which

opened with an embarkation scene, and the ship sails to the Arctic regions where it is wrecked by an iceberg. The hero cuts down a spar to which he attaches himself after jumping overboard.

“In the third act he is discovered standing on an iceberg while in the distance a battle is progressing between a Chinese junk and a pirate ship. The hero is recovered from the iceberg and then turns up in a tropical country where his feet suffer from having been frost bitten. The closing act brings him back to America where the usual happy denouement takes place.”

This may seem strange to the reader, and yet such absurdity is nothing new. In 1815 when Byron was a member of the Drury Lane committee, he wrote thus to Tom Moore :

There is a play before me whose hero is an Irish king, while the villain of the piece is a Danish invader named Turgesius. The latter is chained by the leg to a pillar on the stage, while the king makes him a speech about the balance of power. This throws Turgesius into a frenzy. He draws a dagger and rushes at the orator, but finding himself at the end of his tether he sticks it into himself and dies. Now it is serious, downright fact that this tragedy was not intended for burlesque, and the writer really hopes it will be accepted.

Our most clever amateurs are often unable to write for the stage, as was illustrated by Oakey Hall's failure in the *Crucible*. Hall studied the drama for years, and was confident of success, and yet what a failure he made. He could hardly believe that the *Crucible* would not take, and it was not until it failed night after night, and his partner's patience was worn out, that the ambitious but unsuccessful amateur acknowledged his defeat.

YOUNG ROSCIUS.

New York and London each have had a “Young Roscius,” and what is more remarkable, they were almost contemporary. John Howard Payne was born in 1792,

and William Henry Betty was then but a year old. The latter, however, appeared on the stage at twelve, while Payne's *debut* was at sixteen.

Both exhibited wonderful histrionic powers in youth, which they lost soon after reaching manhood, and both lived to see the time when the memory of their success only seemed like a splendid dream. Payne at thirteen started the *Thespian Mirror*, and Betty when a year younger appeared on the boards of the Belfast theatre, and made a great sensation. His parents were English, but removed to Belfast, where Mrs. Siddons, while making a professional tour, played a short engagement.

The boy was taken to the theatre and was stage-struck by the performance. He began spouting Shakespeare, and his parents brought him to the manager, who after hearing his recitation, placed him under instructions. In a few months the young prodigy appeared before a Belfast audience with such success that his parents took him to other towns, where he increased in fame, and after charming the capital of Scotland they were encouraged to try his genius in the capital of the nation.

At the age of thirteen he played at Covent Garden for £50 per night (equal to \$250), one-third more than John Philip Kemble had ever received. He drew immense houses, and his Hamlet awoke enthusiastic admiration. Fox, the statesman, said he excelled Garrick. His portrait was seen everywhere, and his popularity so increased that during a run of fifty-six nights he drew into the manager's treasury £34,000 — equal to \$170,000. Reader when you recall the fact that this was done by a boy of thirteen, you will certainly join in the universal astonishment.

By the time the "Young Roscius" reached twenty-one his popularity was gone. The elegant youth had

become a stout man of very clever parts, but the charm had fled, and the public wondered how he had ever conquered the most critical play-goers of London. Betty had sense enough to retire and never reappeared.

In a similar manner John Howard Payne — though at a later age — lost his histrionic power and sank into a mere playwright. Betty was the most fortunate of the two in financial success, as he had accumulated a competence, while Payne was always the victim of poverty. As soon as Betty withdrew the public welcomed their old favorites, whose popularity became more permanent than ever.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

John Howard Payne, author of *Home, Sweet Home*, who awoke admiration as the boy performer of the Park theatre, was born in New York, where his father was a reputable school teacher. In early life he was placed in a store, but his love of the drama led him, while only thirteen, to issue the *Thespian Mirror*. This brought him to the acquaintance of William Coleman, editor of the *Evening Post*, who was astonished to see a boy conducting such a paper.

In his sixteenth year the youth appeared on the Park boards as Norval with great success, and afterward played Edgar to George Frederick Cooke's *Lear*. Cooke urged him to try his fortunes on the London stage. Acting on this suggestion he sailed for Liverpool, but on his arrival was arrested, for the war of 1812 had just opened. This was only the beginning of Payne's troubles while abroad. He made a great sensation on the London stage, being the first American to appear before a British audience.

Thence he went to Paris to see Talma, and was employed by a London manager to examine all new French dramas, and adapt them, if possible, for the British stage.

Payne met a series of vicissitudes, and both poverty and success alternately awaited him. When only twenty-eight he wrote his tragedy *Brutus*, in which Kean made a great sensation at Drury Lane, but at this very time its author was suffering extreme poverty in Paris.



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Some time afterward Charles Kemble became manager of Covent Garden, and, like others, sought the productions of Payne. The latter, who was extremely poor, offered the manager an opera called *Clari*, the price being the trifling sum of £30. Kemble accepted it, and in a few weeks it was the admiration of London. Ellen Tree made her first great success in this play, which contained *Home, Sweet Home*, the most popular of all American songs. One hundred thousand copies were soon sold, and the publisher's profits were estimated at \$10,000, but Payne never received any thing beyond the original price.

No doubt this pathetic utterance of home feelings was due to his lonely and impoverished life in Paris, and in

the remembrance of early associations and of a domestic circle he could say with heartfelt emotion :

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Still be it so humble there's no place like home.
 An exile from home pleasure dazzles in vain;
 Ah give me my lowly thatched cottage again.
 Home, sweet home, there's no place like home.

While in Paris Payne met Irving, who was also struggling with many difficulties, and they took rooms together, becoming fellow-workers in dramatic literature. Irving said that Payne was always in difficulties, owing to the unprofitable nature of such employment. After nineteen years of foreign life, during which he had endured many bitter experiences, Payne returned to New York.

When he left America his intention was to only remain abroad a year, and during this protracted absence such changes had been wrought that he felt alone even in his native land. The contrast was painful, and after making a literary effort which failed, he was desirous to again seek distant scenes. Hence the consulate to Tunis was an acceptable appointment, and he died while holding this office. His remains were afterward brought home and buried in Washington.

DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

The greatest of all dramatic writers was the worst paid, for he not only wrote without compensation, but never saw his works in a complete volume. A half dozen plays, in addition to his sonnets, were all that went through the press during his life, and it was only the liberality of the Earl of Southampton that enabled the great dramatist to retire to his native town in a respectable manner.

Those who pursued dramatic literature during the next century were by no means so fortunate. Wycherly narrowly escaped the Fleet prison, while Otway starved in a

garret till relieved by death. Addison's *Cato* had a transient degree of popularity, owing to the fact that its author had political influence and the play was supposed to represent the ruling party of that day.

The first handsome fee received by any playwright was the £500 paid to Goldsmith for his comedy of *The Good Natured Man*. This was eight times more than the price of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and no dramatist was equally well paid till the days of Byron. The tragedies of the latter brought a high price as literary works, but they were not written for the stage, and their author was annoyed when they were produced before a London audience. For these dramas, four in number, Byron received £2,500. Had he never written any thing else they would now be forgotten. Few, indeed, care to read them, and though *Sardanapalus* was made effective a few years ago before a New York audience, it was solely due to its author whose name always awakens interest.

RESURRECTION OF THE DEVIL.

In accordance with the proverb that there "is nothing new in the world," it is to be remembered that Burton's popular play of the *Serious Family* was but a reproduction of the *Minor* which was brought out by Foote, the London dramatist, in 1760, for the especial purpose of ridiculing Whitefield. The epilogue to this play is a joke on the doctrine of Divine Providence, and it closes with what is meant to be a playful hit at the audience :

How d'ye spend your days ?
 In pastimes, prodigality, and plays !
 Let's go see Foote. Oh Foote's a precious limb,
 Old Nick will soon a foot-ball make of him
 For foremost boxes in the play you shove ;
 Think you in boxes thus to sit above ?
 No you will all be crammed into the pit
 And crowd the house for Satan's benefit.

Shockingly wicked, and disgusting in levity as these lines may sound, they do no more than in reality express the spirit that animated a play which had a long run in New York. This shows that in a large community the drama will prosper with much success, when the best features in society are subjected to buffoonery.

PASSING SCENES.

Booth's theatre was built for the purpose of exhibiting the best of Shakespeare's dramas, and this was done with all the enthusiasm and genius of the great tragedian. But notwithstanding the expense and also the talent brought into exercise, the scheme was a failure, and the theatre was during its last decade occupied by second-rate melodrama, and then it was demolished.

This fate has followed all attempts to restore the drama to classic dignity, and is thus referred to in one of Garrick's epilogues :

Sacred to Shakespeare was the spot designed
 To pierce the heart and humanize the mind.
 But if an empty house (the actor's curse)
 Show us our Lears and Hamlets losing force,
 Unwilling we must change the noble scene ;
 And in our turn present you Harlequin.
 If want comes on, importance must retreat ;
 Our first great ruling passion is — to eat.

The incessant change in theatrical taste is proof of the transitory nature of earthly scenes. Most of those plays which entertained a London audience in the days of Garrick are now forgotten. The *Minor* was revived by Burton in the *Serious Family*, and Shakesperian dramas live by the power of inherent genius, but who now hears of *The Inconsistent*, *The Twin Rivals*, *The Lying Valet*, *The Apprentice*, *The Reprisal*, *The School for Lovers*, *The Tailors*, etc., and yet these were the popular performances which displayed the talents of Foote, Ned Shuter,

Mrs. Clive, Peg Woffington, and other performers of that day — who with their plays have gone to oblivion.

The same oblivion has swallowed up the world of players, whose names are only found by research. Among these were female stars, such as Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Abingdon and Miss Macklin; while the leading males, in addition to Garrick, were Quinn, Foote, Weston, Palmer, King, Yates, Shuter and others. Foote was the impersonation of humor, which sometimes degenerated into ribaldry, and even blasphemy.

THE ENDURING MASTER.

The wonderful power of Shakespeare is shown by his surviving all these changes. However fashion may rule the drama, it cannot affect the great master of the human heart. It is also a point of notice in the histrionic profession that no name can live unless identified with his productions. It is as Hamlet that Betterton is now remembered. Garrick chiefly lives in dramatic history as Lear. John Philip Kemble would be forgotten were it not for his Hamlet. Kean the elder is remembered only as the greatest Richard the Third, and thus with Cooke, Forrest and our own Booth — their fame is identified with the genius of Shakespeare. How aptly Johnson designated him as one "not for a day, but for all time." The dramatic crowd may exclaim, like the Steward in Lear:

That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes.

LEAR FORBIDDEN.

It is not generally known that one of Shakespeare's best tragedies (some think it the very finest) was for several years debarred from the London stage. Reference is made to Lear, during the latter part of the life of George

Third. The British king was then hopelessly deranged, and it was not considered proper to keep this painful fact before the public by a theatrical display of insanity. As soon, however, as the unfortunate king was removed by death Lear was reproduced in the highest style of dramatic art, and was highly welcomed after a prohibition of nearly twenty years.

ACTORS' RETIREMENT.

Players find retirement the most difficult of all things. Hence, often after a farewell has been taken, they return to the stage, if this be possible. Miss Cushman was sincere in her repeated attempts to withdraw from professional life, but in each case it became impossible until disease and approaching death placed their seal on her professional career. Forrest also reappeared several times after retirements made in determined purpose, and it was not until old age and rheumatism disabled him that his farewell had become permanent, reminding one of the lines which Scott applied to himself in his old age.

The man in tragedy well known,
Though his best part long since was done,
Still on the stage desires to tarry :
And he who played the harlequin,
After the jest still haunts the scene,
Unwilling to retire, though weary.

Tom Moore, who became acquainted with Mrs. Siddons in her latter days, said that she suffered great distress from the ennui which followed her retirement from the stage. The worst attacks occurred at approach of evening. When sitting alone how dreary every thing appeared in contrast with former times when she would be dressing for the stage. There was all the expectation of a crowded house and a consciousness of her power, and

even sovereignty over both minds and hearts. But all this had gone forever! One day when Rogers (the poet) called on her she said in a very touching manner, "Oh me! this is about the time I had to prepare for the theatre. What pleasure I found in dressing for my part, and then came the additional pleasure of acting it — but that is all over now."

No one need be surprised at this who has read Cumberland's sketch of Mrs. Siddons coming off the stage in the full flush of triumph and walking up to the mirror in the green room to take a full view of her combined dignity and beauty.

Garrick evidently had a similar experience to which he refers in the prologue which he spoke on retiring. Having alluded to the sale of his costumes and his consequent retirement he puts the question to himself in a manner which seems really painful:

Will he in rural shades find ease and quiet?
Oh no; he'll sigh for Drury and seek peace in riot.

DEATH ON THE STAGE.

The fact that McCullough broke down on the stage recalls some other incidents of similar character. Nearly a century ago John Palmer, who had won a reputation in some of his roles, fell dead while playing before a Liverpool audience. Peg Woffington, while playing Rosalind, was paralyzed and never recovered. She had just uttered the words, "I'd kiss as many of you as pleased me," when her voice was hushed and was never again heard on the stage. The once famous comedian Foote was also paralyzed while performing in his own comedy, *The Devil on Two Sticks*, and never recovered.

Another case was that of Moody, who held respectable

rank on the British stage, and whose last appearance was as Claudio, in *Measure for Measure*. Just as he exclaimed, "Aye, but to die and go we know not where," he sank to the floor and was borne off a corpse. James Bland, who also had a respectable position in the profession, expired in the Strand theatre.

Edmund Kean affords another very impressive instance. While playing *Othello* in London, just as he exclaimed, "O, then, farewell," he fell into the arms of his son (who took the role of Iago), and he had just strength enough to say, "Speak to them, Charles, I am dying." He was borne off and revived for a while, but death soon closed his chequered career.

Hanley, the comedian, became speechless on the stage after uttering the words of Launcelot Gobbo, "I have an exposition of sleep come over me," and he never spoke again. Cummings, who occasionally appeared in tragedy, expired while performing the role of Dumont in *Jane Shore*, just as he uttered the following words:

Be witness of me, ye celestial hosts;
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee and begs heaven to show thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour.

Barrett, who was so clever in old men's parts, died after playing *Polonius*, and was carried home a corpse. Mrs. Glover was struck with paralysis on the occasion of her farewell benefit, and died three days afterward. Mrs. Linley, the once popular vocalist, expired at a concert, while singing "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

A very remarkable occurrence of this kind took place at the Holliday street theatre, Baltimore, in 1874. John Ferris, while playing a leading role in *Lady Audley's Secret*, was borne off the stage in a helpless condition and

died before morning. These facts show the exhaustive nature of the dramatic profession, and many of those scenes which awaken applause are performed amid agony and under the very shadow of death.

CIBBERIAN REMINISCENCES.

A very curious reproduction of old-fashioned drama is found in Cibber's play, entitled *She Would and She Would not*, which was recently played in New York. The Cibbers were once a noted family and held rank in London for three generations, but at present they are almost forgotten. The first of the London family came from Holland, and was an inimitable wood-carver, his gigantic figures of raving and melancholy madness being the finest works of the kind in existence. They were executed for Bedlam where they still attract attention.

His son, Colley Cibber, was connected with the drama during almost the entire extent of a long life. He was contemporary with Pope, who made him the butt of some of his keenest shafts. The wit of the great satirist indeed was sharpened by the ridiculous appointment of poet laureate, which had been conferred on Cibber, and this explains the pungent paragraph in the *Dunciad*:

High on a gorgeous seat which far outshone
Henley's gilt tub or Flecknoe's Irish throne,
Great Cibber sat; the proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper and the jealous leer,
Mix in his look.

In another place in the same work Pope says that

Less human genius than God gives an ape
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald and Ozill.

Pope also represents the goddess of dullness thus exclaiming after she had annointed the laureate:

All hail and hail again!
 My son, the promised land expects thy reign.
 Know Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise,
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days.
 Safe where no critics damn or duns molest,
 Where wretched Welsted, Ward or Gilden rest,
 And high-born Howard's more majestic sire,
 With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
 Thou Cibber, too, his laurels shall support,
 Folly, my son, has still a friend at court.
 She ceased; then swells the chapel royal throat,
 "God save King Cibber," mounts in every note.
 Familiar White "God save King Colley" cries;
 "God save King Colley," Drury Lane replies.
 Back to Drury the last echoes roll,
 And "Coll" each butcher roars at Hockley hole.

Notwithstanding Pope's keen satire, Colley Cibber retained his popularity as a dramatist. He was fifty-seven when the *Dunciad* appeared, and though he no doubt felt its power, he had won a position which he held till death. He wrote a large number of popular plays, and also adapted *Richard Third* to the stage, taking liberties with the text which have awakened the indignation of many admirers of that famous tragedy. His son Theophilus was also a player and dramatist.

TRANSITORY FAME.

The evanescent nature of an actor's fame is in striking contrast with that of artists and authors. The effusions of the poet may be preserved and kindred spirits may give them renewed existence after the lapse of centuries. There is, however, no way of perpetuating the effect of histrionic genius. The impressions which the actor creates only live in the memory of those who witness his performance, and yet the sensations which it produces are the most powerful in all the mastery of genius. No demonstration of applause is so hearty as that of a crowded theatre whose sea of heads all harmonizes in one grand utterance — but how quickly it is passed.

Hence the difficulty of really measuring the comparative ability of different players. Who, one may ask, was the greatest Hamlet? Was it Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Henry Irving, or our own Booth? Who, it may also be asked, was the best personator of the Crookback Tyrant, Edmund Kean or Booth, senior? To these questions no satisfactory reply can be given.

The impression made on a house full of spectators is beyond the power of description, and in this feature the histrionic profession differs from all others. Garrick alludes, in a touching manner, to this very point in one of his prologues, when comparing himself to Hogarth:

The painter dead yet still he charms the eye,
 While England lives his fame can never die.
 But he who struts his hour upon the stage
 Can scarce extend his fame but half an age.
 Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save;
 The art and artist share one common grave.

It is thus evident that though the actor's life may be a succession of triumphs, yet when once he is gone, his art is gone also. Not a vestige is left, and though it may be the theme of eloquent description, how completely this fails to convey the effect? The triumphs of the drama indeed cannot be described; they must be seen; and hence when a great actor dies his role dies with him.

MACREADY'S EMOTIONS.

Macready was one of the most emotional of his profession. Often irritable and overbearing, the public little imagined the depth and tenderness of his feelings when in a better frame. He seemed fully conscious of the transitory nature of professional reputation, and his journal contains the following remark in reference to the sad obsequies of one of the most brilliant dramatic stars of that day:

Entered the room where lay the remains of Kean! Poor creature! Soon after the procession was formed and we paced through the crowded streets, amid the loud remarks and repetition of names by the crowd. Entering the church the coffin was set in its proper place, and as I gazed upon poor Kean I was filled with sad memories — contrasting his once burning energy with the mass of cold corruption before me.

Years afterward, when Macready retired, worn out by years of hard service, he wrote to a friend: "What a dream to me now is Hamlet; also Macbeth and Lear and Iago and Cassius and others, in whose very being I seem to have lived — so much of their thoughts and feeling, indeed, were my own." This idea recalls the appropriate words of Prospero, in the *Tempest*:

These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air — thin air.

Macready's depth of thought is indicated by the fact that he inscribed on the tablet over the vault in Kensal Green, which contains the remains both of himself and all the family, the following lines from Gray's elegy:

There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

ACTORS' FUND.

The effort made to establish a permanent fund in behalf of decayed performers reminds us that there is more poverty among this class than any other. The dramatic profession is full of broken-down players, and there are few cases which look more hopeless than a poverty-stricken actor. A few stars carry off both the honors and the profits of the profession, leaving the rest to the common fate of poverty and misery. True, Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Forrest each left an immense fortune. Jefferson is rich, and so are a few others, but the profession in New York alone numbers more than a thousand, and how few of the number can hope for wealth or fame?

Poverty, indeed, has always been the shadow on the drama, and even Betterton, who flourished in the days of Charles II, and who was the first man that could play Hamlet, became so poor in his latter days that he was glad to receive a benefit. Garrick's sympathy with the unfortunate members of the profession was such that his last appearance was at a benefit of this very character. He originated the fund for decayed actors, and on the 10th of June, 1776, he took his farewell as Don Felix in the *Wonder*, making, on this occasion, a plea for the unfortunate.

To show the depth of his sympathy, I add a few lines from the prologue, which, being spoken by himself, must have been of great power :

A veteran see whose last act on the stage
Entreats your smiles for sickness and for age;
Their cause I plead — plead it with heart and mind,
A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind,
Might not we hope your zeal would not be less
When I am gone, to patronize distress?
That hope obtained the wished-for end secures,
To soothe their cares who oft have lightened yours.

PRESSURE FOR THE STAGE.

There never was a greater effort to obtain a position on the stage than at the present time. Managers are continually solicited by amateurs of both sexes for such opportunities. It is, however, very difficult to gratify their request, and hence, when a debut is urgently demanded, it costs a large sum. If a beginner has money, the way to the stage can be bought, but otherwise there are many obstacles. Perhaps it were better if there were more, since the profession, as has been mentioned, is one of the most undesirable character.

Stage fever is evidently on the increase, and a dramatic

agent says that the pressure from amateur actresses is beyond all idea. Many of this class belong to respectable families, while others are poor girls who imagine that they have histrionic genius, and are captivated by the glamour of the performance. Occasionally an advertisement appears offering to educate ladies for the stage, but the object is merely to get money out of the applicant. The latter will be informed that it will cost \$600, \$800, or even \$1,000 to get up a play in which she can appear, and in many cases the artifice is successful. As soon as the money is paid, however, the scheme fails, and the amateur must make the best of the lesson of experience.

This rush for the stage is nothing new, and indeed it was so incessant in London more than a century ago, that the play of the Apprentice was written for the very purpose of checking it. The prologue, spoken by the author, contains the following lines :

My hero is a youth by fate designed
 For culling simples — but whose stage-struck mind
 Nor fate could rule nor writings bind.
 A place there is where such young Quixotes meet,
 Where 'prentice kings alarm the gaping street —
 To check these heroes and their laurels crop,
 To bring them back to reason — and their shop,
 Was but my aim.

The epilogue (or closing address) spoken by Mrs. Clive, also has a similar lesson directed to the female aspirants for stage honors :

O, I could show you, were I so inclined,
 A spouting junto of the female kind.
 There is a maid that deals out lace
 That fain would fill the fair Ophelia's place.
 O, little do these silly people know,
 What dreadful trials actors undergo.
 Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,
 Nor envy more the drama's queens and kings;
 Maidens, beware — let not our tinsel train
 Enchant your eyes and turn your dizzy brain.

The earliest instance of this kind which I can find on record is the benefit given to Betterton, who was the first player that ever did justice to Shakespeare. The latter had been dead more than twenty years before the birth of him who was first to give the world a true idea of high tragedy. Betterton was the son of a London pastry cook, and was born in 1635. Sir William Davenant, who then had control of the London Theatre, discerned his talent and brought him before the public in the days of Charles II when the theatre was revived under royal patronage.

Betterton soon displayed great genius, which was much in contrast with his personal appearance. He was the ugliest man in face and form that ever became a star — being short, fat, clumsy, with a big head, short neck, short arms, small eyes, big face with pock marks, thick legs and big feet. Notwithstanding these defects, he mastered his part so perfectly as to become majestic and thrilling. He made Hamlet popular, a role which till his day had never been properly performed. In his old age Betterton became very poor and for this reason the London theatres gave him a benefit. This took place in 1710, and it was but a few days before his death.

The sympathy shown the poverty-stricken tragedian is a proof of the kindly feeling which marked the profession even at that early day. The performers were Quinn, Barton Booth, Bowen, Mrs. Oldfield, and others whose names are now hardly remembered.

Betterton married an actress who was the first person that could play Lady Macbeth. She died soon after her husband and then there was no one to fill this role until Sarah Kemble appeared sixty years afterward.

OTHER BENEFITS.

The same sympathy toward the profession was a marked

feature in the masters of the drama who followed Shakspeare's time, and it was extended not only to needy players, but also to critics.

John Dennis, for instance, who wrote much on this subject, and who is one of the prominent victims of Pope's *Dunciad*, had a benefit given him in 1733 — just before his death. Pope wrote the prologue for the occasion. He had been greatly slandered by Dennis, whom he repaid with bitter sarcasm; but when the old *litterateur* was in distress forgiveness took the place of wrath. This prologue has some very fine points, especially where it mentions Dennis' opposition to French theatricals:

Such, such emotions should in Britons rise
When pressed by want and weakness Dennis lies;
Dennis, who long has warred with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed and defied their puns.

A benefit was given in 1750 to Milton's granddaughter. The prologue was written by Johnson and spoken by Garrick. Three years afterward Addison's *Cato* was performed by the scholars of a grammar school for the benefit of the orphan of one of their teachers. The prologue is a very appropriate apology and was written by one of the scholars, a few of whose lines I present as a sample:

No Garrick here majestic treads the stage,
No Quin your whole attention to engage;
No practiced actor here the scene employs;
But a raw parcel of unskilled boys.

Comus was performed for the benefit of the hospital at Bath in 1756. The prologue was written by Hoadley and spoken by Miss Morrison. It recites her difficulty in soliciting charity and here is the result of her application:

— He shook his head,
Complained that stock were low and trade was dead.
In these Bath charities a tax he found
More heavy than four shillings on the pound.

It now seems strange that such dull plays as *Comus* and *Cato* should be offered to an ordinary audience. Strange also to think that such a man as Addison, who never had the fire of genius, and never rose above the dead level of the quiet essayist, should ever attempt a tragedy after reading Shakespeare.

In 1777 the comedy of the *Word to the Wise* was performed for the benefit of Kelly, a well known player of that day, though now forgotten. The prologue was written by Johnson and refers to the nature of the occasion in the following closing lines :

Then shall calm reflection bless the night
When liberal pity dignified delight;
When pleasure fired her torch at Virtue's flame,
And Mirth was bounty, with an humble name.

THE OPHIDIAN.

One of the most remarkable female performers that ever appeared on the American boards was Rachel, whose wonderful powers were increased by that fascinating serpent look which often surprised and charmed her audience. She was called an ophidian and attracted the notice of physiologists, including Oliver Wendell Holmes, who soon after wrote a novel — *Elsie Venner* — which presents the same idea. An ophidian, according to this theory, is a person who is naturally endowed with a serpent-like power, and also with an expression which occasionally carries the same influence. When Rachel rendered her finest roles, the audience often felt as though the eyes of a serpent were fixed upon them, and they became fascinated in an indescribable manner. Mrs. Ritchie, herself an actress, said of Rachel: “There was something terrific and overwhelming in her impersonations. From the moment she came on the stage I was under the influence of a spell. Her eye had the power

of a basilisk and flashed with an intense brightness which no serpent could have rivalled.

Rachel sprang from the lowest order in Europe. Her father was a poverty-stricken pedlar; his daughters, however, were popular vocalists, and one became the star of Paris. In 1855, Rachel played in New York and made a tremendous sensation, but she died soon after her return to Europe. As an ophidian she stands alone in the dramatic record.

OLD COSTUMES.

The sale of the costumes and other properties formerly belonging to McCullough awoke many of those painful associations which are repeated in the history of every star. What, indeed, becomes of the dresses, weapons and general outfit of our great players after they have left the stage? Garrick brings out this idea in a pathetic manner in a prologue spoken more than a century ago:

The master of this shop, too, seeks repose;
Sells off his stock in trade, his verse and prose,
His daggers, buskins, thunder and old clothes.

One of the most attractive exhibitions in connection with the dramatic world would be a collection of the costumes of distinguished performers. How interesting, indeed, it would be to see how Garrick dressed in Hamlet, or in Lear; or Cooke in Macbeth, Kean in Richard III, Mrs. Siddons in Lady Macbeth, Ellen Tree in Rosalind, and Charlotte Cushman in any of her roles.

What becomes of all these theatrical relics? They are rarely thrown into the market, and indeed this is the first sale of the kind that I can recall. Hence, I presume they are left to the usual fate of old clothes, and perhaps are worked over by the costumer and go through a gradual decline until their final appearance might remind one "to what base uses we may come at last."

ACTORS' JEALOUSIES.

Few of those who are attracted by stage performances have any idea of the jealousy and bitter rivalry which so often gnaw the actor's heart. Macready, who was one of the most successful of the profession, confesses the power of such passions, and I find in his journal the following record:

Sent for the morning paper, and read the account of Phelps' appearance, which seems to have been a decided success. This depressed my spirits. An actor's fame and his dependent income is so precarious that we start at the shadow of every rival. It is an unhappy life.

If such be the feelings of a star, what must be those of others whose lives are a mere struggle for bread? Macready himself was pursued by the jealousy of Forrest, which was the real cause of the Astor Place riot, and a score of unfortunate citizens was sacrificed to the base passions of one who could not endure a rival. It was said of Forrest by a fellow player:

He was cowardly, bullying and dictatorial. He monopolized the stage as much as possible, forcing his support to subordinate themselves in order that he might gain the entire applause. The opportunity they might have for "making a point" was hurried over in order to secure his own glorification.

This disposition is too frequent to awaken surprise, though fortunately it is rarely that it reaches such an extent, as in the case of Forrest, whose passions have left a dark stain upon his character.

METAMORA.

This was one of Forrest's best roles, and yet it was inferior in every point except adaptation to his great muscle and power of rant. In 1828 he had an engagement at the Park, and in order to awaken public interest he offered a prize of \$500 for the best drama, the judges including the names of Fitz Greene Halleck, Prosper M. Wetmore, William Legget and William Cullen Bryant,

the two latter being associate editors of the Evening Post. The prize was adjudged to John A. Stone, who offered an Indian play called *Metamora*. The splendid success of the drama is too well known to need further reference, but it affords a sad contrast with the fate of the author. Five years afterward, being then deranged, he drowned himself in the Schuylkill. Forrest had a monument placed over the grave of the unfortunate dramatist, bearing the following inscription: "To the memory of John Augustus Stone, who died June 1, 1834, aged 33 years." On the reverse is inscribed, "Erected to the memory of the author of '*Metamora*,' by his friend Edwin Forrest."

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Some of our most popular authors have been successful amateur players, at the head of whom stands the gifted Charles Dickens. This distinguished novelist, indeed, would probably have become the most successful comedian of his day had he made the drama his profession. Byron was also a very clever stage amateur, notwithstanding his lameness. He says in his journal:

When I was a youth I was reckoned a good actor. I played Penruddock in the *Wheel of Fortune*, and also *Tristram Fickle* in the *Weathercock*, and some private theatricals in 1806, with great applause. The prologue for one play was also my production, and the whole went off with great effect on our good-natured audience.

Byron was an admirable mimic and delivered the above mentioned prologue, which contained a hit at each of the other performers, and with the addition of tone and manner was highly comic. This prologue is one of the best things in *Hours of Idleness*, and the same volume contains the following poetic reminiscence of a similar character:

I once more view the room with spectators surrounded,
 Where as Zanga, I stood on Alonzo o'erthrown ;
 While to swell my young pride such applauses resounded,
 I fancied that Mossop himself was outshewn,
 Or as Lear, I poured forth the deep imprecations,
 By my daughters of kingdom and reason deprived ;
 Till fired by loud plaudits and self adulation,
 I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.

Washington Irving was also a very clever amateur player, and while at Dresden united with the Fosters and other English society in producing *Three Weeks after Marriage*, his role being Sir Charles Racket. Irving afterward took the part of Don Felix in the *Wonder*, and had he cultivated his histrionic talent, he might have reached distinction on the stage — though his rank as an author rendered this unnecessary.

Voltaire was the oldest of stage amateurs, for Gibbon saw him when sixty-three play a role in several of his own tragedies. The dramatist organized a company among his friends and fitted up a theatre at his villa near Lausanne. It was the recreation of an active mind, when expelled from a royal court. Gibbon was highly favored to obtain admittance. He thought Voltaire too declamatory, but that was the style of the old French stage.

The earliest instance of private theatricals is found in the *Tempest*, where Prospero honors the marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda with a simple but exquisite dramatic performance, the players being, as he says :

Spirits which by mimic art
 I have from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

The enchanting scenes, however, soon disappear, and then Prospero exclaims :

Our revels now are ended, these our actors
 . Are melted into air — thin air,
 And like the baseless fabric of this vision
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve,
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded by a sleep.

What a grand lesson is thus taught by the first private theatricals in the dramatic record!

NAPOLEON ON THE STAGE.

In 1840 the remains of Napoleon were brought from St. Helena to Paris and placed in Les Invalides, an event which awoke great interest in America, as well as in Europe. Hamblin improved the opportunity by dramatising the entire movement, and it proved very popular. A young actor named Mason, who had a Napoleon figure and profile, personated the famous exile whose last days at St. Helena were rendered in a skillful manner. The death scene was very impressive, and after an imaginary interval of twenty years came the resurrection with the shipment of the corpse, the steamboat voyage up the Seine and the grand military procession in Paris. The latter was assisted by a military company which was marched in a manner so ingenious as to represent a vast column of troops. The effect was heightened by fine scenery and martial music, and the apotheosis which closed the performance was really thrilling. Just as the coffin was lowered into the sarcophagus, Napoleon himself appeared in effigy suspended in mid air. It was the traditional emperor with top boots, cocked hat and folded arms, but with a radiant countenance. Before the audience could recover from its surprise the effigy was rapidly drawn up and disappeared amid a celestial brilliance which suggested glory and beatitude.

DRAMATIC MARRIAGES.

Looking at theatrical life, one is led to notice that

players generally marry in their own profession. This occurs not only among stock actors but among stars. The drama cannot boast of matrimonial felicity even in the moderate degree enjoyed by other classes, but there are a few instances of an exceptional character, among which Garrick stands prominent. Macready married a young actress who played Virginia with him, and their union was as favorable as his irascible temper would permit. The Chanfraus were a united couple, and yet both were professional players and acted together with much success.

Edwin Forrest married a young actress named Catharine Sinclair, daughter of a public singer of some note in London. It may be remembered that after she had beaten her faithless husband in the divorce case she went on the stage, but did not reach success in the drama. Tom Hamblin married Miss Medina, who was an accomplished writer of farces, and small dramatic pieces. Edwin Booth's first wife though not a star, was an excellent actress; his second was the daughter of a theatrical manager. His brother, Junius Brutus Booth, married an actress, and I might refer to other illustrations of this peculiar fact. It is very reasonable that these alliances should take place, as the parties are constantly thrown into each other's society, and are at the same time secluded from that of outside circles.

Star players of good repute may enter first-class society, but the number thus admitted is small. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, and also Macready, Booth, Frederick Paulding and Henry Irving, may be mentioned among the small list of favored names. Hence the profession is, to a large degree, shut up to itself for society, and intermarriage follows as a natural result.

The fact that histrionic genius is bequeathed, often to an unusual degree, has been frequently noticed. The Kembles are the most prominent instance, but there are also the Wallacks and the Jeffersons. The present admirable Rip Van Winkle is the second of the family that won histrionic rank, and his son, though not equally gifted, is still very clever in light comedy. The American drama was founded by the Hallams, and in this family the histrionic gift was bequeathed for three generations.

Washington Irving has been mentioned as an amateur, and his grand nephew, Frederick Paulding, comes very naturally by his histrionic gift, which he has cultivated in a very successful manner. Kate Claxton is the granddaughter of the late preacher Cone, who, in his early days, was an admirable player.

The Keans, father and son, were another striking instance, and though the first had by far the greatest genius, the latter was one of the stars of his day. The Booths are also an histrionic family, and its founder, Barton Booth, was the only player ever honored by a grave in Westminster Abbey — but he has been far excelled by some of his descendants.

THE KEMBLE.

Having referred to this remarkable family, I add a few details. Roger Kemble died in 1802, aged four score; having long itinerated with his wonderful family, whose genius was developed often under the most trying circumstances. One who lived to see the family reach distinction mentioned seeing Mrs. Siddons, when a very young woman, standing behind the scenes and knocking a pair of snuffers against a candlestick to imitate the sound of a windmill during some harlequin performance.

Roger Kemble lived to see three of his sons and two of

his daughters on the stage, the latter being Mrs. Whitlock and Mrs. Siddons. Mrs. Whitlock made a professional visit to this country and was much admired by Washington, who, during his presidency, occasionally attended the John street theatre.

Mrs. Siddons reached much higher rank and indeed has never been equaled. Her husband was a respectable player, but the genius of his wife kept him in a life long shadow. Mrs. Siddons was noted for her majestic person, and her mastery over Shakespeare's greatest characters. She commenced playing in company with Garrick, who then was about to retire, and continued until 1812, when she withdrew, just as Kean and a new generation of great performers were winning fame.

The brilliant critic, William Hazlitt, said of Mrs. Siddons that "she appeared of a superior order of beings, and to be surrounded by a personal awe like some propheticess of old." Washington Irving, who saw her in her fiftieth year, said: "What a wonderful woman! She froze and melted my heart by turns. A glance of her eye or an exclamation thrilled my whole frame. I can hardly breathe while she is on the stage."

MACREADY'S TRIBUTE.

Macready who played with Mrs. Siddons when she was in her fifty-sixth year, says in his reminiscences:

The thought of standing by the side of this great mistress of her art hung over me *in terrorem*. After several rehearsals the dreaded day of her arrival came and I was ordered by my father to go to the Queen's Head Hotel to rehearse my scenes with her. The impression the first sight of her made on me recalled the page's description of the effect on himself of Jane de Montfort's appearance in Joanna Baillies' tragedy of De Montfort. It was

So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
For so she did to see me so abashed,
Methought I could have compassed sea and land
To do her bidding.

What eulogy can do justice to her personations! How inadequate are the endeavors of the best writer, to depict with accuracy to another's fancy, the landscape that in its sublime beauties may have charmed him!

The tall rock, the mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood may have "their colors and their forms" particularized in eloquent language, but can they be so presented to the "mind's eye" of the reader as to enable him to paint from them a picture with which the reality will accord? or will any verbal account of the most striking features of "the human face divine," convey a distinct portraiture of the individual?

How much less can any force of description imprint on the imagination the sudden but thrilling effects of tone, or look, of port or gesture, or even of the silence so often significative in the development of human passions. As these are not transferable, I will not presume to catalogue the merits of this unrivaled artist but may point out, as a guide to others, one great excellence that distinguished all her personations. This was the unity of design, the just relation of all parts to the whole, that made us forget the actress in the character she assumed.

Throughout the tragedy of *The Gamester* devotion to her husband stood out the mainspring of her actions — the ruling passion of her being; apparent, indeed, when reduced to poverty in her graceful and cheerful submission to the lot to which his vice has subjected her, in her fond excuses of his ruinous weakness, in her conciliating expostulations with his angry impatience, in her indignant repulse of Stukeley's advances, when in the awful dignity of outraged virtue she imprecates the vengeance of Heaven upon his guilty head. The climax of her sorrows and sufferings was in the dungeon, when on her knees, holding her dying husband, he dropped lifeless from her arms. Her glaring eyes were fixed in stony blankness on his face; the powers of life seemed suspended in her; her sister and another player gently raised her and slowly led her unresisting from the body; her gaze, never for an instance, averted from it; when they reach the prison door she stopped, as if awakened by a trance, uttered a shriek of agony that would have pierced the hardest heart, and rushing from them, flung herself, as if for union in death, on the prostrate form before her.

She stood alone on her height of excellence. Her acting was perfection, and as I recall it I do not wonder, novice as I was, at my perturbation when on the stage with her.

Mrs. Siddons, after the play, sent to me to say when I was dressed she would be glad to see me in her room. On going in she "wished," she said, "to give me a few words of advice before taking leave of me." "You are in the right way," she said, "but remember what I say; study, study, study, and do not marry till you are thirty. I remember what it was to be obliged to study at nearly your age with a young family about me. Beware of that; keep your mind on your art; do not remit your study, and you are certain to succeed. Do not forget my words; study well, and God bless you."

Her words lived with me, and often, in moments of despondency, have come to cheer me. Her acting was a revelation to me, which ever after had its influence on me in the study of my art. Ease, grace, untiring energy through all the variations of human passion, blended into that grand and massive style, had been with her the result of patient application. On first witnessing her wonderful impersonation, I may say with the poet:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken.

And I can only liken the effect they produced on me, in developing new trains of thought, to the awakening power that Michael Angelo's sketch of the colossal head in the Farnesina is said to have had on the mind of Raphael.

THE SONS.

Roger Kemble's three sons made their mark on the stage, but the genius of the eldest overshadowed the others and thus this has left but one of the name on prominent record. In this manner John Philip Kemble and Sarah Siddons stand as a matchless pair. Charles, the youngest of the gifted trio of sons, was not born until Sarah had reached the highest distinction. He became well known as a comedian of more than respectable talent, and would have had a prominence in the profession had it not been for the grandeur of genius so near of name and kin. Next comes George who was some years older than the last mentioned, and who was a good player until excessive corpulence drove him from the stage. He was, however, a successful manager and adhered to the profession through life. It is a matter of peculiar note that out of Roger Kemble's twelve children the oldest son and the oldest daughter should bear the honors. John Philip was just eighteen months younger than Mrs. Siddons. They made their first appearance on the stage in almost the same week. He was nineteen while his sister was nearly twenty-one. That year Garrick retired from the profession and his mantle seemed to fall on Kemble. He remained at the head of

the stage until his retirement in 1817, after an unparalleled dramatic career of forty-one years. This was five years longer than Garrick's, whose professional career had hitherto been of unequalled duration. Kemble's representation of Hamlet has a traditional majesty which probably has never been attained except by Edwin Booth.

FANNY KEMBLE.

This gifted woman was the daughter of the above-mentioned Charles, and hence was grandchild of the first histrionist of the name. She made her debut in London in 1829, being then eighteen. This was two years before the death of her aunt, Mrs. Siddons, and the latter, who was then in her seventy-fourth year, was enabled to see the talent of the family thus continued in admirable perfection. Her success before the public was such as to entitle her to the first rank in the performers of the day. Three years afterward she made a professional tour through the United States, accompanied by her father, who was old and poor and needed her assistance. She subsequently married the rich Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, and retired from the stage.

The alliance was of an unhappy character. It was severed by a divorce granted by the State of Pennsylvania, and she resumed her family name. Since then she has won distinction as a reader of Shakespeare and was the first woman to introduce this entertainment to an American audience.

John Philip Kemble was, from his swarthy countenance, familiarly known in the profession as "Black Jack." Irving saw the unusual spectacle of three Kembles on the stage at once at Covent garden. John was Othello, Mrs. Siddons was Desdemona, while Charles was Cassio. To make the play still more effective the

gifted George Frederick Cooke took the part of Iago. Some years afterward Irving met the latter in this city and reminded him of the wonderful performance. Cooke was much gratified by the remembrance, and exclaimed with delight, "Didn't I play up to Black Jack? I saw his dark eye sweeping back on me." At the time this anecdote occurred Cooke was playing at the Park theatre. He died soon afterward and was buried in St. Paul's churchyard.

KEAN.

The history of this man is peculiarly strange and even romantic. An illegitimate son of an actress named Carey, he for some years bore his mother's name. He was from childhood brought up to the stage, and his eyes, so wonderfully black, attracted great admiration. His father, whose name he soon assumed, was little known except as a workman about the theatres. At the age of twelve the boy player accompanied his mother in a theatrical tour, and after long practice he rose to fame on the London boards. From pantomime and harlequin he readily became Shylock and Richard III, in which, at the age of twenty-eight, he was distinguished.

He was the smallest actor, in point of size, that ever attained distinction, but that little form had wonderful powers, and he surprised the public with the variety of his gifts. He sang so sweetly that he would have done well as a vocalist; he was an accomplished dancer, and at the same time an adroit pugilist; as a fencer he had no superior; he was a ventriloquist, and also an admirable acrobat, and played harlequin to delighted houses. To these points it is to be added that he was the most terrific of all living delineators of high tragedy. Kean's black eyes startled and attracted everybody. They were said

to be the blackest ever seen. Kean was thirty-three when he appeared on the boards of the Park theatre, but though he made a capital Richard III, he could not succeed as Hamlet.



PARK THEATRE.

STUDYING CHARACTER.

Kean told Dr. Francis that Lear was best played by a young man, because his insanity and decrepitude were a very laborious part. He said that he had studied insanity at the London asylums as a preparation for Lear, and he expressed a desire to visit the Bloomingdale asylum for the same purpose. Dr. Francis took him thither in a carriage. While on the way Kean expressed a desire to see Vauxhall, which stood near what is now Astor place. The carriage halted, and Kean asked to survey the establishment. The keeper assented, and was astonished to see the stranger give two somersaults which brought him near to the end of the garden.

They then drove to the asylum, and the tragedian was allowed to see some of the patients. The fine prospect to be seen from the roof of the building was mentioned,

and he was invited to ascend. He was much exhilarated by the view, and exclaimed: "I will walk to the edge of the roof, and take a leap. It is the best use I can make of my life." He then hurried forward, but the attendants seized him and he submitted to their kind violence. Dr. Francis thought that it was really a subtle and irresistible purpose of suicide.

Kean's name is perpetuated by the shaft which he placed in St. Paul's churchyard to the memory of George Frederick Cooke, who died in this city in 1812. It was repaired by Charles, his son, in 1846, and also by E. A. Sothorn in 1874, so that it is now restored to original beauty. This is a remarkable succession of respectful tokens, following from one generation to another. I cannot gaze upon that monument without recalling Dr. Francis's description of Kean standing by its side the evening of his departure for England, and singing in his sweet manner, "Those Evening Bells," and also "Come O'er the Sea."

The greatest danger of the histrionic profession is intemperance. Cooke, Kean and the senior Booth were lamentable illustrations of the destructive power of this habit, which at the present time is doing its work of ruin in the theatrical world. One reason of this is found in the exhausting nature of stage performance. Some of those parts which seem the easiest are really the severest in their effects. Players soon get jaded by the intense strain on the nervous system, and the resort to strong drink seems inevitable. Ballet performers generally have a trying part in the performance, and therefore drink freely. The inside life of the dramatic world is full of sorrow, and presents a strange contrast with the garish splendor which so often awakens the admiration of the young and inexperienced.

How these players come and go in constant succession! When Kemble came upon the stage, Garrick had just retired after a long and brilliant reign. His immediate predecessor in tragedy was Barton Booth, who though a clever player, was not to be compared with himself. Garrick made his debut in 1741, being then twenty-five. At that time Quin was the best player in London, but was hardly above mediocrity.

Garrick's superiority was at once manifest, and he retained supremacy of the stage until 1776, when he retired after a reign of thirty-five years. He was then sixty, and he died three years afterward.

Barton Booth had been in his grave seven years when Garrick appeared. He was the best actor during Queen Anne's reign, and at his death the London stage was reduced to Quin. The latter began his dramatic career by appearing in 1717, being then only twenty-four. When Garrick entered upon the stage Quin felt that his day was over, and in a few years he retired at the age of fifty-five. Quin had a popularity among the lowest orders of theatre goers, to which Pope alluded, coupling his name with Mrs. Oldfield, who had also won a moderate reputation :

While all its throats the gallery extends,
 And all the thunders of the pit ascends,
 Loud as the wolves on Orca's stormy steep,
 Howl to the roarings of the northern deep,
 Such is the shout, the loud applauding note
 At Quin's high plume and Oldfield's petticoat.

Barton Booth, like Quin, and also Garrick, had been intended for the bar, but deserted law for the drama. He made his debut at seventeen, and for thirty-one years reigned on the London stage, and yet his style was probably far beneath the present standard.

THE FOUNDER.

The founder of the British stage was Sir William Dave-

nant, who was by some supposed to be really a son of Shakespeare. His father kept a tavern which the great dramatist often visited, and Davenant bore a striking resemblance to the latter. Davenant was nine years old when Shakespeare died. He early displayed histrionic talent and after the restoration of Charles II, made up a company of players and organized a permanent theatre. He was the first to produce movable scenery, rich costumes, and other desirable appointments, and through his influence Betterton was introduced to the public.

Davenant was buried in Westminster Abbey, and is the only stage manager laid in that place of fame, except Sheridan. His place of rest is marked by that pithy, but expressive sentence, "O, Good Sir William Davenant." How much such a brief review of departed talent reminds one that "All the world's a stage," and the changes in the modern drama are full of such lessons.

GRADUAL PROGRESS.

If Shakespeare could only return to life and see the difference between Hamlet, with Booth in the title role, and the performance of the same play at the Black Friars, with himself as "the ghost," how great would be his astonishment! The advance has been the steady growth of two centuries. In Shakespeare's day there was no man that could do justice to Hamlet, and indeed that wonderful play had been in existence sixty years before any one appeared who could master so difficult a role. This man was Betterton, who was bred a pastry cook, but rose to be the first tragedian of his day. Betterton was deficient in personal appearance, but he could master a character, and Hamlet thus rendered became a reality. After his death there was no Hamlet for another sixty years, when Garrick left his wine cellar for the stage, just as Better-

ton left the cook shop. The Booth family dates before even Garrick, but though Barton Booth could play Cato in Addison's tragedy, he was not adequate to Hamlet. In his day, however, Hamlet was not played, and it can hardly be said that Addison ever saw Shakespeare properly performed. Barton Booth's best feature was his impressive appearance, as appears from Pope's lines :

Booth enters — hark! the universal peal!
But has he spoken? — not a syllable.

The Booth family has only developed the highest histrionic genius in its later generations. The theatre in Garrick's day was a great advance on Betterton's, but how inferior to that of the present! Personally speaking, however, Garrick rendered Shakespeare inimitably, and hence was the leading attraction of the London stage for thirty years. Just as he retired, John Philip Kemble made his debut and became the Hamlet of a succeeding age.

The histrionic talent of Great Britain reached a sudden development at the opening of the present century, equal, indeed, with that which marked its poetic genius. While Byron, Coleridge, Shelley and Scott afforded a revival of literature, Kemble, Cooke, Kean, Mrs. Siddons and Macready were contemporary stars on the British stage. As a galaxy they have never been equalled.

INTERESTING PROLOGUE.

The gradual progress to which I have referred is suggested by the following prologue, written by Sir William Davenant, and spoken at the Black Friars theatre in 1643, just twenty-seven years after Shakespeare's death. The object of the writer was to censure the artificiality of taste as compared with the simplicity of primitive times :

For ten times more wit than was allowed
 Your silly ancestors in twenty year,
 You expect in two hours to be given here;
 For they I know to the theatre would come
 Ere they had dined, to get the best room;
 There sit on benches — not adorned with mats,
 Good, easy judging souls — with what delight
 They would expect a jig or target fight,
 A furious tale of Troy, which they ne'er thought
 Was weakly written, so 'twere strongly fought;
 Laugh at the very shadow of a jest
 And cry "a passing good one I protest."
 Such dull and humble witted people were
 Your forefathers, whom we governed here;
 And such had you been too — had not
 The poets taught you how to unweave a plot,
 And trace the scenes and to admit
 What was true sense and what did sound like wit.
 Thus they have armed you 'gainst themselves to fight,
 Made strong and mischievous by what they write.

Perhaps one of the audience that heard the above prologue was Milton, who some years previously had written :

Then to the well trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on:
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood notes wild.

What, however, seems to be a more interesting point in this connection is the allusion to the "tale of Troy," which must have been very popular at that time, for Milton in portraying the drama, presents the following impressive idea of a revival of the classic stage :

Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 In sceptered pall come sweeping by:
 Presenting Thebes or Pelop's line
 Or the tale of Troy divine.

Another interesting point, is the date of the prologue which is 1643. At that time the war between Charles I and the people was in progress, and one thus sees that the drama could still live even amid such bloody and trying times. In the same manner it flourished during the late civil war in America, which was vastly more horri-

ble. The mind often seeks relief when under a pressure of agony. During the bloodiest scenes in the French revolution, a dozen theatres were sustained in Paris.

POSSIBLE TRAGEDIANS.

America has been more deficient in tragedy than in any other dramatic literature. There were two authors, however, who under favoring influences would no doubt have shown great power in this specialty. I refer to Hawthorne and Poe. Each was essentially dramatic,



EDGAR A. POE.

and it is this which gives their productions such deep interest. Poe's brief sketch of the History of William Wilson could have been extended into a thrilling tragedy, and the same statement applies to the Raven. The gloomy grandeur of Poe's works recalls Milton's idea of the tragic muse with its "sceptered pall," and like the old Greek tragedians, he omits every thing that might relieve the load of sorrow. His Fall of the House of Usher, is another tragedy which, had he thrown it into stage shape, would be both fascinating and harrowing to a degree which would have ensured popularity.

Hawthorne's works are also highly dramatic, and had

he adapted them to the stage, we would have seen old times in New England revived in their most saddening aspect. The death of Governor Pynchon in the House of the Seven Gables, is a fine scene of this kind, and even the Man with the Veil could be made an effective feature in some composite effort. What I mean is, that Hawthorne might have brought together the scenes and characters in these isolated sketches in a shape admirably adapted to stage effect. I should not be surprised indeed, if both Poe and Hawthorne were eventually dramatised, and if properly done, it will command success.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

UNSUCCESSFUL PLAYS.

The disappointments incurred by dramatists are often of a very painful nature. Dr. Johnson based great hopes on his Irene which Garrick as an act of friendship brought out in the best possible style. It was unsuccessful and Johnson being in attendance witnessed its failure, which was one of the most painful scenes in his life. In our own day both Henry Bergh and Judge Barrett were obliged to

submit to a similar experience, for each wrote a play which the audience damned. Another striking instance is found in Charles Lamb whose case is presented in his own words.

Let us imagine a young man of thirty, a professional clerk with literary taste, who had written a farce which found acceptance with a manager. What glowing hopes must have cheered him in expectation of the performance. Assured of success he wrote thus to a friend :

The managers — thank my stars — have decided on its merits forever. They are the best judges, and it would be ridiculous in me to affect a false modesty after the very flattering letter I have received. I shall get £200 if it has a good run, but nothing if it fails. Mary and I are to sit next the orchestra on the opening night.

The farce was called “Mr. H.,” and certainly if brevity be the soul of wit, here it was in perfection. The title attracted a full house, but before the close of the first act the author’s friends began to fear. The second dragged heavily on, and at last the audience uttered its verdict — in hisses and tumult. Lamb exhibited the perfection of good humor, for when he saw his case was hopeless he joined in the hooting and hisses. In a letter written soon afterwards he says :

Mary is a little cut at the ill success of “Mr. H.” I know you will be sorry, but never mind, we are determined not to be cast down.

To a brother poet he wrote as follows :

DEAR WORDSWORTH:— “Mr. H.” failed. The subject was not substantial enough, and John Bull must have solider fare. We are pretty stout about it and have plenty of condoling friends — but after all, we had rather it should have succeeded. The quantity of friends we had in the house was astonishing, but they yielded at last. A hundred hisses (hang the word, I write it like kisses) outweigh a thousand claps. The former come more directly from the heart. Well, ’tis withdrawn, and there’s an end of it.

Thus reader you have an example of the way in which a very sensitive man may bear even so severe a disappointment as this. It is doubtful if either Judge Barrett or

Henry Bergh displayed greater resignation under similar fate.

SHAKESPEARE'S NAMES.

One of the amusing features in Shakespeare, is the liberty which he takes with names, mixing all nationalities in the most liberal manner. For instance, *Much Ado about Nothing* is located in Italy, but it contains Dogberry. *Twelfth Night* is an Illyrian play, but among its amusing characters are Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek who, like Dogberry, are thoroughly English.

When reading *As You Like It*, I was surprised to find Audrey applied to a woman, since female names rarely have such a termination. While walking recently through a rural cemetery however, the apparent impropriety was explained, for I saw a slab bearing the inscription, "Audra Ellis." This shows that Shakespeare wrote the name as it was incorrectly pronounced. It may have then been in common use, but at present it is so rare that the above was my first acquaintance with it. A cemetery is an unexpected place to find a commentary on Shakespeare, and yet many important facts are revealed by mortuary records. That the great dramatist was very careless concerning names is shown by the fact that he spelled his own in different ways even when writing his will. This strange variety is humorously explained in the following lines:

When Master Shakespeare spelled his name,
He sought all men to please;
And when it shone he made his A,
But took foul weather for his ee's.

Having previously referred to some of Shakespeare's solecisms, it may be mentioned that he takes a similar liberty with money, and though the *Comedy of Errors* is located in Greece the duke in the opening speech refers

to the "merchants wanting guilders," and also mentions "a thousand marks," but a still greater anachronism is found in his reference to America in the same play. Such a genius, however, could not be held by minor distinctions. When Johnson said "he was not for a day, but for all time," he might properly have added he was not for one clime, but for all the world.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS COMMENTATORS.

A very interesting picture has been painted representing Shakespeare and his friends, and I would now suggest as a corresponding theme, Shakespeare and his commentators — not the entire number, for that were impossible, but those who have displayed the highest order of critical genius. Shakespeare being an attractive as well as an unexhaustible subject, the variety of his critics is almost unlimited, and the number of books written upon his life, text and genius fills eighty-nine octavo pages in Sillig's Index of Shakespearean Literature, which is still incomplete.

The first to publish a book on the great dramatist was Thomas Rymer, a man of high rank in the study of ancient law records, but very deficient in other points, for he made Shakespeare the subject of mere ridicule. This occurred in 1693, but Dryden and Langbaine had previously issued their criticisms, and these were followed by Rowe's edition, published in 1709, which was the first attempt to revise the text. When Pope had won distinction as a poet he became ambitious to appear as a Shakesperian commentator, and issued an edition in 1725, which only proves that a man may be an admirable poet, and yet utterly fail in dramatic criticism.

Pope's edition indeed was so defective that nine years later Lewis Theobald published another edition entitled

Shakespeare Restored, or Specimens of Blunders Committed and Unamended in Pope's Edition of this Poet. From that time until the present day Shakespeare has been a constant subject for critics and commentators and this will no doubt continue as long as our language endures.

SENSIBLE REMARK.

One of the most sensible utterances concerning Shakespeare was made by Theodore S. Fay who, though now forgotten, held at one time a very respectable position in literature. He wrote as follows:

His intellectual dimensions are too great for any one man to explore him. No one age could grasp his full meaning. It has required two centuries to give even superior minds a just idea of Shakespeare, and there are even now those who have written books on his characters and yet do not completely comprehend him. Tomorrow perhaps the wisest of them will discover in some one of his plays a resplendent meaning never known to him before. Speaking for myself, I frankly confess I have never understood him. Every day I make new discoveries, and I have no doubt I shall continue to do so as long as I live.

Notwithstanding Fay's confession that he had never understood Shakespeare his comments show deep study and close analysis of the most important characters.

FIELDING'S NEW READING.

Disputes concerning the meaning of some of Shakespeare's utterances have continually occurred, and even Fielding — more than a century and a half ago — refers to the perplexity concerning what he calls "the celebrated line in Othello" where the latter exclaims before killing Desdemona.

Put out the light, and then put out the light.

In his *Journey from this World to the Next*, Fielding represents Betterton and Barton Booth in Elysium asking the meaning of the author himself. Fielding gives several

readings of the line and then adds his own which seems very judicious :

Put out the light, and then put out thy light.

The author no doubt meant (as Fielding claimed) that Othello preferred to commit the terrible crime in the dark. I mention this merely to show how early Shakespeare became the subject of new readings, and having given one of Fielding's in Othello I now offer one of my own in the Tempest where Prospero toward the close exclaims :

Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business. At pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
These happened accidents.

Now as Prospero is showing how a great and general benefit has arisen from the wreck of the ship, and also from previous misfortune and even crimes, is it not more natural to suppose that the author wrote "*happy* instead of *happened* — especially as the latter is mere tautology, for 'accident' always means something that happens?" Shakespeare rarely uses superfluous words, and I therefore submit to the reader that he was in the present case referring to the felicitous consummation of what appeared like a series of accidents, but was really the result of Divine government.

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIES.

Having said so much concerning the drama, the reader may ask for my personal impressions. I have never been an enthusiast in my admiration of the stage, and yet I am glad to have seen some of Shakespeare's best plays rendered in a very effective manner. While I was a poverty stricken clerk, earning but one dollar a week, and boarding myself in the store in a very meagre manner, Charles Kean came from England in order to play an engagement, and I was

determined to see him. I paid twenty-five cents for admission to the gallery or fourth tier, and certainly I never regretted the investment. The play was *Othello*, with Hamblin in the title role and Kean was Iago. The performance left an agreeable memory which I still cherish, especially as I have never since then seen that tragedy performed. A few years afterward Kean repeated his visit, bringing his wife (Ellen Tree) with him, and I saw them in *King John*. I was deeply impressed with her performance of *Constance*, and afterward they played *As You Like It*, which was as charming as *King John* was majestic. I have not seen these plays performed since then, but their memory is certainly very pleasing. Later on, when Macready made his last visit to this country, I saw him in *Hamlet*, where the mysterious prince was rendered in an admirable manner, and I am very glad I improved this opportunity. It is unfortunate, however, that if the theatre be limited to such plays it cannot be sustained. Its best profits generally arise from performances which are decidedly injurious, and as a consequence, the theatre is justly condemned by those who take a serious view of the duty and destiny of our race.

CONCERNING STAGE FRIGHT.

—————'s failure through stage fright is the common theme of the dramatic world, but those who know anything of an actor's sufferings will not be surprised when an unusually nervous person fails from this cause. Macready says of his debut (as *Romeo*):

The emotions I felt on first crossing the stage, coming forward to the lights and facing an audience, were almost overpowering. There was a mist before my eyes and for some time I was like an automaton moving in certain defined limits. I went mechanically through the variations to which I had been drilled, and it was not until the plaudits of the audience awoke me to self-consciousness that I entered into the spirit of the character.

Stage fright is not limited to first appearance, and Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt had her worst attack three years after her debut, which she describes as follows :

For the first time I comprehended the full meaning of the words "stage fright." My moment of fear had come and the malady seized me in its worst form. I could not force my quivering lips into a smile, and when I spoke I could not hear my own voice. Floating mists were before my eyes. What was the matter with my feet? When I tried to walk it seemed as though they were bound together. Mechanically I uttered the words of my part, gazing around with a vacant stare.

Like an automaton I moved immediately through the performance, and I seemed to be gradually sinking on a shoreless sea—the sea of public condemnation. At last came a change, the icy spell was suddenly broken, my paralyzing fears melted away and I went on with an impassioned *abandon* that called forth a storm of applause. It was six months before I recovered from the mental effects of that night.

The case of ———, seems much of the same nature. He has played often in a creditable manner, but on the occasion referred to a sudden fear of meeting the public overcame him and he sought refuge by leaving the place, and another actor was called into service. It may be added that stage fright is often a serious embarrassment to preachers, lecturers and even lawyers, and the dread of appearing in public often becomes a fearful incubus. Some men never fully master it and are life-long sufferers, and indeed it often requires great nerve and determination to meet even a good natured audience.

THE TEMPEST.

Well, reader, perhaps you have had enough of the drama, and if so, you may skip the following essay whose didactic nature will only be suitable for the more thoughtful class. I make, however, no apology for inserting it. On the other hand, I invite the attention of all Shakespearean students to the subject, and if they differ, I shall be glad to hear their views. I hope indeed to attract attention to this deeply interesting drama.

What is the *Tempest*? This question meets us at the very start. Shakespeare's plays are chiefly divided into tragedies and comedies. The *Tempest*, however, is not a tragedy, for though several murders are planned, they are all prevented in a sudden and surprising manner. On the other hand it is not a comedy, for though it contains some comic features, they are subordinate to the grand purpose.

The *Tempest*, indeed, holds a unique position — differing in its essential points from all the rest of Shakespeare's works.

To renew the question, what is the *Tempest*? I reply it appears to me the solemn presentation of great moral truths in a dramatic garb.

If it be asked why, when such a serious purpose was entertained, so much of the comic should be admitted, I reply that the latter is required to enliven the didactic element. Without it the play would be too tame for performance.

It was written at Stratford, and with the exception of *Henry VIII*, is the latest of Shakespeare's productions. It bears the impression of a deep work of conscience in the author, whose former evil life gave ample ground for repentance. It is the purest of his works, and the only one that teaches the doctrine of an overruling Providence and shows how God can bring good out of evil, while at the same time it illustrates the triumphant manner in which evil can be overcome by good. I am convinced that Shakespeare was under a deeply serious frame when it was written, and that he not only desired to justify the ways of God toward man, but also to make a plea for himself, since his own sins (in abandoning his family) had been made to yield an eventual benefit.

Evil is presented under various aspects. There is the

murderous ambition of the usurping brother, the thievery of Stephano, and the low animal nature of the thoroughly debased Caliban, but in each case mercy prevails over judgment.

Of the nine male characters that bear a part, including Caliban, six purpose to commit murder—a greater proportion than in any other play by the same author.

The *Tempest* differs from all other of Shakespeare's plays in the fact that it opens with all in trouble. The horrors of a shipwreck on the one hand, and the banishment of Prospero on the other, are combined with the rebellious hate of Caliban and then there is Ariel chafing for liberty, while Miranda suffers from extreme sympathy. These troubles gradually abate, but while doing so each yields its lessons, and the finale is one of joy (though of a subdued tone) at the manner in which a grand benefit is drawn, not only from misfortune but from the worst of crimes.

This bold interpretation is not suggested by other Shakespearean critics, but I am not surprised at their deficiency, for I had read the play many times before the true view dawned upon me. Most of the critics make but little reference to the moral aspect. Coleridge, while discoursing on Shakespeare, says "the *Tempest* addresses itself entirely to the imaginative faculty," whereas I hold that it addresses itself chiefly to the moral nature.

The nearest approximation to my view is found in Hudson's lectures, but it is not sufficiently comprehensive in its extent, and while accepting his idea so far as it goes, I add to it those deeper lessons which have been revealed to me.

Theodore S. Fay, whose admirable disquisition on

Macbeth, shows his mastery of dramatic literature, writes thus concerning the drama now under consideration :

Of the *Tempest* it may be said that over it hangs a beautiful mystery, which has not, that I am aware of, been yet explained. * * * I dwell with delightful curiosity on those grand, and yet not all explained lessons of this fascinating creation.

That beautiful mystery I think I have penetrated and therefore I invite the reader to share its benefit. I will add, by way of explanation, that the following interpretation flashed upon my mind one day while taking a walk, and when on returning home I read the printed page, I saw that I had never previously understood the author's purpose. I would add that in order to assist the reader and avoid confusion of names, I have used some adjectives such as the "good counselor" and the "false king," only meaning, however, that the latter was false to humanity.

STORY OF THE TEMPEST.

Prospero, the Duke of Milan, is supplanted by his treacherous brother Antonio, who is assisted by Alonso, the king of Naples, to whom, as a consideration, he promises tribute. They convey the deposed duke and his little daughter Miranda, to a rotten hulk and set them adrift, expecting them, if spared by the sea, to starve to death. An old friend, however (the counselor Gonzalo) being apprised of this infernal plot, places food and clothing on the hulk and also Prospero's books. Thus provided, they drift to the island where Prospero makes a home. He finds Ariel (a spirit in human form) fastened in a cloven tree by the malignant charms of an old witch, and having released him by his greater power of magic he obtains his constant services, and then there are other spirits occasionally employed.

The only other inhabitant of the island is Caliban, a monster in shape but with human voice, and the personification of total depravity.

THE NEXT POINT.

Years passed by and the usurper has temporary prosperity. At last he makes a voyage to Tunis for the purpose of attending a royal wedding, and is accompanied by his ally Alonso, king of Naples, and Ferdinand the son of the latter; also Sebastian, Alonso's brother. The good counselor Gonzalo, is also one of the company. After the wedding they attempt a return voyage, but Prospero, by his magic, brings them to the shore of his island and then creates a violent tempest. Here the play opens, and Miranda seeing the vessel in danger, pleads with her father in their behalf. Prospero assures her of their safety and then refers to his past history and tells her that his enemies are now within his power. He then puts her to sleep, after which Ariel enters and gives an account of the storm and tells that some have escaped to land, while others are preserved alive on shipboard by his protecting power.

The usurping duke, together with the king of Naples and his son, and also Sebastian escape to land—and so do the good counselor Gonzalo, together with two worthless fellows, Trinculo and Stephano. The king of Naples supposes his son Ferdinand to be lost and feels deeply this bereavement, but Prospero has not only preserved him but has contrived that he should meet Miranda, intending that a mutual love should be the consequence. The love scene is certainly very pretty and natural.

OTHER SURVIVORS.

We now leave love's young dream for another part of the island where most of those who escaped are gathered.

The good counselor, Gonzalo, tells his associates that they have reason to be thankful for their escape, but they care little for his words, which indeed they ridicule. He then tells them that there is every thing to supply life, and refers to the beauty of the verdure — and adds what seems so marvellous, that their garments, though drenched in the sea, seem really improved rather than stained. They look as fresh as when they attended the wedding in Tunis.

Alonzo, the false king, is annoyed at this reference to the marriage and expresses his regret that he ever allowed his daughter (Claribel) go thither to marry, since on the return he has lost his son. His brother Sebastian retorts that he may thank himself for this bad result since he would not allow his daughter to marry in Europe — but the good counselor chides Sebastian for this severity and then expatiates in a scheme of beneficence — which if he were king would be developed on that very island.

MURDER PLANNED.

Just at that time Ariel plays solemn music, which causes them to be drowsy, and all but two fall asleep. These two are Sebastian, brother of the false king of Naples, and Antonio, the treacherous brother of Prospero. The latter then proposes to the former that he kill the king and thus inherit the crown, since the son is drowned. He urges Sebastian to this crime — his secret object being to become released from the tribute he is required to pay.

Sebastian is encouraged to the deed by the success of Antonio in supplanting Prospero, and Antonio adds that he had no occasion to regret it. Sebastian then refers to the power of conscience. Antonio replies that it did not trouble him, and then renews his urgency, saying “ your

brother lies there and three inches of steel can put him to rest forever," and adds that the others will submit to the event. Sebastian then asks Antonio to draw and stab the good counselor, Gonzalo, while he himself stabs the king.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Just as they are about to commit this double murder, Ariel enters, and though invisible to the conspirators, exclaims that his master has discovered the danger and sent him to the rescue. He wakens the good counselor and also the false king, Alonso, who is astonished to see the two men with drawn swords. Sebastian endeavors to explain by saying that they had heard the bellowing of some wild animal and were on guard. The good counselor then suggests that they leave that spot, and Alonso, says he wants a further search made for his lost son.

The scene then changes, and we have a view of the man-monster, Caliban, bearing a burden of wood, and at the same time cursing his master in the most malignant manner.

While thus engaged the two worthless fellows, Trinculo and Stephano, appear, and the former expresses his astonishment on seeing Caliban. Stephano, who has a bottle in his hand and is evidently under its influence, begins a song. They then speak to Caliban and give him a taste from the bottle, and he swears to be their subject and to show them the best parts of the island. He promises to dig pig nuts for them and catch young sea gulls, with other luxuries, and he asks them to follow him. They do so, and he leads, at the same time singing in great glee for he hopes to escape from his master.

The scene now changes again and we behold Prospero's abode, where Ferdinand (the false king Alonso's son) is carrying a log. He does this in a very patient manner,

consoling himself with the thought that love renders his labor pleasant, and that though he is ordered to move thousands of logs he is refreshed by Miranda's words. Miranda then enters, and desires her lover not to work so hard and offers to assist him in the heavy task. They then engage in conversation of a tender character, and each avows the strongest affection, which Prospero, beholding from a distance, fully approves.

ANOTHER SCENE.

We next behold the two tipplers, Trinculo and Stephano, with Caliban—the latter bearing the bottle—Stephano imagines that he and his companions are the only ones saved from the wreck. Caliban immediately suggests that they kill Prospero, and offers to conduct them to him while he (Prospero) is asleep, at which time they can easily knock him on the head. Stephano seems to have the advantage of Trinculo, and he announces his purpose of killing Prospero and becoming king of the island, with Miranda for queen and Trinculo and Caliban as viceroys. Trinculo assents and Caliban is very happy.

SUDDEN CHANGE.

Just as they are giving utterance to their glee in a comic song Ariel plays on a tabor the tune of the very song they are singing. They are so astonished by this supernatural music that their voices are hushed, and instead of glee they are filled with horror, while at the same time conscience begins to work. Trinculo exclaims, "O, forgive me my sins," while Stephano's cry is for mercy. Caliban reassures them by saying the isle is full of noises, some of which are very lovely, and Stephano then repeats his anticipation of triumph, which Caliban says will be complete as soon as Prospero is slain. The

reader cannot but notice the general complication of deviltry this play reveals—and yet it will be made to yield a beneficial result.

BAD MEN IN TROUBLE.

The next scene reveals the rest of the rescued party, and the good counselor, Gonzalo, exclaims that he “is weary with the maze which they have trodden and can go no farther.” The false king, Alonso, also is weary, and says he will henceforth resign all hope of his son, who is drowned, and it is of no use to seek him any more.

The usurper, Antonio, then says (aside) to the king Alonso’s brother, Sebastian, that this discouragement is a good sign, and that their purpose to kill him (Alonso) must be carried out. Sebastian replies that he will improve the next opportunity. Antonio says it should be done that very night, as fatigue renders them easier victims. Sebastian replies “to-night.” Just then solemn music is heard, and Prospero is there, but invisible to the conspirators. Several strange looking shapes appear, bringing in a banquet, to which they invite the false king, Alonso, and then they disappear. The king objects to eating, but the good counselor, Gonzalo, encourages him by saying that these strange shapes are in their manner more kind and gentle than many, if not most, of mankind. Prospero says (aside) “this is true, for some of you present are worse than devils.” The false king, Alonso, then says he will eat, and he invites the others to partake with him; he also says “no matter even it be his last food, since the best is past”—*i. e.*, his son is dead.

STARTLING MANIFESTATIONS.

Just as they begin to eat thunder and lightning terrifies them and the banquet disappears. The bewildering

amazement with which they are overwhelmed, added to hunger and fatigue, has brought them into a fitting frame to receive a full view of Divine anger for their crimes, and Ariel then appears and utters the fearful denunciation.

You are three men of sin! You three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
 Exposed unto the sea him and his innocent child,
 For which foul deed the powers have
 Incensed the seas and shores against your peace.

He specially addresses to the false-hearted king, Alonso, the fearful message that it is for this crime that he is bereaved of his son, and he adds, as a final sentence, that they shall suffer lingering perdition, worse than immediate death, wandering around the desolate island. He also adds, at the close, that nothing can save them but "heart sorrow" (repentance) and a "clear life ensuing," or reformation for the future:

This tremendous indictment seems to be enforced by supernatural power. It is like the language of the prophet to the guilty king, "thou art the man!" It awakens a fearful sense of guilt, and this being accomplished Ariel disappears, and Prospero says (aside) that his charms work well and his enemies are all distracted. This is shown by the horror-stricken countenance of Alonso, the false king of Naples, which startles the good counselor, Gonzalo, and he utters his surprise. The false king pays no attention to the counselor. His mind is occupied by his own terrible emotions.

His conscience is fearfully aroused — his horrible crime is brought before him in all its atrocity and he exclaims:

O, 'tis monstrous! Monstrous!
 Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
 The winds did sing it unto me; and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced
 The name of Prospero.

Thus showing that his conscience had been awakened

during the recent storm; then he recalls his great bereavement and utters his acknowledgment of penalty:

Therefore my son in the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him lie mudded.

The reader will notice the precise nature of this imaginary retribution. As Alonso aided in drowning Prospero (as he supposed) the same doom is meted out to his son.

His equally perfidious brother, Sebastian, feels a horror as though tormented by devils and exclaims:

— But one fiend at a time!
I'll fight their legions o'er.

On the other hand the good counselor, Gonzalo, who now understands the cause of their tremendous agony, says:

— their great guilt
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite their spirits.

He fears they may be led to commit suicide, and therefore bids the others watch them.

BEAUTIFUL TRANSITION.

In contrast with this scene of horror we are next presented with the gentle words of Prospero to Ferdinand and to Miranda, who stand before his cell. He tells the young prince that if he has punished him too severely it is to be followed by an ample compensation in the gift of his daughter. He also says that the previous severe discipline was but a trial of his love, and adds that he (Ferdinand) has stood the test in an unexpected manner. He then gives some paternal advice to the happy pair and orders Ariel to prepare a suitable wedding entertainment such as will afford them a view of his (Prospero's) power.

Prospero then entertains Ferdinand and Miranda with a beautiful play gotten up by Ariel, in which the rural deities bear a leading part, but Juno also appears and pronounces her blessing, and Ceres does the same. This is really the marriage service, after which Ferdinand exclaims :

— Let me live here ever ;
So rare a wondered father and a wife
Make this place paradise.

Ariel's play continues, and the naiads and reapers join in a rustic dance, in the midst of which Prospero speaks and the scene suddenly vanishes.

Prospero says (aside) that the conspiracy of Caliban and his confederates now demands his attention, and then turning to Ferdinand, exclaims :

Our revels are now ended ; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air — thin air ;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve,
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are of such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

ANOTHER CHANGE.

Prospero then informs Ariel that they must prepare to meet Caliban and asks where he left them? Ariel replies that they were "red-hot with drinking," and full of valor, but that he had led them by his music through briars and thorns that had pierced their shins, and at last he had left them neck deep in a filthy pool. Prospero commends Ariel's success, and then bids him go into his (Prospero's) dwelling for something gaudy as bait for them. Ariel brings in some glittering clothing and hangs it on a line. They then remain invisible while Caliban

enters accompanied by Trinculo and Stephano. Caliban has brought them thither in order that they may kill Prospero while he is asleep, and he therefore says, "tread softly, we are near his cell."

Both Trinculo and Stephano reeking in the slime of the pool bitterly rail at Caliban for their disgusting condition, but he tells them the benefit they are to receive will compensate. Trinculo then exclaims that they had lost their bottles in the pool. Caliban replies by asking Stephano to be quiet since they are at the very mouth of the cell which he (Stephano) must enter and do that murderous deed which will make him king of the island. Stephano avows his bloody purpose, but just then Trinculo spies the glittering apparel and calls "King Stephano" to see what a wardrobe is ready for him. Caliban expostulates and says he must do the murder first or Prospero will awake and torment them. Stephano however is so fascinated by the tinsel garments that he replies, "be quiet, monster!" and proceeds to strip the line of all but one garment left for Caliban, who refuses it and says, "we shall lose our time," and then exclaims, "let it alone thou fool, it is only trash!" Stephano, however, orders him to carry it off or he will turn him out of his kingdom.

In the midst of this scheme for plunder and murder, Prospero and Ariel appear with a number of spirits in the shape of hounds which chase the conspirators. Prospero says, "let them be hunted soundly," and then he adds, "at this hour, lie at my mercy all my enemies."

THE LAST ACT.

The grand consummation now rapidly develops, and Prospero thus congratulates himself on approaching success :

Now does my project gather to a head ;
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.

He then inquires of Ariel concerning the king of Naples and his attendants, and the reply is as follows :

They cannot budge till you release. The king,
His brother and yours—all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay;
If you beheld them your affections
Would become tender.

Prospero then asks, "Dost thou think so?" and the reply is

Mine would, sir, were I human.

We now reach the finest point in the whole play, for Prospero has avowed his intention of a complete forgiveness, which is thus beautifully expressed.

And mine shall.
Hast thou (which art but air) a feeling
Of their afflictions — and shall not myself,
One of their kind — be kindlier moved than thou?

At the same time he has a clear and unabated sense of their crimes, for he adds :

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason, gainst my fury
Do I take part,— they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther. *Go release them, Ariel!*

While Ariel is gone to fulfil this grand act of mercy, Prospero seems overcome with a view of the termination of his supernatural powers. He is conscious that this gift having accomplished all for which it was bestowed, is now to be surrendered, and he, therefore, addresses a tender and touching farewell to the spirits which have served him — apostrophising thus :

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune
By my so potent art.

He adds that after one more charm shall have been performed, he will renounce his magic.

The charm referred to is performed when Ariel re-enters, bringing the good counselor, Gonzalo, and the false king, Alonso, with all the other wicked and conscience-smitten captives. Prospero then addresses each, beginning with a tribute to the counselor :

Holy Gonzalo, honorable man;
My true preserver and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Both by word and deed.

Then turning to the false king Alonso, he exclaims :

Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonzo, use me and my daughter.
Thy brother (Sebastian) was a furtherer in the act.

Addressing the latter,

Thou'rt pinched for it now, Sebastian.

Then turning to his own brother, Antonio, the usurper

Flesh and blood,
Thou brother mine that entertained ambition,
Expelled remorse and nature. Who with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore art most strong),
Would here have killed your king—
I do forgive thee! unnatural though thou art.

Prospero then more fully makes himself known by resuming his costume as Duke of Milan, and then thus addresses the false king of Naples :

Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero!
For more assurance that a living prince
Doth speak to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee and thy company
I bid a hearty welcome.

As he says this, he embraces the false king, whose remorse abates as these words of mercy are heard, and he exclaims—

I do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrong!

Prospero then embraces the good counselor, Gonzalo, and next turning to his wicked brother, Antonio, and to the base confederate, Sebastian, he tells them that he could expose them to king Alonso for their attempt to

murder him (the king) which he (Prospero) had foiled. Sebastian is so astonished to find his purpose exposed that he says (aside), "the devil speaks in him."

Prospero then again addresses his false brother Antonio.

For you most wicked sir, whom to call brother,
Would even infect my mouth, *I do forgive.*

The false king of Naples, whose great sorrow is the loss of his son, again refers to this crushing bereavement, when suddenly the door of Prospero's cell opens and they behold Ferdinand and Miranda playing chess. Ferdinand discerning his father comes forward and kneels to him in token of affection. A general astonishment pervades the whole group. The false king asks concerning Miranda, and the son replies :

Sir, she's mortal,
But by immortal Providence she's mine.

The astonished father is so overwhelmed by the goodness of Prospero that he again attempts confession, but Prospero replies :

There, stop, sir,
Let us not burden our memories
With a heaviness that's gone.

The good counselor, Gonzalo, then pronounces a benediction thus :

Look down, ye gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For 'tis you that have chalked the way
Which brought us hither.

Later on Gonzalo thus expresses his perception of the vast benefit derived from this strange series of occurrences:

Was Milan thrust from Milan that his issue
Should become King of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find in Tunis
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of ourselves
When no man was his own.

Amid all these tender and touching congratulations Ariel enters with the boatswain and master of the ship, who report the vessel in as good condition as when they left port — this having been done by Ariel. The boatswain then describes this shipwreck and adds it was all like a dream. The false king Alonzo—now repentant—exclaims :

This is as strange a maze as e'er man trod,
And there is in this business more than nature,
Some oracle must rectify our knowledge.

Prospero thus replies :

Do not infest your mind with
The strangeness of this business,
At leisure I'll resolve you of
These happy accidents — till when
Be cheerful and think of each thing well.

Prospero then gives another command to Ariel :

Set Caliban and his companions free.

Ariel then brings in Caliban, together with Trinculo and Stephano dressed in their stolen apparel. Prospero sarcastically addresses the latter "You'd be the king of the island, sirrah!" then pardons the entire trio, which immediately makes its exit — prior to which, however Caliban promises obedience and says, "I will be wise hereafter and seek for grace." Prospero next invites the others to his cell where they will pass the night, promising to unfold the history of this whole affair, and specially his life on the isle. He adds that to-morrow they will all sail for home, and that thenceforth every third thought will be his grave. Then he releases Ariel from all duty (except to assist in auspicious gales) and says as they part — "be free and fare thou well!"

THE AUTHOR'S PURPOSE.

It seems to me that Shakespeare must have deeply meditated on the Divine purpose in permitting evil, and

that he intended this drama as a partial elucidation of his views. It brings before us the apostolic precept: "Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good," and Prospero's treatment of the conspirators reminds one of Joseph and his brethren. The *Tempest* is, therefore, a dramatic sermon showing how God can turn the wickedness of man to good account, and without abating its malignity can meet it with pardon. Mutual forgiveness is a natural consequence, and it would seem that Macready had fully mastered this lesson when he left on record the following utterance: "Never show hostility until you have the power to crush, and then use it only to prove a better nature than your antagonist." Macready was probably the most irritable play actor of his day, but he had some noble points of character.

OTHER ASPECTS.

To return to the *Tempest*, it may also be mentioned that Prospero is, in some points, a picture of Shakespeare himself in his latter days. See how domestic he has become! He is a father protecting a daughter, and while willing to yield her up in wedlock, to her lover he adds kind yet penetrative warnings to the latter. The sustaining power of a daughter's affection is also manifest, as Prospero says to Miranda:

O, a cherubim
Thou wast that didst preserve me.

The author's contemplated farewell to his life-work, is also suggested by Prospero's purpose:

This rough magic
I here abjure. I break my staff,
And deeper than ever plummet sounded,
I'll drown my book.

The closing of life, indeed, seems suggested, not only

by the fading of "the cloud-capped towers," but also in the words :

And thence retire me to Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

In this sad and plaintive manner the great dramatist seems to resign his office as though conscious that his time was near at hand. True enough, he was soon afterward removed by sudden death on his fifty-second birthday (according to tradition), the date being April 16, 1616.

THE EPILOGUE.

In *Love's Labor Lost* Shakespeare gives us his idea of the nature of such an address, for he calls it "an epilogue or discourse to make plain some obscure precedence that hath been said." It is evident, therefore, that the epilogue to the *Tempest* is to be viewed in this explanatory character, and after the play is finished Prospero appears and speaks as follows :

Now my charms are all o'erthrown
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver dwell
In this island — by your spell:
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours, my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer:
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees from faults.
*As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.*

PERSONAL PLEA.

Under this remarkable presentation of God's power to bring good out of evil there dwells the purpose of the

author to turn it to his own account as a personal plea. Being deeply conscious of sin he felt the need of full forgiveness. He had as deeply wronged his wife and family as the usurper had wronged Prospero, and hence if the former was forgiven, he too might hope for mercy, both human and Divine.

This most impressively recalls the epilogue which seems to clinch the point. I am much surprised that Richard Grant White should deny the authenticity of this epilogue, which in my opinion is the key note of the whole drama. White says "it was probably written by Ben Jonson." I mentioned this to Mr. Saunders, assistant librarian of the Astor library, as we were examining the edition of 1623, and he replied, "Ben Jonson never wrote it. It is Shakespeare's utterance. This is what Ben Jonson wrote," and he then pointed to the lines under Shakespeare's effigy, signed B. I. Mr. Saunders' profound acquaintance with old English literature renders him better authority on this point than White, and if I err at all, I am certainly in good company.

SHAKESPEARE SPEAKS.

Shakespeare, speaking through Prospero, seeks mercy and sympathy, being evidently conscious that life's work is done, and that his flights of genius are at an end. He deprecates the claims of justice, making Prospero to say, "I must be here confined -- or sent to Naples." The first were imprisonment and the second banishment, and as Prospero deserved neither, it is evident that the poet is here speaking for himself. The plea that he has forgiven others is urged in his own behalf. His purpose, if life be prolonged, is to please -- or live for others; but he feels his own deficiency. Then comes the awful view

which conscience reveals of the penalty of sin, to which is added the only hope that could afford relief :

And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer.

And all the prevailing nature of the latter is powerfully shown by the lines that follow :

Which pierces so that it *assaults*,
Mercy itself and frees from faults.

Then comes the appeal to all whom he may have injured, in view of their own need of pardon :

As *you* from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let *your* indulgence set *me* free.

Such a plea as this can only be answered by full forgiveness, and it is evident that this was required in order to relieve conscience. Taking this view of the *Tempest*, how grand and solemn its lessons appear—and, reader, I now submit the question whether this interpretation does not clear up that mystery which some have found in its pages.

STAGE PERFORMANCE.

That the *Tempest* was but lightly esteemed in Johnson's day is shown by the fact that it is not mentioned even once by Boswell.

It was first used as a musical entertainment, and the entire play was never performed until Macready brought it out in London, and then it had a very respectable run—as one may learn from the following extract from his diary, June 13, 1839 :

The last night (the 55th) of the *Tempest* was crowded. I felt quite melancholy as we approached the end of the play. It had become endeared to me by success. I was called for and well received. I look back on its production with satisfaction, for it has given the public one of Shakespeare's plays which had never been seen before, and it has proved the charm of simplicity and poetry.

The *Tempest* has been played during several seasons in New York, and is also a favorite theme with some public readers. The first reference to it in this country I find in the travels of John Davis, who taught school in Virginia in 1800. He found a copy of Shakespeare and taught a young maiden to read it. Here is his sketch of her success :

I shall not easily forget the feeling with which my pupil read aloud that beautiful and natural scene in the *Tempest* where Miranda sympathises with Ferdinand who is bearing logs to Prospero's cell. No scene can be more exquisitely tender, and no lips could give juster utterance to Miranda's words than those of my fair disciple. I was transported into fairy land. I was rapt in a delicious dream from which it was misery to be wakened — and what Ferdinand exclaimed on hearing the music of Ariel I applied in secret to the voice of my pupil :

There is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owns.

The teacher must have really been in love, and as he was obliged to leave for New York he carried with him this charming reminiscence.

NATIONAL.

Why did not our forefathers call their chief legislative body “parliament” after the British custom? Why did they on the other hand use the word “congress”? These queries have led me to consider the statement made by John Adams, “that there were four things which ensured the independence of the colonies. One was the public school and another was town meeting. The third was training day and the fourth was the congregational form of church government.” I think that congress comes from the latter, for though the root be different, the application is the same. The ancient New England people

“congregated” for church rule, and hence, when they met for national government they called it a Congress.

THE FIRST INSTANCE.

In 1690 a committee of seven, representing Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut and New York met in New York, to form a combined effort against the French and Indians. This committee has sometimes been called a “congress,” but seems hardly worthy of that name.

The first real Congress was the assemblage ordered by the British government, which in 1753, became alarmed by the increasing influence of the French who obtained control of so many Indian tribes that they had become highly dangerous to British America. The home government, therefore, requested the provinces (or colonies) to appoint commissioners to meet in some place of their own choice, the object being to treat with the Indians, and the government in its message to the commissioners, speaks as follows:

This leads us to recommend one thing more to your attention, and that is to take care that all the provinces be, if practicable, comprised in one general treaty to be made in his Majesty's name—it appearing that the practice of each province making a separate treaty in its own name is very improper.

It is evident that a general union was first suggested by the British, for though the New England colonies had at one time formed a union, it was only a temporary arrangement. In pursuance of this order the colonies appointed delegates and chose Albany as the place of meeting, giving preference to the summer because the roads were more available than at any other season.

THE MEETING.

On the 19th of June, 1754, the Congress met in the Albany court-house, the number being twenty-three.

New York was represented by the regular colonial council, four in number, the most prominent being Johnson—afterwards Sir William. The other colonies were New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania and Maryland.

The first business was to treat with the chiefs of the Six Nations, who were present, and a spirit of general amity was apparent. The speeches of the Indians and the replies of the Congress are preserved among the colonial papers at Albany, and are certainly interesting.

These being concluded, the Congress proceeded on the 24th of June to consider the proposal for a union. Plans were offered and referred to a committee of six, among whom were Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, and Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania. Four days afterwards this committee distributed short hints of its scheme and the next day (June 29th), the latter was debated, but without reaching a conclusion. July 2d the debate was renewed, and the question was proposed, shall we proceed to form a plan of union to be established by act of Parliament. This was carried in the affirmative, and on the 4th the debate was renewed. On the 10th Franklin reported a plan of union and this was read, one paragraph at a time, and each was debated, and the entire plan was eventually adopted.

FRANKLIN'S SCHEME.

This was a grand council to be elected for three years, the number to be forty-eight. New York was to have four, and each of the Carolinas was to have the same number, but Connecticut was to have five, while Virginia and Massachusetts Bay were each to have seven. Vacancies by death were to be filled by the council, but the home government was to appoint a president-general.

The council, however, was to elect its own speaker, who was to take the place of the president-general *ad interim* in case of the death of the latter.

Philadelphia was to be the place of meeting, and the members were to receive ten shillings and mileage at the rate of one day for each twenty miles, which was then a good day's travel. The council was empowered to raise troops and pay them, to build forts, to equip vessels, guard coasts and protect trade on ocean, lakes and rivers.

Looking at the details of the session, it may be said that this "Congress" (which name it adopted) spent five days in Indian affairs (for which it had been assembled), while seventeen days were devoted to the plan of union. The latter did not become popular, for the colonies objected to a president-general appointed by the crown, while the latter objected to giving so much power to the colonies. The Congress however was not a failure, for it led the public to contemplate a union which was afterwards accomplished in a far better manner.

THE SECOND CONGRESS.

Eleven years afterward (March 22, 1765), the Stamp Act was passed and created intense excitement throughout America. The Massachusetts Legislature immediately invited the other colonies to send delegates to a Congress to be held in New York on the first Tuesday in October, and as the act was to go into operation on the first of November, this measure was to utter a national protest. Hence, the meeting of the delegates was called the "Stamp Act Congress."

The whole thirteen colonies spoke in this assemblage, for though New Hampshire, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia sent no delegates, their Assemblies wrote that they would approve of the proceedings. This Con-

gress only numbered twenty-seven men, and was but fourteen days in session, but its proceedings were of vast importance, for it issued the first declaration of American rights, and also delivered the united appeal of the colonies to the mother country.

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS.

James Otis, the famous Boston orator, was a member, and so was Philip Livingston, who became one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Robert R. Livingston, another of its members, administered the inaugural oath to Washington in the very same building. This Congress issued a loyal address to the king, and also an elaborate petition to the House of Lords, and another to the House of Commons, but the effort was unavailing.

These papers were dated October 19, 1765. Very strangely, on the 19th October, 1781, just sixteen years afterward, Cornwallis surrendered. It was nine years before another Congress met, but the federative principle had been established and could not be repressed.

THE THIRD.

The third was what is commonly called "the old Colonial Congress." It was held in Philadelphia, opening in September, 1774, and numbered fifty-five members, one of whom was George Washington. This Congress, like the previous one, issued a declaration of rights, and a protest against the unjust laws, and also a petition to the king and an address to the people of Great Britain, after which came the consideration of colonial affairs. The Continental Congress continued in service fifteen years, and was then superseded by our present form of government—from which our Congress is numbered. The reader will thus see the successive steps by which the American Congress became established.

The youngest member of the stamp act congress really left the most remarkable record. I refer to Robert R. Livingston, who then was only nineteen, and had just graduated at King's (afterward Columbia) college. He became a New York lawyer and continued prominent as a patriot. He was a member of the Continental congress, and was one of the committee on the Declaration of Independence, which he would have signed had he not been previously called away by other duty. Congress afterward appointed him secretary of foreign affairs.

He was member of the convention which framed the constitution of New York in 1777, and George Clinton, the first governor, appointed him chancellor of the State. In the fulfillment of this high office, he administered the official oath to Washington on the first inauguration. He was then forty-two, and the ceremony as I have said, took place in the same building which twenty-two years previously contained the stamp act congress. Jefferson made him ambassador to France, and while there he purchased Louisiana of Napoleon. On his return home he assisted his son-in-law Robert Fulton, in his steamboat enterprise, and it was his capital which enabled the latter to build the Clermont. He died two years before Fulton, and they rest in the same vault in Trinity church yard.

The Livingstons were a remarkable family, but none of the rest of them equaled this record. His brother Edward, however, was also distinguished in professional and also public life, and was also ambassador to France under Jackson — whom he served as aide-de-camp at the battle of New Orleans, — but let us turn from these biographical sketches to the nation itself.

The first paper which could in reality be called a "state paper," was issued by the Continental Congress on the 25th of October, 1774. It was in the form of an address to the king of Great Britain and was signed by Henry Middleton, president, "by order and on behalf of the congress." It was enclosed in a letter to Paul Wentworth, Benjamin Franklin, William Bollen, Arthur Lee, Thomas Life and Charles Gorth, who were acting as colony agents in London. It closed with the following solemn instructions:

We commit the enclosed paper to your care. We desire that you will deliver the petition into the hands of his Majesty and after it has been presented we wish it may be made public through the press, together with the list of grievances.

Dr. Franklin, Mr. Bollen and Mr. Lee alone acted under these instructions. They carried the petition to Lord Dartmouth, by whom it was laid before the king. Happy would it have been for the latter had the grievances of the colonies been heard—but, the British government was madly bent on coercion while the true policy would have been conciliation.

The first treaty was made with France, February 6, 1778, and was a treaty of alliance. The first treaty made after the organization of the government was that made with Great Britain, November 19, 1794, and was one of "peace, amity, commerce and navigation."

FRANKLIN'S LATEST HAPPINESS.

Franklin lived to behold his idea of a president, more than realized in Washington the true president-general, being commander-in-chief of army and navy. He had indeed seen three methods of government attempted, but only the last was successful. First was the Albany plan, and next was the Articles of Confederation, which were a failure, except as preparation for something better. The

third is our present government. He bore an important part in the first and last, which were separated by an interval of thirty-three years.

Franklin affords an impressive example of greatest usefulness accomplished in old age. He was seventy when he signed the Declaration of Independence; seventy-two when he effected the alliance with France, and seventy-six when he signed the treaty of peace with Great Britain.

When seventy-nine, he was elected president of Pennsylvania, and at eighty-two he served in the Constitutional Convention. The election of Washington found him in a dying bed, but the news of the inauguration cheered his last hours, for he saw the fulfillment of his heart's desire.

PENSIONERS AND PRESIDENTS.

The proposition to pension our ex-presidents recalls the fact that some of this number were so poor that their reduced condition awoke general sympathy. Monroe, for instance, was, during his last ten years, almost threatened with want. When his poverty became known a number of New York gentlemen proposed that he should be made postmaster of that city. To this proposition the ex-president made the following touching reply:

As to my accepting the appointment it is impossible — not on account of the grade of the office, for I have accepted that of magistrate of this county — but on account of the consideration that I could only accept it with a view to emolument.

If the nation is willing that an individual who has served them thus long and in the offices which I have held, should be reduced to want, (and I cannot escape that fate by my own efforts,) I am willing to meet it rather than accept any office to prevent it.

The extremity of the ex-president's condition was met in the manner indicated by the following paragraph taken from Niles' Register, November 22, 1828:

A short time ago ex-President Monroe's family seat at Albe-marle was sold to pay his debts, and being reduced to a state of poverty he will make his home in New York with one of his daughters, who is married to Samuel L. Gouverneur. The latter

has been appointed postmaster of that city — a delicate compliment to the ex-president.

It need hardly be added that Monroe died while still a guest with his son-in-law, on the 4th of July, 1831, being then seventy-three.

JEFFERSON.

The case of this distinguished patriot was precisely similar. He became so poor as to awaken an appeal to national sympathy. In May, 1826, a public meeting was held in New York for the purpose of raising funds in his behalf, and a similar meeting was held in Boston. The citizens of Washington planned a lottery for the purchase of Monticello (placing its value at \$100,000), with a view of presenting it free of debt to its embarrassed proprietor.

It was then suggested by Niles' Register of May 16, 1826, that tickets should be purchased immediately and held until the 4th of July, on which day they should be burnt "in honor of one who on that day 50 years before, pledged his life, his fortune and his sacred honor in defense of American independence." This was a very beautiful idea, but on that very day designated for such an offering, the noble old patriot expired.

MELANCHOLY PICTURE.

I offer in this connection the following letter written by Jefferson five months before his death, to his grandson. What a melancholy picture does it give of the last days of so illustrious a patriot:

I see in the failure of my hopes a deadly blight on my peace of mind during my remaining days. You kindly encourage me to keep up my spirits, but oppressed with disease, debility, old age and embarrassment, this is difficult. For myself I should not regard the loss of fortune — but I am overwhelmed at the condition in which I shall leave my family — my dearly beloved daughter, the companion and nurse of my age, and her children.

My difficulties have been occasioned in part by my own unskillful management and by my devoting my time to the service of the country, in addition to the depression of farming interests. I had hoped to pay my debts and retain Monticello; but where there are no buyers property, however great, is no security for the payment of debts — all may go for little or nothing.

Perhaps, however, in this case I have no right to complain. I acknowledge that I have gone through a long life with less affliction than is the lot of most men, and should this last request be granted, I may yet close with a cloudless sun, a long and serene day of life.

Such is the utterance of the author of the Declaration of Independence in his eighty-fourth year. What an example of dignity and resignation!

WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION.

The crowd which witnessed the first inauguration included an unusual gathering of illustrious patriotism. The balcony of Federal Hall contained Baron Steuben, Roger Sherman and George Clinton — the war governor of our State during the Revolution — together with Col. Willett, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison and others of distinction. John Adams, who had previously taken the oath as vice-president, stood on Washington's right and on the left was Robert Livingston. The latter, though chancellor of the State, was only forty-two, while Washington was fifty-seven. Livingston was a native of New York, and was afterward minister to France, where he made the purchase of Louisiana. Fulton married his daughter, and thus obtained a patronage which carried the steamboat project into success. How remarkable that the man who on inauguration day administered the oath to Washington should be the means of launching the first really successful steamboat. Among those present were two subsequent presidents — John Adams and James Madison, and two others who afterward became vice-presidents, Aaron Burr and George Clinton. The ages

of the officers of the newly-formed government were as follows: The president, fifty-seven; the vice-president, fifty-four; secretary of war, Gen. Knox, thirty-nine; secretary of the treasury, Hamilton, thirty-three; John Jay, judge of the supreme court, forty-four, Jefferson, who soon afterward became secretary of state, was forty-six, while James Madison, then a member of Congress, was thirty-eight. What an historic assemblage!

REMINISCENCES OF THE OCCASION.

Washington was a man of profound feelings and hence the memories suggested by his inauguration must have been of an intense character. Within stone cast were the ruins of old Trinity, destroyed during the conflagration, which occurred so soon after the hurried retreat of the Continental army, and the new church was hardly completed. Within its precincts was the grave of Lord Stirling, one of the ablest of American generals, who died the next year after the close of the Revolution. Putnam, another of the heroes of Long Island, and the oldest of the generals, then lay on a dying bed, and so did the venerable Franklin. The death of these illustrious patriots indeed gave deep solemnity to the first year of the presidency. While men die, however, principles live. Washington occupied a house in the aristocratic vicinity of Cherry street, which is now one of the lowest parts of the city. The vice-president chose Richmond Hill, which afterward was owned by Aaron Burr. Hamilton lived in Cedar street, while General Knox, secretary of war, lived in William street, and Jefferson in Maiden Lane.

The new government was formed by married men, and their wives were of a high order of ability. Mrs. Hamilton was a daughter of Gen. Schuyler, and inherited rare mental and moral qualifications. Mrs. Aaron Burr had

sufficient talent and influence to command her husband's respect, but was removed by death a few years afterward. Mrs. Washington needs no additional reference. Mrs. Adams was a woman of extraordinary ability. Jefferson had a few years previously lost a noble-hearted companion—a bereavement which he felt through life—and he died a widower.

WASHINGTON'S NAMESAKES.

The first man named after the father of his country was Washington Alston, who was born on the 5th of November, 1779. His father being an ardent admirer of the patriot general, called the babe after the latter, who certainly had no reason to be ashamed of his namesake. Three years afterward another babe was honored in the same manner, and became Washington Irving. As a general thing, however, few of those who bore this name have reached distinction—the most prominent of the number being the liberal and enterprising editor, George W. Childs. There was also Washington Hunt, who became governor of New York, but these are among the few exceptions to the rule. Concerning the names of places, it may be said that when the present national capital was laid out it was simply designated as “the federal city.” President Washington attended to its survey, and his name was given to it a few years afterward.

WASHINGTON CITY PROJECTED.

One of the most interesting paragraphs in the New York Daily Advertiser, April 13, 1791—when Philadelphia was the national capital—is the announcement that “the president had arrived at George Town in order to meet the commissioners for locating the federal city. He had obtained the promise for four thousand acres, surpassed by no spot on earth. He had instructed Col.

L'Enfant, who served with distinction during the Revolution, and whose tastes and talents are generally admired, to plan and lay out the city." In this simple paragraph we have the germ of the present national capital. The name of the latter had not then been chosen, but some time before Washington's death it was decided to give him this honor.

HOWARD AND WASHINGTON.

While Great Britain was trying to conquer the colonies, John Howard was conducting a good fight against the abuses of the prison system. He was of the same age with Captain Cook, each having just passed their fiftieth year. It was on the 18th of April, 1778, that Howard started on his extensive European tour. Having spent the five previous years in reforming the condition of the British prisons, he devoted himself to that broader field found in the different kingdoms of Europe. This series of labors he continued for twelve years, when he died at Kherson, on the Black Sea, near Sebastopol, having fallen a victim to the plague in an attempt to discover a remedy for that terrible scourge.

These facts show that even amid the horrors of war the tenderest sympathies may be exerted, while science may at the same time accomplish its benign mission.

Howard and Washington were the noblest men of that age, and the scenes which revive the memory of the one may also be of use to suggest afresh the equally beautiful memory of the other. It may be also said that there has been in regard to these two men an international exchange of a very peculiar and exceptional character. Washington became the admiration of the patriotism of both Great Britain and Europe, while the name of Howard to this day enjoys special honor amid the philanthropy of America.

These men attained each a grand success in the midst of perplexing obstacles by devotion to the duty which had been laid upon them. They were simply faithful, each to a great cause, and it is in this view that their examples possess so high a value.

THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION.

In the committee that framed the Declaration the south was represented by Jefferson, the middle states by Franklin and Livingston, and the north and east by Sherman and Adams. We have reason to believe that the first and the last mentioned of this committee had never met until the convening of congress. They harmonized at once, for both had been schooled in free opinions. Adams was senior by eight years, but was much older in experience.

The signers were men of mature years, and two-thirds of the whole number were more than forty. The oldest was Benjamin Franklin, who was seventy; the youngest was Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, who was but twenty-six. The oldest five were Philip Livingston, sixty; Matthew Thornton, sixty-two; Francis Lewis, sixty-three; Francis Hopkins, sixty-nine; and Franklin, who was a year older. The youngest five next to Rutledge were Thomas Lynch, twenty-seven; Benjamin Rush, thirty-one; while Thomas Jefferson, Arthur Middleton and Thomas Stone were each thirty-three; John Hancock, the president of congress, was thirty-nine.

The first to sign after the president was Josiah Bartlett, a physician, who was forty-seven. Francis Lewis was a Welshman. Robert Morris and Button Gwinnet were from England. James Wilson and John Witherspoon were of Scottish birth, while Ireland furnished Matthew Thornton, George Taylor and James Smith.

How sad to contemplate this grand array as among the dead, and then to think that six of the number, more than one-tenth of the whole, expired before the close of the struggle. They never saw the acknowledgment of that independence for which they had made so solemn a pledge. This number includes John Morton, who only lived ten months after affixing his signature, and Philip Livingston who died while in Congress in 1778. He had also served in the Stamp Act Congress. Thomas Lynch, was lost at sea in 1779, being then only twenty-nine. The same year George Ross died, aged forty-nine. John Hart died in 1780, and George Taylor in 1781.

Three of the signers died in 1790, and the same number in 1803. Two died the same day — Adams and Jefferson — that being the fiftieth anniversary of the national birthday. Josiah Bartlett was first to introduce the use of Peruvian bark (from which quinine is made), and this certainly is an additional point of distinction. One of the number — George Wyeth of Virginia — died by accidental poison. He was a man of marked ability, and had reached the ripe age of fifty at the time of signing. He lived to see four-score, when his life was terminated in the above-mentioned manner. Eleven of the number lived to see eighty or more, and John Adams reached ninety, while William Ellery lived to ninety-two, and Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, died at ninety-five.

The average of the fifty-six signers at the time of death was sixty years — a fact which shows that a healthy and well-preserved body of men formed the congress of 1776. Another feature is the uniform excellence of the handwriting, and it will not be easy to find in any representative body an equal proportion of well-written names. Charles Carroll was the richest of all the signers, and as he held the most extensive of all manorial grants in

Maryland there was to him a deep meaning in the expression "our fortunes" as well as our "sacred honor."

STATESMAN AND PARSON.

There was one clergyman in this Congress — John Witherspoon — whose influence was of a very powerful character. He was a man of both talent and education, and naturally carried great weight. In addition to this he was president of Princeton College. This institution being closed by the war, he entered public life and did good service as a congressman. Witherspoon, like McCosh, was called to his duty from across the Atlantic. He was preaching in Scotland at the time of his election and had only been eight years in America when he signed the Declaration.

INTERESTING REUNION.

Benjamin Franklin and Francis Hopkins were the two oldest and they were united by memories of a stirring character. They were members of the Albany congress, where a union of the colonies were first planned. After a lapse of twenty-two years, they meet in a congress of vastly more important character — one indeed which not only renewed the plan of union, but established national government. Hopkins was in public life for half a century (in Rhode Island), and he was the first of the signers to pass away after witnessing the triumph of the cause. He died in 1785.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

The Fourth of July, 1777, found Washington and his army in New Jersey skirmishing with the British generals — Howe and Cornwallis — and wearing them with his Fabian tactics. During the year just passed he had been defeated in a terrible manner at Long Island, and

had won two encouraging victories—Trenton and Princeton. The second anniversary — July 4, 1778 — found Washington victor in a battle fought less than a week previously at Monmouth. On that day a court martial was organized with Lord Stirling as president, for the trial of General Lee, who was accused of misconduct on the field, and also with disrespect toward his chief.

The third anniversary occurred when Washington and the Continental forces were encamped near West Point, and the general was then planning the attack on Stony Point, which Wayne stormed at the point of the bayonet eleven days afterward. On the fourth anniversary — July 4, 1780 — the army had just accomplished severe service in New Jersey, and Washington was at Dobbs Ferry, twenty-five miles from New York, expecting soon to be reinforced by the French allies under Count Rochambeau. The next Fourth — 1781 — Washington and Lafayette were making a reconnoissance of New York for the purpose of expelling the British, who had held it during the war. They were on the Westchester Heights, and might really have captured the city, had not their attention been called to Yorktown, which offered a more brilliant success, and within four months the army of Cornwallis had surrendered.

We thus perceive that the Fourth has been connected in the military life of the “great liberator” with stirring events, and this has since been noticeable in the history of our country. Two ex-presidents of eminent distinction — John Adams and Thomas Jefferson — died on one of these anniversaries, and another, ex-President Monroe, subsequently on a similar occasion. During the rebellion the Fourth of July was celebrated in the army by salutes fired from shotted guns pointed toward the enemy. The

capture of Vicksburg by Grant occurred July 4, 1863, while the battle of Gettysburg was almost coincident with the same glorious anniversary.

HANCOCK'S ELOQUENCE.

Previous to the Revolution, the citizens of Boston solemnly observed the anniversary of what was called the "Boston massacre." This occurred on the 5th of March, 1770, and created such deep indignation, that it soon found utterance in the boldest defiance. In 1774, John Hancock, then a Boston merchant, was the orator of the occasion, and when one recalls the fact that he was still a subject of the king, and also that a British governor ruled in Boston, sustained by a large body of troops, it may be considered a rare instance of bearding the lion in his den. The oration was printed, and I give the reader a series of extracts which show the power of Hancock's unpolished oratory :

Let this sad tale of death never be told without a tear, and let all America join in prayer that the inhuman, unprovoked murder may ever stand without a parallel. But let not the miscreant host vainly imagine that we fear their arms. No! Them we despise. We dread nothing but slavery. Death is the creature of a poltroon's brain. 'Tis immortality to sacrifice ourselves to the salvation of our country. Let us be ready to take the field when danger calls. Remember, my friends, from whom you sprung. I conjure you by all that is dear — by all that is honorable, by all that is sacred, that ye not only pray, but act — that if necessary, ye fight and even die. Break in sunder the bonds with which the Philistines have bound you. I have the most animated confidence that the present noble struggle for liberty will terminate gloriously for America.

Little more than two years afterward this very orator was the first man to sign the Declaration of Independence. Hancock was not bred to public life. He was as I have said, a Boston merchant, and being the richest man in the entire colony, met the risks of patriotism in every possible shape. If, however, the Boston people were the first

to celebrate public occasions, the south led in the observance of the Fourth.

THE FIRST ORATION.

The first celebration of the Fourth took place in Charleston in 1778 — a time when independence was a matter of great uncertainty, and Dr. Ramsay was the orator. Ramsay was a man of more than ordinary ability. He was an esteemed physician an orator, a member of the first congress, and also wrote a history of America. He married a daughter of Henry Laurens, the distinguished patriot and pioneer in cremation. Immediately after the close of the Revolution the celebration of Independence Day became a national custom.

Speaking of Mrs. Ramsay, it may be said that she was educated in England, and was living there when the Revolution began. Being reduced to self-dependence, her father wrote her thus:

My love for you constrains me to give you timely notice. Prepare to earn your bread by daily labor. Fear not servitude; encounter it if it shall be necessary, with a spirit becoming a woman of an honest and pious heart.

Reader, if such had not been the spirit of 1776, independence would never have been won.

WASHINGTON LIBELLED.

Some reckless writers of recent appearance have striven to command attention by detracting from Washington, and among these is McMaster, who seems determined to make sensation by the flippant and very incorrect way in which he speaks of America's noblest character:

He [Washington] died in his sixty-eighth year, and in the heyday of his glory and his fame. Time has since dealt gently with his memory, and he has come to us as the greatest of all leaders, and the most immaculate of all men. No other face is so familiar to us. His name is written all over the map of our country. We

have made of his birthday a national feast. The outlines of his biography are known to every schoolboy in the land. Yet his true biography is still to be prepared.

General Washington is known to us and President Washington. But George Washington is an unknown man. When at last he is set before us in his habits as he lived, we shall read less of the cherry tree and more of the man. Naught, surely, that is heroic will be omitted, but side by side with what is heroic will appear much that is common-place.

We shall behold the great commander repairing defeat with marvellous celerity, healing the dissensions of his officers and calming the passions of his mutinous troops. But we shall also hear his oaths and see him in those terrible outbursts of passion to which Mr. Jefferson has alluded, one of which Mr. Lear has described. We shall see him refusing to be paid for his services by congress, and yet exacting from the family of the poor mason the shilling that was his due. We shall know him as a cold and forbidding character, with whom no fellow man ever ventured to live on close and familiar terms.

BRIEF REPLY.

The "historian" who says that "George Washington is an unknown man" can hardly expect either the respect or confidence of his readers. From his death down to the present time Washington has been explored by biographers who have spared no effort to obtain facts. Weems had his *Life of Washington* out within three months after the old hero's death, and then came Marshall, Botta, Sparks, Irving and Everett.

Aside from his public life we have the proof that Washington was a good brother, a good son, and a good husband, and we all know that home is the best place to test character. In his twentieth year he became nurse and attended on his half-brother Lawrence, whom he accompanied to Barbadoes — this being his only marine voyage. He took care of Lawrence three months, but the latter was in a hopeless condition, and only returned home to die.

As a son, Washington's first act after election to the presidency was a visit to his aged mother (who lived at

Fredericksburg), and it proved to be their last meeting on earth. A public dinner was given him at the same time at Alexandria and this "cold and forbidding character" spoke as follows:

Just having bidden adieu to my domestic connections, this tender proof of your friendship is but too well calculated to awaken still further my sensibility and increase my regret at parting from the enjoyment of private life. All that now remains for me is to commit myself and you to the care of that beneficent Being who has happily brought us together after a long and distressing separation.

Perhaps the same gracious Providence will again indulge me. But words fail me. Unutterable sensations must be left to more expressive silence, while with an aching heart I bid all my affectionate friends and kind neighbors farewell.

It is highly probable that McMaster never read the above address and hence may be excused on the ground of ignorance. He might perhaps be allowed such a plea were it not that his conceit is indulged in such sneers as the following: "We shall read less of the cherry tree and more of the man." McMaster knows that the cherry tree is a fable and is never mentioned in any respectable history. It was invented by Parson Weems who was as untrustworthy as McMaster himself. "We shall also hear his oaths and see him in those terrible outbursts of passion to which Jefferson has alluded."

THOSE OATHS.

Irving says that "Washington inherited from his mother a high temper and a spirit of command, but her early precepts and example taught him to govern that temper, and to square his conduct on the exact principle of equity and justice."

The reader is probably aware that "high temper" is a prominent feature in all men of power. It is, in fact, as necessary to man as it is to steel, and it only becomes dangerous when it exceeds control.

Washington's high temper gave him nerve and energy, and we have but two instances on record of "terrible outbursts." One was when reprimanding Lee for his cowardice in the field of Monmouth, where, as Lafayette said, "the aspect of the commander was terrible." No oaths, however, are mentioned, and there is no proof that Washington ever used profane language.

The other "outburst" took place in the executive chamber at Philadelphia, and Lear, the private secretary, was the sole witness. The occasion was the defeat of St. Clair by the Indians, and the massacre of a large part of his army. Lear gives us the following description of the scene, which, in reality, is not one of profanity, but of agony:

The general walked slowly backward and forward for some minutes in silence. As yet there had been no change in his manner. Taking a seat on the sofa, by the fire, he told Mr. Lear to sit down; the latter had scarce time to notice that he was extremely agitated, when he broke out suddenly: "It's all over! St. Clair defeated! Routed! The officers nearly all killed; the men by wholesale; the rout complete; too shocking to think of, and a surprise into the bargain!

All this was uttered with great vehemence. Then, pausing and rising from the sofa, he walked up and down the room in silence, violently agitated, but saying nothing. When near the door he stopped short, stood still for a few moments, then there was another explosion:

"Yes," exclaimed he. "Here, on this very spot, I took leave of him; I wished him success and honor. You have your instructions from the secretary of war," said I, "and I will add but one word: *Beware of a surprise!* You know how the Indians fight us. I repeat it: '*Beware of a surprise!*' He went off with that, my last warning ringing in his ears. And yet, to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked by surprise—the very thing I guarded him against—O, God! O, God!" exclaimed he, throwing up his hands, and while his frame shook with emotion: "He is worse than a murderer! How can he answer to his country! The blood of the slain is upon him; the curse of widows and orphans—the curse of heaven!"

Mr. Lear remained speechless; awed into breathless

silence by the appalling tones in which the torrent of invective was poured forth. The paroxysm passed by. Washington sat down on the sofa; he was silent; apparently uncomfortable, as if conscious of the ungovernable burst of passion which had overcome him. "This must not go beyond this room," said he; "I looked hastily through the dispatches, saw the disaster, but not all the particulars. I will receive him without displeasure; I will hear him without prejudice; he shall have full justice."

The way in which McMaster quotes Jefferson in proof of Washington's high temper naturally leads one to suppose that the former had witnessed some extraordinary outbreak. Instead of this, however, Jefferson's testimony is limited to a brief sentence which, had McMaster been candid, he would have published and then left the reader to form his own conclusion. The sentence above referred to occurs in Jefferson's letter to Dr. Jones on Washington's character, from which I quote as follows:

He was indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high toned, but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If, however, it broke its bounds he was most tremendous in his wrath.

That is all that Jefferson says about temper, and I submit to the reader whether it be a sufficient basis for the impression which McMaster's words would naturally leave on the public mind. Jefferson adds in the same letter the following statement:

His character was in its mass perfect; in nothing bad; in few points indifferent, and it may be truly said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great.

SOME INSTANCES.

How very inconsistent with the "cold and forbidding character" mentioned by McMaster was Washington's conduct toward his fallen enemy at Trenton. The latter

(Colonel Rahl) had received a mortal wound and lay dying at a neighboring farm-house. Notwithstanding the hurry of the occasion, every moment being required to get away with the prisoners, Washington called on the dying man and (through an interpreter) expressed his sympathy. It was a scene worthy of an artist.

Another instance, which occurs nine years afterward, may be mentioned as an illustration of the "cold and forbidding character." Elkanah Watson, who was one of the projectors of the Erie canal, visited Mount Vernon in 1785. He had a severe cold, and after going to bed, suffered a severe attack of coughing. "When some time had elapsed," he writes, "the door of my room was gently opened and I beheld Washington himself with a bowl of hot tea in his hand."

A very marked instance of Washington's kindness is found in his reply to Phyllis Wheatley, the colored prodigy of Boston, who sent him a page of complimentary verses. Some military leaders would have thrown them into the fire, and under such a pressure even Washington would have been excused had he done this. Such, however, was not his character. He wrote the girl a letter of thanks, and did not seem to think less of her poetry because its author was an African.

The poem referred to is chiefly interesting as the first of those innumerable poetic effusions in honor of Washington. It closes thus :

Proceed, great chief, with virtue on thy side,
Thy every action let the goddess guide;
A crown, a mansion, and a throne that shine,
With gold unfading, Washington! be thine.

The letter of acknowledgment was as follows :

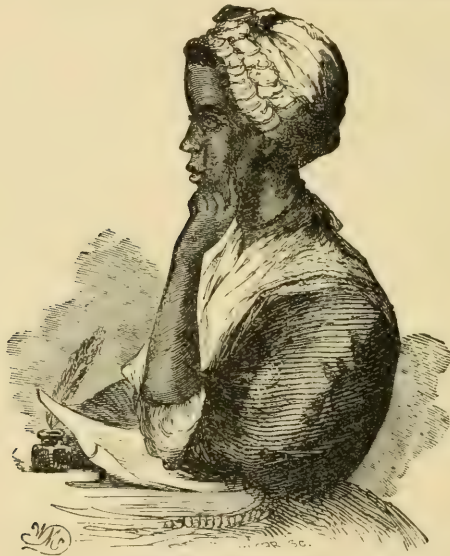
CAMBRIDGE, *February 2, 1776.*

MISS PHYLIS :

Your favor of the 23d October, did not reach my hands until the middle of December. Time enough you will say, to have

given an answer ere this. Granted. But a variety of important occurrences continually interposing to distract the mind and withdraw the attention, I hope will apologize for the delay, and plead my excuse for the seeming but not real neglect. I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me, in the elegant lines you enclosed; and however undeserving I may be of such encomiums and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents; in honor of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published the poem, had I not been apprehensive that, while I only meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This, and nothing else, determined me not to give it place in the public prints. If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near headquarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favored by the muses, and to whom nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations.

I am, with great respect, your obedient, humble servant,
 GEORGE WASHINGTON.



PHYLLIS WHEATLEY.

How strange it seems that the above should have been written to a native of Africa, who only a few years previously had been purchased in the Boston slave market — having been selected by Mrs. Wheatley on account of her delicate appearance.

Now in regard to that "poor family" from which, as McMaster says, Washington exacted the shilling that was his due, I say let us have the details of the whole affair. If McMaster has discovered such parsimony the public has a right to know of it, and if the facts be not produced McMaster cannot complain if he be considered a libeller of America's noblest citizen.

WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON.

The bitterness which Jefferson exhibited toward Washington was one of the most painful trials that befell the father of his country. It is true after the retirement of the latter the breach was healed, but Washington, though he forgave never forgot the wounds he received from one of whom he expected friendship. Jefferson was the leader in the opposition which Washington endured all through his presidential service. He employed Philip Freneau to assail the president in the National Gazette, and as that paper did not afford its editor a support he supplemented it by a clerkship. Jefferson afterward regretted his conduct, and probably a reproachful conscience led him not only to publish his testimony in favor of Washington, but also to seek the friendship of John Adams, who had endured the full force of the same antagonism. Twenty years afterward Jefferson showed his change of feelings by sending a congratulatory letter to Adams on the election of his son to the presidency. This was certainly a kindly expression of friendship, and the two former rivals thus became reconciled.

BIOGRAPHERS OF WASHINGTON.

These men exhibit a great variety in birthplace, education and ability, and the fact that their number is precisely that of the muses, is in harmony with the idea of a

grand completeness. The series begins with **Mason Lee Weems** — a poverty-stricken parson who preached at Pohick — but his parish included Mount Vernon. To eke out a support he not only turned author but also book agent, and is the earliest of the last-mentioned class on record. As soon as Washington died Weems determined to write his life and worked with such rapidity that it was published in less than three months after the old hero's funeral. It was, however, only a pamphlet of eighty-two pages, which was afterward enlarged to a respectable volume. It was published on the 22d of February, 1800, with the following title:

A history of the Life and Death, Virtues and Exploits of Gen. George Washington, faithfully taken from authentic documents and respectfully offered to the perusal of his countrymen; as also all others who wish to see human nature in its most finished form. Price twenty-five cents. By the Rev. M. L. Weems. Printed for the author.



M. L. WEEMS.

The pamphlet was dedicated to Mrs. Washington and found ready sale, for Weems canvassed the country actively, and was well rewarded for his labors. Eleven editions were sold in ten years, and each edition was enlarged until the book reached its present size.

It is to Weems' imagination that we owe the story of the cherry tree and the little hatchet, together with many other ridiculous fictions which, being of less interest, have not been so frequently published. Weems died in 1825. He was an old man and had survived all the friends of Washington and also his own associates, but he lived to see his own name immortalized as the author of the little hatchet.

MARSHALL.

The contrast between the first and second biographers was one of striking character. In place of the driveling parson we have the exact and careful lawyer. In addition to this, however, was the experience of the statesman and also of the soldier. Marshall indeed served in the Continental



JOHN MARSHALL.

army and afterward was honored with important appointments both at home and abroad. He was member of congress at the time of Washington's death, and his resolutions on the occasion included the project of a monument.

Such a man could only be disgusted with Weems' bombast, and this no doubt led him to write a biography of more suitable character. His efforts, however, were, to a large degree, devoted to defending Washington's administration, which had been so bitterly assailed. The work appeared six years after Weems', but it was too expensive for the common people, and hence he afterward condensed it to less than one-half its original size, but even then it did not reach a wide circulation.

Marshall's work was afterward condensed by Aaron Bancroft — father of George Bancroft — one volume of which appeared two years after the publication of the original. Aaron Bancroft did some useful work as an historian, but the above-mentioned volume is not included among the biographies of Washington.

BOTTA AND SPARKS.

An Italian living in France — a man of both education and ability — knowing the popularity of the American cause, published in 1809 such a history of the Revolution as could be written in Paris. It was highly popular and was soon after translated by an American and published in this country. Botta really intended it as a life of Washington and no doubt omitted this title to avoid any contrast between the American liberator and Napoleon. The latter however, did take offense at some things which seemed to be criticisms on the imperial rule and made known his displeasure, though it was not followed by any dangerous consequences.

The next biographer was Jared Sparks, a native of Connecticut and a Unitarian preacher, who cultivated literature as well as pulpit oratory, and eventually gave the former full preference. Twenty years had elapsed since the appearance of Marshall's biography, when Sparks is-

sued the writings of George Washington with his life. This work at once became authority, but the compiler was afterward charged with altering the old hero's language in order to keep up his dignity. Sparks' Life of Washington was intended to be an accompaniment of the correspondence and is to be viewed in this light.

PAULDING AND IRVING.

These men were intimate during life, but though the former had an acknowledged rank in literature, he never dreamed of rivalling the latter. Paulding wrote a life of Washington for youth, in which he avoided Weems' fables, and sought to interest his youthful readers by simple truth. J. T. Headley published a very readable life of Washington, and Lossing also produced a work of highly popular character on the same subject.

Irving — following so many able writers — made no claim to originality, his great object being historical accuracy. His style is more readable than any of his predecessors, and the work is pervaded with a glow of enthusiasm which immediatly awakens the ardor of the reader.



EDWARD EVERETT.

Edward Everett's dignity and elegance give him a peculiar distinction. He was the latest to handle the sub-

ject, and thus the first and last biographers present a striking contrast—the one the garrulous, exaggerating rhapsodist—and the other the most elegant and finished author of his day. Everett's address on Washington, which was delivered so often for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Association, is no doubt the finest specimen of writing in the English language, and to this he added a biography which appeared in separate shape.

Such are the nine biographers of Washington, and the work may now be considered finished—especially as they have been so admirably supplemented by Henry Cabot Lodge.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Now that this stupendous shaft is completed it may be well to recall its origin. Washington died on Saturday, December 14, 1799. When this sad event was announced in congress a committee was appointed to devise a suitable expression of feeling, and John Marshall (afterward chief justice) was chairman. His report (which was unanimously adopted) proposed a funeral oration at one of the churches and also the wearing of crape for thirty days, but a more important feature was as follows:

Resolved, By the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America, that a marble monument be erected by the United States at the capitol in the city of Washington, and that the family of Gen. Washington, be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it, and the monument be so designed as to commemorate the great events of his military and political life.

To Chief Justice Marshall we are therefore indebted for the first suggestion of the Washington monument. A copy of these resolutions was sent to Mrs. Washington, but it was her preference that the remains of her husband should rest in the family tomb, and this is the only reason why they did not finally repose in the national capitol.

During the Revolution Washington was but a short time in that city. In fact, New York was at first identified with defeat. He went thither after driving the British out of Boston in March, 1776, and remained in its vicinity six months, being extremely desirous of holding so important a sea port. His headquarters were at Richmond Hill — then far out of town. On the 9th of July the Declaration of Independence was received from Philadelphia, and was read at the head of the Continental army, and the bells of the churches (nineteen in number) were rung in honor of the event.

In three weeks this army crossed to Brooklyn, and marched four miles to repel a force just landed from the British fleet, and on the 26th of August, 1776, it was defeated with great slaughter and almost routed. Washington escaped with the survivors, recrossed to New York, retreated to the upper part of the city, and narrowly escaped capture, while two thousand of his men surrendered at the extreme end of the island — the place being now known as Fort Washington.

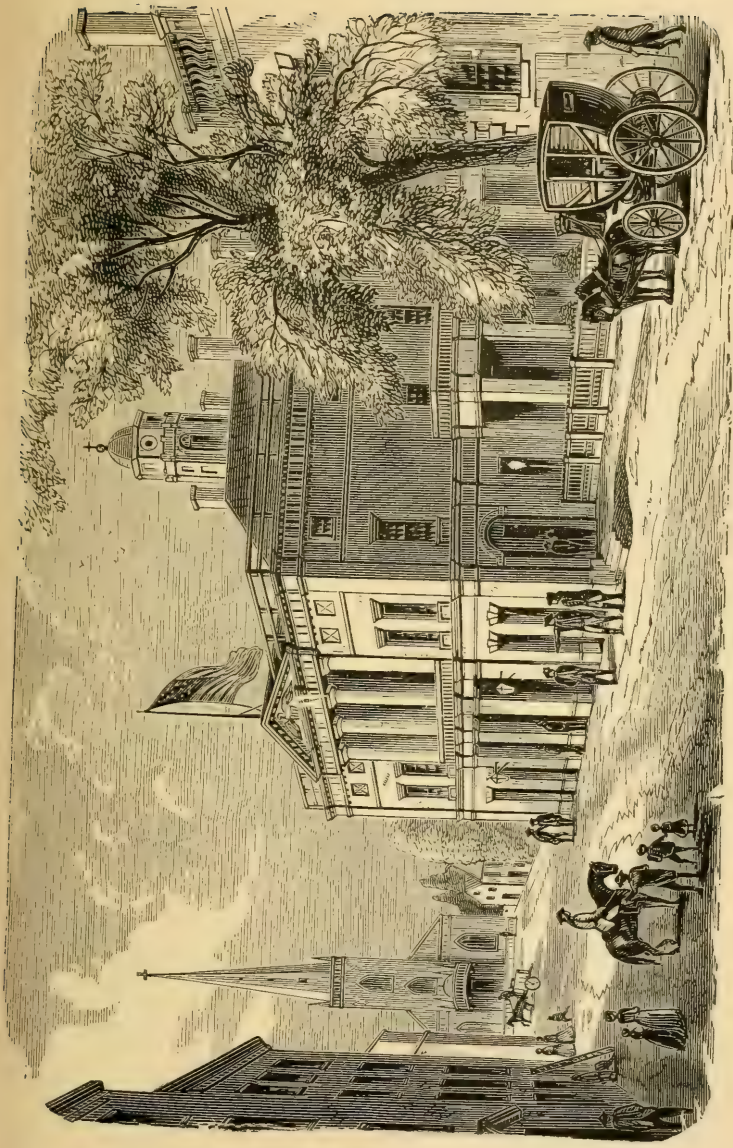
He forsook the city in September and entered upon that series of terrible reverses which are so dark a page in Revolutionary history. Seven years afterward he reentered the city with his triumphant army, having accomplished the great end of the war, and the British who once had driven him out now peacefully yielded possession. After the evacuation, which took place on November 25, 1783, Washington remained but ten days, going thence to Annapolis, where he resigned to congress his commission as commander-in-chief of the Continental army. Nearly six years afterward (April, 1789), he came back to the city as the president of the new republic, and on the 30th of that month he was inaugurated. The ceremony took place on the balcony of Federal hall, which

stood on the spot now occupied by the treasury, corner Wall and Nassau streets. He then became a resident of the city, and for eighteen months dwelt in Cherry street near Franklin Square, which was then highly aristocratic. He kept a handsome establishment and drove in a coach and four to St. Paul's church on Sabbath, using the same conveyance during the week in traversing the distance between his dwelling and his office, which was three-quarters of a mile.

Seventeen days after the inauguration, Mrs. Washington arrived, took possession of the mansion, and opened a series of Friday evening levees, which were very popular. In December, 1790, congress removed the seat of government to Philadelphia, and after a residence here of eighteen months the Washington family departed for their new abode. From these statements we may learn that Washington's entire residence in New York was not over two years. The only architectural memorial of this is St. Paul's church, where, as we have said, he attended service. His dwelling was demolished in the course of improvements, and Federal hall was torn down to make way for dwellings, a new city hall having been built in the park.

PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

An elegant engraving of Washington was presented on the last anniversary of his birthday to the Citizens' Exchange by one of its members, and this fact recalls the subject of his portraits generally. The first picture was painted by Charles Wilson Peale in 1772, when the original was in his fortieth year. This picture is now at Arlington House, or at least was there at the commencement of the rebellion. Seven years afterward, in the dark hours of the revolution, congress authorized the same artist to paint another portrait, and the French



FEDERAL HALL.

minister ordered five duplicates for presents to foreign powers. One of these is now in the National Institute, and Chapman made two copies, for which he received \$1,000 apiece.

Peale made in all fourteen portraits, and saw his patron under a great variety of circumstances. Rembrandt Peale, son of the above, had the ambition to paint the same head, and, although only eighteen, he obtained a sitting, but he was so much agitated by the august presence that he was compelled to ask his father's assistance. This picture was purchased by congress for \$2,000. Jonathan Trumbull, who has left portraits of most of the Revolutionary heroes, painted Washington, in 1792, for the "Surrender at Yorktown."

Gilbert Stuart came from London to Philadelphia, expressly to paint Washington's portrait, and an ample opportunity afforded. Stuart says that "no human being ever awoke in him such a degree of reverence. For a moment he lost self possession, and it required several interviews to overcome this difficulty." He made two original portraits, of which one became the property of Lord Lansdowne and the other is in the Boston Atheneum. From these he painted twenty-six copies, which are now known as "Stuart's originals," and bear a high value. To these may be added the pictures by Pine and by Wertmuller, both of which are of less importance.

STATUARY.

An enthusiastic Italian artist named Cerrachi sought a field for his genius in the new republic, and while here executed a bust of Washington, which was purchased by the Spanish ambassador, but its owner fell into misfortune, and Richard Meade, who was then in Spain, obtained it. Mr. Meade was the father of General Meade (of

Gettysburg), who was born in Spain. When Mr. Meade's collection was sold, about fifteen years ago, the bust was purchased by Governor Kemble, of Cold Spring, on the Hudson. Cerrachi returned to France and was guillotined for conspiring against Napoleon.

The French sculptor Houdon was more successful, for his effort reached the dignity of a statue. It was executed for the State of Virginia, and Jefferson, when ambassador at Paris, commissioned the artist to sail for America. He accompanied Franklin to this country and remained long enough at Mount Vernon to model the head and then returned to Paris, where the statue was completed. At that time Gouverneur Morris was in Paris, and as he bore a strong likeness (in form at least) to Washington, he was employed to stand for the artist. The statue when finished was placed in the State House in Richmond, but a cast from it now adorns the national capitol at Washington. It is said to be a fine likeness, and at any rate exhibits a rare combination of elegance and imposing dignity. To these may be added the equestrian statue in Union Place, which is the finest work of art of that kind at least in New York.

HOW HIS LIFE WAS PASSED.

Washington lived sixty-eight years, which passed as follows: Nineteen years of boyhood and youth, terminating in his appointment to a command in the militia; twenty-six years of life at Mount Vernon, passed there at different intervals, of which his three last years were the happiest; fifteen years of military service, in which the seven years of the Revolution is the chief feature; one year of political service in the formation of the Constitution, and eight years in the presidency. While at Mount Vernon, however, he was to a great degree a

public man, and hence it may be reckoned that his services date from his nineteenth year, and form a complete half century.

Considered in a literary point of view, his opportunities were limited, and his education would now be called very inferior. The most popular author was Pope, although the Spectator shared in this to a large degree. Hume's History of England was published a few years before the revolution, and no doubt had a place in the library of Mount Vernon. Compared with the present advanced state of culture, a man of his limited attainments would now be in no small degree illiterate. The character of Washington proves how little art or even education has to do in the production of true greatness. The father of a nation was above all the ordinary accomplishments of intellectual culture. This idea is thus finely delineated by Byron :

—such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where *nursing Nature* smiled
On infant Washington.

The same sentiment applies to Lincoln, who saved the Union from those perils which Washington foresaw and so often deprecated.

MEMORIALS OF WASHINGTON.

Of the three most important in New York, one is the table exhibited in the city hall. It is a large mahogany writing table, and was in service during the early days of the first presidency. Another is the Farewell Address. This is bound elegantly, and is a manuscript volume of about forty pages. It contains all the corrections in the general's handwriting, and is the largest of all his productions. This document passed as soon as it had been printed into the hands of David Claypoole, of Phila-

delphia, in whose family it remained until an administrator's sale brought it before the public.

James Lenox determined to purchase it, and sent an agent to outbid every one. The result was that it ran up to \$2,000, at which price it became the property of the great philanthropist, who has made it a part of the Lenox Institute, where all desiring a view can be gratified. The third is St. Paul's church, of which I have spoken. Having referred to the Farewell Address, I may speak of one feature in it which has never been noticed in print. It was written and published in Philadelphia, but it is signed

UNITED STATES, }
19th September, 1796. } GEORGE WASHINGTON.

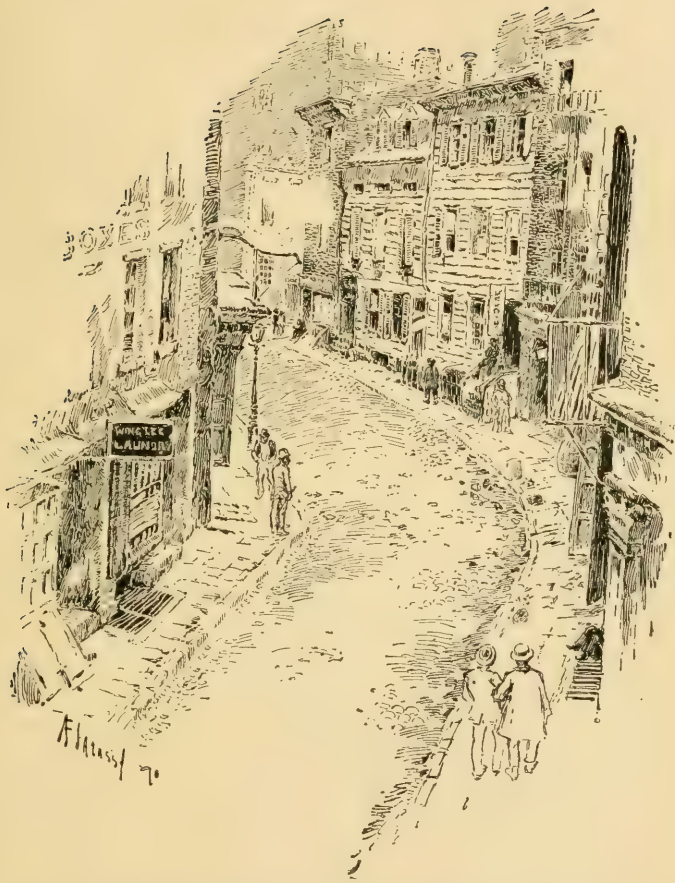
This signature shows that he considered nationality the great privilege of the American in contradistinction from the claims of any state. He never spoke of himself as a Virginian, and his allegiance to the state was subordinate to that which he owed to the great republic.

This idea was repeated with more solemn importance in his will, which was written six months before his death. This instrument commences thus: "In the name of God, Amen. I, George Washington, of Mount Vernon, *a citizen of the United States*, and lately President of the same, do make and declare this instrument."

How strong an antagonism do these words utter against the spirit manifested in the late rebellion! It was Virginia's departure from this example which gave secession a head and front and brought down upon the recreant state such bloodshed and desolation.

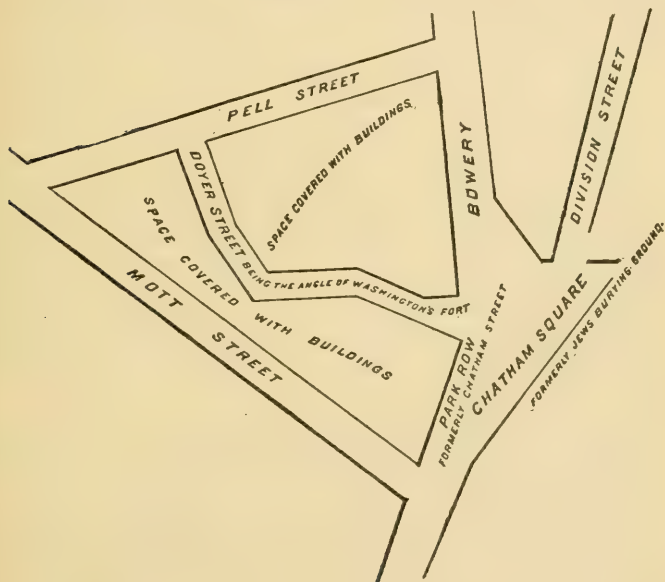
DOYER STREET AND WASHINGTON.

This is certainly a strange combination, for not one out of a hundred of New York's population have ever heard of



DOYER STREET SHOWING THE ANGLES OF OLD FORT.

Doyer street. It is almost unknown to the public, and perhaps with good reason, for it is only a few hundred feet in length, a very narrow series of angles, being the crookedest street for its brevity in America. I became acquainted with Doyer street during my youth and often plied myself with many queries concerning its angles. I thought surely there must be some reason why so short a street should not be straight, especially as none of the neighboring streets are irregular. Well, these queries continually occurred as I revisited the spot, for I felt fascinated by the very strangeness of the place — but at last an explanation was suggested which leads me to connect



Doyer street with Washington. History states that when the latter endeavored to hold the city against the British in 1776, he erected ten forts, which Irving mentions as follows :

The Grand Battery at south part of the town.

Fort George immediately above it.

Whitehall Battery on the left of Grand Battery,
Oyster Battery behind Washington's headquarters.

Grenadier Battery on North River.

Jersey Battery on the left of Grenadier Battery.

Bayard's Redoubt on Bayard's Hill.

Spencer's Redoubt.

Waterbury's Battery.

Badlam's Redoubt, eight guns, on Chatham street near Jew's burying ground.

The mention of the battery in connection with the Jews' burying ground, adds much to my theory, for that mortuary spot occupied one side of Chatham square. It is my opinion that Doyer street is the rear line of the above-mentioned redoubt which had the extraordinary armament of eight guns because of its great importance. It commanded the Bowery, which then was almost the only way of entrance and exit, for at that time Broadway was only open to the city hall park, and the west side of the city had no road because of its swamps. The reader will see from the map, which I obtained from the city surveyor, that the plat skirted by Doyer street would be available for defense. The Bowery at that time was not so clearly defined as at present, and it is probable that the east part of the fort was cut away in order to straighten the street.

When Pell street was opened the northern part of the fort must also have been cut away. It is my theory, however, that a track and roadway was formed along the western angles, which soon became confirmed by time and custom, thus forming Doyer street. A dozen histories of New York have been written, but none of them mention this curious feature, which I now venture to pronounce the most interesting relic New York contains of the war of independence.

One of the historic graves in St. Paul's church yard is that of Beverly Robinson, whose name is connected with the Arnold and Andre treason. He built what was called the "Robinson house," which was Arnold's headquarters at the time of his attempt to betray West Point. Beneath the general outline of this affair there is a thread of family history which gives this grave special interest. The Robinsons were an aristocratic Virginia house, and two brothers of the name reached prominence in the olden time. John Robinson became speaker of the House of Burgesses, while Beverly came to New York and married Susan Phillipse, a distinguished heiress. He became a favorite with British gentry, and very naturally joined the royalists at the beginning of the Revolution, thus forfeiting one of the grandest estates on the Hudson.

In 1756 Washington, at the age of twenty-four, made a horseback journey from Mount Vernon to New York, and Beverly Robinson opened his house to one who had been the friend of his youth. While there Washington met another guest, whose charms he immediately acknowledged. This was Mary Phillipse, sister of Mrs. Robinson, and heir to half of a grand estate. It is said that Washington was so captivated with his new acquaintance that he made matrimonial advances, which were declined. He was of fine personal appearance, and had won distinction by his bravery at Braddock's defeat, but an heiress and a beauty could hardly consent to be buried from the world on a Virginia plantation.

In addition, it may be said that among her suitors was another hero of the same company. This was Captain Roger Morris, who, like Washington, had been on Braddock's staff. It was an unexpected reunion of these young soldiers, who, though formerly united on the field

of battle, were now rivals in the field of love. Captain Morris eventually proved the conqueror, and two years afterward he carried off the blooming heiress as his bride.

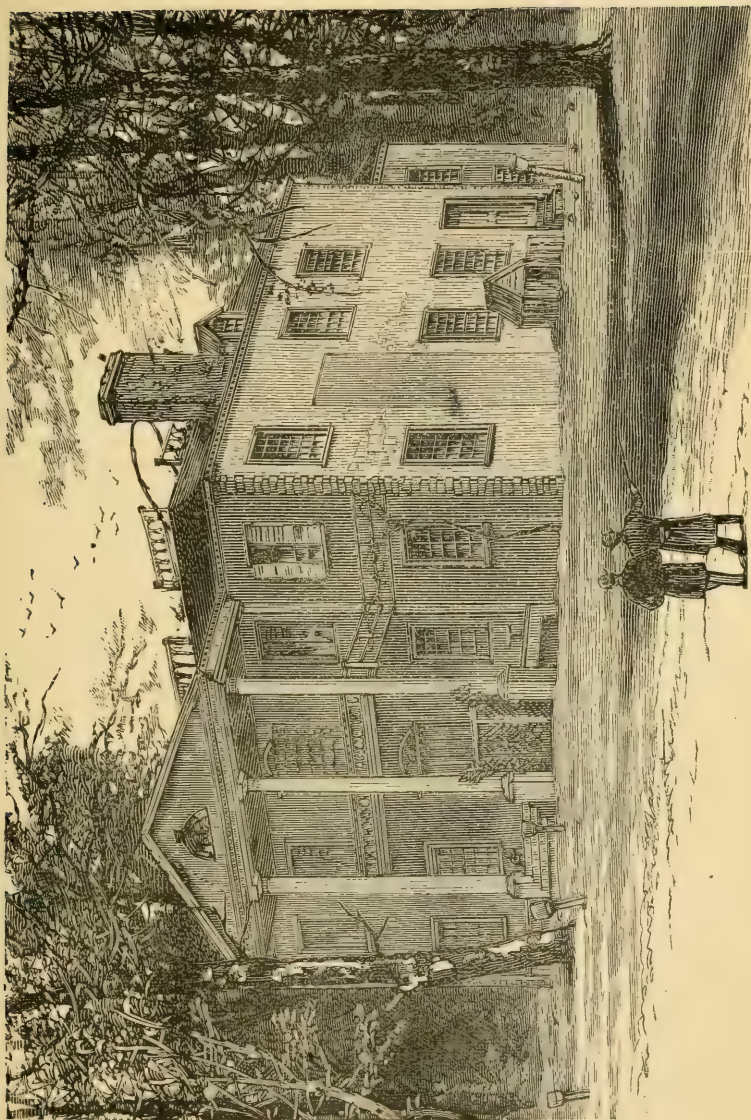
OLD MANOR HOUSE.

They were married at the Phillipse manor house, which now stands in the center of Yonkers, and has become the city hall. It is one of the few remaining ante-revolutionary buildings, and probably will long be preserved as a memorial of colonial times.

The Phillipse family sprang from a distinguished Dutch colonist, who settled there in 1682, and obtained an extensive patent, his manor indeed being the grandest in that part of the State. The manor house was begun soon after the issue of the land grant, but its completion was only reached through varied stages of progress. The present front was built in 1745, and is the finest display of the architecture of that age.

Looking inside one finds that the Dutch style prevails throughout. It is wainscoted in the best method of workmanship, and the ceilings are wrought in arabesque work. The carved marble mantels are also specimens of the luxury of a day when, perhaps, they were not equaled in the country. The bed-rooms are also paneled, and the fine view of the river adds much to its charms.

In addition to this establishment the family had what was called "Castle Phillipse" at Sleepy Hollow, which was also a favorite resort, but the Yonkers manor house always retained its supremacy. Mary Phillipse — afterward Mrs. Morris — was born at the manor house in 1730, and hence was two years older than Washington. Her father, Frederick Phillipse, was speaker of the house of assembly, and was commonly called Lord of the Manor. His two daughters, whose marriage has been mentioned, found their expectations broken by the Revo-



THE JUMEL HOUSE BUILT BY COL. MORRIS.

lution. Frederick Phillipse and all his family held allegiance to the crown, and his two sons-in-law, Robinson and Morris, became colonels in the British army.

The property was confiscated, and most of the family fled to England, where Frederick Phillipse died in 1785. Mary Phillipse Morris is the original of Frances in Cooper's novel of *The Spy*. There is still in existence a beautiful portrait of this interesting character, which for many years was owned by her grandniece, Mrs. Samuel L. Gouverneur.

Colonel Morris being in military service could not live so far from New York, and he therefore built in the lower part of the manor the finest dwelling between Yonkers and the city. It was the expectation of the newly-wedded pair that it would be a permanent residence, but the colonial troubles soon convinced them of their mistake. The time came when Washington and his retreating American army passed that very manor house, whose inmates had gone never to return. Perhaps amid all the confusion of that time of dismay, as the patriot chieftain gazed upon the building, he may have recalled the memory of his early love.

After the Revolution the place was sold and went through several owners, until it fell into the possession of Stephen Jumel. Such is the history of that estate which has become so notorious in the annals of litigation. Jumel gave \$10,000 for the house and one hundred acres of land, which are now worth millions.

WASHINGTON'S MARRIAGE.

Many inquiries have been suggested concerning Washington's love matters. I have already mentioned that he was attracted by the charming Mary Phillipse, who fascinated him in New York, but who was carried off by Cap-

tain Morris. In his next love affair Washington was more fortunate. Two years had elapsed since he parted from Miss Phillipse, when, while engaged in military service near Whitehouse, he met a gentleman named Chamberlayne who invited him to dinner. Washington was hardly able to spare the time, but at last yielded to the urgent request, little dreaming of the influence the occasion would exercise over his future destiny.

He met at the table a beautiful widow about two years his junior, whose maiden name was Dandridge, but who had in early life married Daniel Park Custis. The latter had been dead three years and had left her two fine children and a large fortune. She is described as below the middle size, but elegantly shaped, with an attractive countenance, dark hazel eyes, and those agreeable manners so common among Virginian ladies of the olden time. Washington at once felt the charms of this new acquaintance. It was really love at first sight.

Instead of leaving Chamberlayne's in haste he waited till the next morning and departed only with the intention of meeting again. He was stationed for a short time in that vicinity, and before he left he had sought her hand and been accepted. All that interfered with their union was military duty, and when this had been accomplished they were married. This occurred January 6, 1759, at the residence of the bride, and it was a union of unbroken harmony through life. Mrs. Washington survived her husband nearly three years and was buried by his side.

LADY WASHINGTON — A CORRECTION.

I notice that an illustrated paper honors Washington's birth-day by issuing an admirable copy of Huntington's picture, sometimes called Lady Washington's Reception. I refer to this fine work of art chiefly to correct

that increasing vulgarism of styling the wife of our great liberator "Lady Washington." This is not only incorrect, but is thoroughly un-republican, and, as such, would have been censured by Washington himself. His wife was, of course, a lady, in the ordinary use of the word, but she was not "Lady" Washington, for that title belongs solely to British aristocracy. The highest title which can properly be given to the wife of our first president is Mrs. Washington, and any thing beyond this is mere snobbery.

FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

The reader may be interested to know the first use of this title in America. The earliest that I find it is in an address delivered to the victorious general by a committee of the militia of the county of Somerset, New Jersey, and dated New Brunswick, November 18, 1783. In this the committee says of the militia "they revere your character and regard you as the Father of your Country."

BYRON'S EULOGY.

National pride did much at first to prevent the British mind from yielding due honor to one who had humbled the crown, but when Lord Lyons and the Prince of Wales visited the tomb at Mount Vernon, it was a tribute which expressed the full homage to departed greatness. This incident teaches us that all men who truly serve their race must await the verdict of posterity.

It may be mentioned in this connection that Washington's first eulogist among foreign *literati* was Byron, and notwithstanding the poet's perversion on moral questions he could not but admire the hero of the young republic. A striking illustration of this is found in the closing verse of the Ode to Napoleon :

Where may the wearied eye repose,
 When gazing on the great?
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state;
 Yes, one — the first — the last — the best —
 The Cincinnatus of the west,
 Whom envy dare not hate,
 Bequeathed the name of Washington,
 To make man blush there was but one.

Really, however, the finest poetic tribute to Washington was written by Richard Grant White, and it certainly deserves a place in this connection :

High over all whom might or mind made great,
 Yielding the conqueror's crown to harder hearts,
 Exalted not by politicians' arts,
 Yet with a will to meet and master fate,
 And skill to rule a young, divided state,
 Greater by what was not than by what was done,
 Alone on History's height stands Washington;
 And teeming time shall not bring forth his mate.
 For only he, of men, on earth was sent
 In all the might of mind's integrity;
 Ne'er as in him truth, strength and wisdom blent;
 And that his glory might eternal be,
 A boundless country is his monument,
 A mighty nation his posterity.

WASHINGTON'S DEATH.

Washington was endowed with great personal vigor and enjoyed a degree of health seldom maintained during so long a period of life. Sixty-eight years without a day's illness! This certainly was remarkable. When disease, however, came, it was rapidly fatal, and one day was sufficient to remove this venerated patriot. On the 13th of December, 1799, he complained of a sore throat. The day previously he had taken a horseback ride around the plantation, during which it rained and he had no doubt become thoroughly chilled, but in the evening he appeared as well as usual. The sore throat above mentioned, being the natural result of such an exposure, oc-

caused no alarm, and in the afternoon he walked out to give some directions concerning the grounds.

On his return to the house his hoarseness became worse, but he was a cheerful member of the family circle and as usual conversed with Mrs. Washington and his secretary (Mr. Lear) on the news of the day. On his retiring for the night the latter suggested that he should take something to relieve the cold. The general, however, declined with the remark, "Let it go as it came. You know I never take any thing for a cold." Little indeed did they think that in that trifling cold there lurked such fearful danger.

The next morning the general was very ill indeed. During the night the symptoms had increased, and before three o'clock difficulty in breathing set in. At day break the servant woman entered the bedroom to make fire as usual, and she was then told to call Mr. Lear. The latter came immediately and found Washington in a very critical condition. The change since the previous evening indeed was fearfully distressing. The old hero could hardly draw an easy breath, while his powers of speech had failed, so it was difficult to understand his occasional utterances.

Enough was gathered to know that Dr. Craik was to be sent for and also that one of the overseers (who had some knowledge of surgery) should bleed him. Very strange that one, who a few hours previously could say, "let it go as it came," should thus be compelled to call for such treatment? When the arm was exposed the overseer hesitated to use the lancet, but the honored invalid said in a broken manner "don't be afraid." Blood was drawn until Mrs. Washington interposed and asked Mr. Lear to stop the flow, but Washington feebly said, "more, more." The flow, however, was stopped and his

feet were placed in warm water while the throat was treated with external applications, for he was unable to use a gargle. The latter, indeed, had almost produced suffocation.

DEATH APPROACHING.

Three hours had elapsed since the first alarm was given and by nine o'clock, Dr. Craik, of Georgetown, was in attendance, with two other physicians. They applied their best remedies and also additional bleeding, but no relief was obtained. Washington evidently was convinced that his end was at hand and in the course of the afternoon directed his wife to bring him two wills from his desk. One of these was burned at his request, while the other was restored to its place.

Just twenty-four hours previously Washington had been out on the plantation, but now he was dying! How startling and how sudden! Mr. Lear thus describes the solemn scene: "As I gently grasped the hand of the general, the latter feebly said, 'I find I am going; my breath cannot last long. Do you arrange and record all my military papers. Arrange my accounts and settle my books as you know more about them than any one else.' I told him this should be done.

"He then asked if I could recollect any thing which it was essential for him to do, as he had but a very short time to remain with us, and he looked to the final event with perfect resignation." As he was in great distress by reason of difficulty in breathing, Mr. Lear raised him and occasionally changed his position which awoke expressions of gratitude. "I hope," said he, "that when you need such assistance you will find it."

CLOSING SCENE.

That 14th of December, 1799, was a long and solemn day of watching, and the physicians rarely left the

room. They saw that dissolution was approaching and all felt awed to solemn silence. At sunset Dr. Craik approached the bed and the general, while gazing on his countenance, said in a broken tone, "Doctor, I die hard, but am not afraid to go." The sorrowing physician only replied by a silent pressure of the hand. At six on that evening, which closed his illustrious career, he sat up in bed and again remarked, "I feel that I am going. I thank you for your attentions, but I ask you to take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly, I cannot last long." At ten o'clock he made several ineffectual attempts to speak, but at last Lear made out the dying man's expressions. "I am just going. Have me decently buried and do not let my body be put into the earth until three days after I am dead."

A half hour then elapsed and his breathing was noticed as being easier, but Lear saw that his countenance was changing. "I called," said he, "Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside; the general was gone. As his hand dropped I took it in mine and pressed it to my bosom, while Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes to conceal his tears. While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington (who sat at the foot of the bed) asked in a firm and composed voice, 'Is he gone? 'Tis well,' she added, as she saw my signal (for I could not speak); 'all is now over; I shall soon follow him; my trials will soon be over.'" How much such a scene as the above recalls the picture drawn by Longfellow:

As thus the dying warrior prayed
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind.
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye,
So soft and kind.

His soul to God who gave it rose,
 God led it to its long repose,
 Its glorious rest.
 And though the warrior's sun is set,
 Its light shall linger round us yet,
 Bright, radiant, blest.

THE FUNERAL.

On the Wednesday following the hero's death the funeral ceremonies took place. They were of a simple but impressive character, and I make the following extract from one of the published reports :

On Wednesday last the mortal part of Washington, the father of our country and the friend of man, was consigned to the tomb with solemn honors and funeral pomp. A multitude of persons assembled from many miles around at Mount Vernon — the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves, the spacious avenues, the beautiful scenes and the noble mansion — but, alas, the august inhabitant was no more. That great soul was gone. His mortal part was there indeed, but ah! how affecting, how awful the spectacle. In the long and lofty portico where oft the hero walked, now lay his shrouded corpse, the countenance still composed and serene, and there the assemblage took its last farewell. At the head of the coffin was the inscription “Surge ad Judicium,” and on the silver plate:

General
 George Washington—
 Departed this life on the 14th December, 1799
 Æ 68.

Between three and four o'clock the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river firing minute guns, revived our solemn sorrow. The coffin was moved bearing the hero's sword and gloves, and the band played a suitable dirge which melted the soul in the tenderness of woe.

The procession moved in the following order: cavalry, infantry, guards with arms reversed, music, clergy, the general's horse with saddle, holsters and pistols, the corpse, pall-bearers, mourners and citizens. When the procession had reached the family vault on the banks of the Potomac, the cavalry halted, while the infantry marched forward and formed a hollow square. The clergy then performed the service of the church, assisted by those present — the firing was repeated from the vessel and the sounds echoed from the surrounding hills. Three discharges from the infantry and the artillery which lined the Potomac, concluded the ceremony and paid the last tribute to the departed hero.

The disease with which Washington died has been

much discussed, being sometimes called diphtheria, but the best opinion designates it as acute laryngitis, which is of rare occurrence. The death took place on Saturday night the 14th of December, and by Monday it was known in Baltimore, where a public meeting was called to take appropriate action in reference to so solemn an event. Before the close of the week the news reached New York where a grand procession was held in honor of his memory. General Hamilton served as grand marshal, and Colonel Fish, father of Hamilton Fish, was one of the pall-bearers. St. Paul's church, where Washington worshipped during his residence in that city, was the scene of the eulogy which was delivered to a crowded audience.

Congress also ordered a funeral eulogy, which was delivered by Colonel Henry Lee, who had been one of Washington's body guard. In the closing paragraph of this address we find those oft-quoted words: **FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE, AND FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN.**

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

This action was, on the part of the British, a gross military blunder, only equaled by the charge of the light brigade at Balaklava. There was no chance of success, and Packenham only marched his veterans into a vast slaughter-pen. On the part of the Americans, however, it was the brilliant termination of a series of stupendous efforts to protect an almost defenceless port. This required all that nerve, energy and apparent recklessness which really rendered Jackson equal to the emergency. When he took command at New Orleans public affairs were almost in a state of anarchy, and yet under such unfavorable conditions he organized a defense which proved impregnable.

The battle of New Orleans led Aaron Burr to nominate Jackson for the presidency, but Old Hickory was not elected until after the lapse of thirteen years. Whatever may have been Jackson's errors, it is evident that his iron will was of immense value to the nation though it occasionally led to great risks. When, for instance, he hung Ambrister and Arbuthnot for selling powder to the Indians, he nearly involved our country in a third war with Great Britain — but the same nerve and decision saved New Orleans, and also crushed nullification.

TELEGRAPHIC ADVANTAGE.

Had the ocean cable been in operation when the attack was made on New Orleans it would have saved us the horror of that field of slaughter. In other words, the battle of New Orleans was fought a fortnight after the treaty of Ghent had been signed — the date of the latter being December 24, 1814.

Another bloody scene which would have been avoided had the telegraph then existed, was the battle of Toulouse, fought by Wellington and Soult.

It occurred on the 10th of April, 1814, a few days after Napoleon had been forced, by incessant defeat, to abdicate the throne. Three words from a telegraph battery would, on each of these terrible occasions, have silenced the batteries in the field. In this manner science so often proves the handmaid of mercy. The difficulties which our government was obliged to suffer from distances, is thus shown by Niles Register, July 4, 1812, "On the day after the declaration of war, Mr. Cozzens left Washington for New Orleans with despatches. He had contracted to reach that place in twelve days. Distance about 1,500 miles."

He was admitted to the bar of this city the year before Washington was inaugurated. Thus, at the age of nineteen, began that public career which is now so prominent a part of our national history. His advance was rapid, and at the age of thirty-two he was a member of the United States senate. He was afterward mayor of New York, and later on held a seat in the State senate, and was also lieutenant-governor. He then became a leading candidate for the presidency, but was defeated by Madison. His public life indeed was full of vicissitude, and he suffered an unusual share of party hate.

In 1816, when in his forty-seventh year, he was elected governor, and his long-cherished scheme of the Erie canal was immediately prosecuted. On the next Fourth of July he broke ground with his own hand for this grand enterprise, and eight years afterward he saw its completion. He died suddenly in his sixtieth year, and his funeral was the most impressive mortuary occasion Albany had ever witnessed.

FINANCIAL MISFORTUNES.

Clinton, like Hamilton, Jefferson, Monroe and other public men of devoted character, died poor. After forty years of public life he had not made enough to pay his debts. While the world has re-echoed the fame of DeWitt Clinton, how strange it seems to think that he died almost under the hands of the sheriff. This is shown by the following extract from the Albany Advertiser, printed May 24, 1828, nearly four months after the death of this great national benefactor :

Sheriff's sale. By virtue of a writ of *feri facias* I have seized and taken all the personal property of DeWitt Clinton, consisting of household furniture, library, carriages, horses and other articles, which I shall expose for sale at public vendue on Wednes-

day, the 28th day of May inst., at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the dwelling house late of the said DeWitt Clinton, deceased, situate at the corner of North Pearl and Steuben streets, in the city of Albany. N. B. For the accommodation of the public the sale of the library will be adjourned until the next day, Thursday, the 29th, when it will take place at the long room of the Atheneum at 9 o'clock, A. M.

C. A. TEN EYCK, Sheriff, May 23, 1828.

Clinton had been grand master of the grand lodge of this State, and the latter displayed its affectionate regard by purchasing a pair of splendid vases at the above-mentioned auction. The price paid was \$600, which was not one-quarter of their real value. The lodge then presented them to the family as a token of remembrance as well as sympathy.

One of the most impressive, as well as instructive features in Clinton history, is the humiliation basely inflicted by the legislature under political pressure — followed by glorious triumphs. I shall speak of this later on as a grand lesson to all public men.

ROBERT FULTON.

Fulton's life, though it reached a full half century, seems short, since he did not live long enough to realize his expectations. He died in the midst of important schemes, being then at the mere inception of that work which conferred such benefits upon mankind. Before the construction of his first steamboat he passed fifteen years in England and France, whence he returned to New York in 1807. He was then forty-two and had matured all his plans for the great experiment — for though bred an artist he had for years been an enthusiast on steam navigation.

Being assisted by Livingston's capital, he at once begun his life work. The keel of the Clermont was laid at the ship-yard in the East river, and an engine, imported from

Birmingham, was placed in position as soon as the boat was launched. On the first of August, 1807, only seven months after Fulton's return, the strange vessel was finished, and the seventh of that month witnessed her trial trip up the Hudson. She was at first called "Fulton's folly," and the inventor had to suffer a full share of that ridicule which so generally attends such experiments.

REGULAR SERVICE.

The first voyage of the Clermont, though successful, was by no means a sufficient trial, and the practical nature of the invention was still a matter of uncertainty. In order to perfect the test, arrangements were made for regular service, which began on the fourth of the following month. It was Friday, and Fulton must have preferred this day since the trial trip occurred on Friday — just four weeks previously. The wharf was at the foot of Cedar street and the starting hour was half-past six in the morning. Great crowds came to witness the departure of the strange craft and many ill-bodings were uttered. One of the passengers indeed was thus addressed by a friend: "John, will thee risk thy life in such a concern? I tell thee she is the most fearful wild fowl living and thy father ought to restrain thee."

The Clermont had only twelve berths, each of which was taken. The fare was \$7, a sum which, owing to the scarcity of money, was more than double the amount at the present time. The bow was covered by a rude deck which afforded protection to the hands, and the vessel was steered by the old-fashioned rudder. Directly in front of the helmsman was the entrance of the cabin, which was very rudely furnished.

In fact the Clermont was built solely as an experiment,

and everything was very imperfect. The valves leaked and steam whizzed from crevices in the boiler, and this, with the black smoke vomited from the chimney, gave the vessel a repulsive appearance; and yet, as she moved slowly up the river, the vast crowd uttered an irrepressible huzza, which was returned by cheers of all on board except one. This was Fulton, who stood in silent self-consciousness of a grand success.

At West Point the boat was cheered by the garrison. By four o'clock they made Newburgh, a distance of sixty-three miles. The next day, at eleven, they reached Albany, making the entire distance in twenty-eight hours and forty-five minutes. This was the Clermont's second appearance in Albany, but being the beginning of her regular service, the following certificate was signed by the passengers:

The subscribers, passengers on board of this boat on her first passage as a packet, think it but justice to state that the accommodations and convenience on board exceeded their most sanguine expectations. Selah Strong, G. H. Van Wageningen, Thomas Wallace, John Q. Wilson, J. P. Anthony, Dennis H. Doyle, George Witmore, William S. Hicks, J. Bowman, James Braiden, Stephen N. Rowan, J. Crane.

The Clermont increased in popularity, and after the close of the season, which was highly successful, the boat was lengthened to one hundred and forty feet in order to increase her speed. The next season she ran as a regular packet, and another boat was soon required. This was called the Car of Neptune, and was very popular.

Fulton's life was thenceforward rapid and brief. He died after seven years of great activity, being then only fifty, and was buried in the Livingston vault in Trinity church yard. Years have elapsed since his funeral, but

not a line has been reared in that spot to his memory. He was one of the greatest benefactors of the age, and the first voyage of the *Clermont* was next in importance to that which first brought Columbus to America.

FITCH'S EXPERIMENT.

Twenty years before the building of the *Clermont* John Fitch had propelled a small boat by steam on the Collect or fresh water pond which occupied the site of the Tombs or New York prison, and covered an area of a half dozen acres.

This took place in 1787, when the public mind was so engrossed with the national questions that Fitch's project was neglected and his little steamboat rotted to pieces on the banks of the Collect. It was a very humble affair, being in fact merely a yawl, with an iron kettle for a boiler. The latter was made steam tight by a plank cover tightly bolted down, and the propeller was a screw in the stern, but the principle was the same as that used in an ocean steamer.

The effort seemed so chimerical that it soon dropped out of public attention and Fitch went west and died in disappointment. It was in the face of such discouraging antecedents that Fulton carried his project to a grand success.

MADISON REMINISCENCES.

March has the distinction of having given us two of our ablest presidents, but while the birth-day of Jackson—the 15th—is frequently noticed, that of Madison, which occurs the day afterward, awakes no comment. Madison was a rarely gifted man, and was in public life for forty-one years, during which time he hardly took what might be called a vacation. He never made a tour of

pleasure and recreation, and never left American soil. His public life was marked by foreign difficulties. He was a member of the Virginia legislature in 1776, being then only twenty-five years old, and he held the presidency during the last war with Great Britain, which was a period of inexpressible anxiety and distress.

Judged by the rule of common sense, the war was a great blunder, for the nation was utterly inadequate to the conflict; but it eventually brought beneficent results of an enduring character. The operations on land were generally unsatisfactory, but the plucky little navy accomplished wonders. Five British frigates were captured within seven months in single combat. The British admiralty became astonished by the exploits of our ocean game-cocks, and it was evident that Britannia no longer ruled the waves.

THE SEVEREST BLOW.

The greatest humiliation the British navy ever suffered was when the *Constitution* captured the second hostile frigate. The first was the *Guerriere*, but the second was the *Java*, which was of vastly greater importance. The *Java*, indeed, was on a cruise to the East Indies, carrying as passengers the newly-appointed governor of Bombay and his staff; also a number of officers belonging to the British East India squadron. Such a defeat was, therefore, doubly humiliating, and the governor of Bombay had to defer entering upon the duties of his office until an exchange took place.

The fight between these vessels was begun by the *Constitution*, which, descriing a strange ship, fired a gun across its bow to bring it to. The British frigate, of course, considered this rather saucy, and her reply was a broadside. The engagement then followed, lasting three hours and a half, and was of the fiercest character. The

Java lost sixty, including the captain, while the Constitution only lost nine. The Java was in so hopeless a condition that all her crew was removed to the Constitution, and the captured vessel was then blown up. This, as I have said, was the most humiliating defeat the British navy suffered during the war, and the lesson was not soon forgotten.

DECATUR'S VICTORY.

When the Constitution fought the Java she was commanded by Commodore Bainbridge, but Decatur and his frigate United States had won an admirable victory only two months previously, having captured the Macedonian after a short but terrific contest. Going back to the first victory won by the Constitution, she was then commanded by Capt. Hull, who met the Guerriere on the 19th of August, 1812, just two months after the declaration of war, and captured her after a severe fight. This was the first naval action after the war began, and hence its result was of vast importance.

When the Guerriere struck she was really sinking, and all the prisoners were brought on board the Constitution, after which the Guerriere was burned. Her commander, Capt. Dacres, wrote from Boston a report of the fight, in which he said: "I feel it my duty to state that the conduct of Capt. Hull and his officers to our men has been that of a brave enemy, the greatest care being taken to prevent our men losing the smallest trifle, and the greatest attention being paid to the wounded." It will be thus seen that the Constitution fought two battles within the space of four months, and in each action captured and sunk its adversary. No wonder the British discontinued the right of search after the close of the war.

The London Times commented on the capture of the Guerriere in the following manner:

It is not merely that a British frigate has been taken — after a brave resistance — but that it was taken by a new enemy — an enemy unaccustomed to such triumphs, and likely to be rendered insolent and confident by them. Never before in the history of the world did a British frigate strike to an American; and although we cannot say that Captain Dacres is punishable for the act, yet we do say that there are commanders in our navy who would rather a thousand times have gone down with their colors flying than have set so fatal an example.

Captain Dacres did, indeed, suffer partial loss of caste by his defeat, but he soon found relief in the capture of the *Java*. The latter was vastly superior to the *Guerriere*, and yet she was not only compelled to strike, but was also sunk — this being done by the same frigate, the *Constitution*, to which Dacres surrendered.

THE NAVAL DUEL.

One of the sadest tragedies in the war was the death of Captain James Lawrence, whose monument is one of the most prominent objects in Trinity church yard. He was, as most of my readers are aware, in command of the frigate *Chesapeake*, which was captured by the British frigate *Shannon*, and he was mortally wounded during the action. Lawrence had been challenged by Captain Broke of the *Shannon*, and though he knew the latter was greatly superior, he was too gallant to refuse. He was taken to Halifax where he died, and he was buried from the *Chesapeake* just a week after the action, which took place on the 1st June, 1813. He has been rendered famous by his last words of command, “don’t give up the ship.” The British showed distinguished honor to the fallen hero, and I find in one of the newspapers of that day the following military order :

HALIFAX, 7th June, 1813.—*Garrison Orders*: A funeral party will be furnished to-morrow by the 64th regiment consisting of 300 rank and file, under command of Col. Wardlaw, to inter the remains of Capt. Lawrence, late of the American frigate *Chesapeake*, at half past 1 P. M. The band of that corps will accom-

pany and the officers of the garrison will march in procession, wearing black crape on the left arm.

F. T. THOMAS, Major of Brigade.

Navy Orders: The body of the late commander of the United States frigate Chesapeake, will be interred to-morrow at 2 o'clock. The captains, lieutenants and midshipmen will attend the funeral and will meet at 1 o'clock alongside the Chesapeake for that purpose.

THOMAS A. CAPEL, Captain.

The funeral procession was as follows :

Music.		
Funeral Firing Party.		
Pall Bearers.		Pall Bearers.
Captain Baker.	THE	Captain Perchell.
Captain Pearse.	BODY.	Captain Head.
Captain Collier.		Captain Blyth.
American Naval Officers.		
British Naval Officers.		
Midshipmen.		
Lieutenants.		
Officers of the Garrison, According to Rank.		
Post Captains.		
Staff Officers.		
General and		
Senior Officers.		

These details show the extraordinary respect which Lawrence had won from the enemy, and indeed, the funeral was the most honorable ever granted by the British to a captured warrior.

COMING HOME.

As soon as the sad fate of the fallen hero was known an effort was made to recover the body, and a Salem captain offered to bring it back at his own expense. He received permission from our government and sailed with a flag of truce. Twelve ship captains volunteered to serve as crew of the vessel, and in this manner the corpse of the hero reached New York, where it was interred in Trinity church yard with all the honors due to so illustrious a character.

A noticeable feature in the history of Captain Lawrence was the fact that his courtesy in victory was only

equaled by his nerve under defeat. A few months before his last battle he captured the British war vessel Peacock after a severe action and brought his prize into New York. The captain was among the slain, but the surviving officers were so won by the kindness they received at his hands that they addressed him as follows:

NEW YORK, March 27, 1813. — *Captain James Lawrence*: We beg leave to return you our grateful acknowledgements for the kind attention and hospitality we experienced during the time we remained on board the Hornet. So much was done to alleviate the distressing situation in which we were placed when received on board, that we cannot better express our feelings than by saying, "We ceased to consider ourselves prisoners," and every thing that friendship could dictate was done by yourself and your officers. Permit us, then, sir, impressed as we are with a grateful sense of your kindness for ourselves and other officers and crew, to return to yourself and the other officers of the Hornet our sincere thanks, and believe us to remain, with a deep sense of the kind offices you rendered us, your humble servants,

F. A. WRIGHT, 1st Lieutenant.

C. LAMERT, 2nd Lieutenant.

J. WHITTAKER, Surgeon.

F. D. UNWIN, Purser.

Little more than two months after the above was written the gallant Lawrence was receiving the ministrations of generous foes at Halifax, and they rendered him the highest funeral honors in their power. Lawrence was but thirty-two at the time of his death, but he has won distinction as the most honored of all that fell in the whole war. The cannon that surround the monument were captured from the British, and they seem to stand as witnesses of that peace which must ever unite the nations.

MADISON'S ELOQUENCE.

The Revolution was only finished by the war of 1812 which settled the long list of international troubles. Madison, who held the presidential office during this last conflict, placed great dependence on the spirit of '76, as will be seen by his appeal to the public. Madison has long

been famed for the elegance of his style, and his state papers are in this respect unequalled. At times, however, he rose to a degree of eloquence which awakens my unbounded admiration. I am surprised at the neglect which his best utterances have suffered, and as they are not found in any works on rhetoric or oratory, or even in literary collections, I think a brief extract will be appreciated by the reader.

CONCLUSION OF FIRST WAR MESSAGE.

We have the unestimable consolation of knowing that the war in which we are engaged is a war neither of ambition nor vain-glory; that it is waged not in violation of the rights of others, but in maintenance of our own; that it was preceded by a patience without example, under wrongs accumulating without end, and that it was not declared until every hope of averting it was extinguished.

To have shrunk under such circumstances from manly resistance would have been a degradation blasting our proudest hopes. It would have struck us from the high rank where the virtuous struggles of our fathers had placed us and have betrayed the magnificent legacy which we hold in trust for future generations.

It was with such an alternative that war was chosen. The appeal was made in a just cause to the just and all powerful Being who holds in His hands the destiny of nations. It remains only that faithful to ourselves and ever ready to accept peace from the hands of justice, we prosecute the war with united counsels and with the amplest powers of the nation, until peace be obtained under the Divine blessing.

ANOTHER MESSAGE CONCLUDES THUS:

The contest in which the United States are engaged appeals for support to every motive that can animate an uncorrupted and enlightened people — to the love of country — to the pride of liberty — to an emulation of the glorious founders of our independence, and finally to the sacred obligations of transmitting entire to future generations that patrimony of national rights and independence which we hold in trust from the goodness of Divine Providence.

Reader, I think you will agree with me in pronouncing the above extracts the finest specimens of American eloquence, and yet how little is known of Madison! It may be added that the motto which was then so eloquently

displayed by the war party — “free trade and sailors’ rights” — has been of late years not only misunderstood but really reversed.

Free trade did not mean the abolition of a tariff but merely that our vessels should be free from the right of search which British cruisers then practiced. Sailors’ rights merely meant an exemption from seizure and impressment by the same cruisers, which were in the habit of seizing men on American ships and pressing them into service under the claim that they were British subjects. These outrages were brought to a close by the war of 1812, during which our little navy taught Great Britain to respect our flag.

MADISON’S CLOSING LIFE.

To return to Madison, it may be said that he will always be distinguished for elegance of literary style. He wrote the most finished state papers the world has ever seen. Even his briefest messages were distinguished by elegance. Madison lived to see his war policy approved by those who had been its worst opponents, and he also lived long enough to see his best general, Jackson, twice elected to the presidency. Madison’s last days were peaceful, and were passed in public duty. He was president of a county agricultural society, and even at the age of seventy-eight he held a seat in the State Constitutional Convention, and seven years afterward he passed away, reminding one of the words of the poet :

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country’s wishes blest.

THAT PIG STORY.

I notice that ridiculous story that the war of 1812–1814 was voted in the national legislature by a majority of one

is again in circulation, and to make it still more ridiculous, this slender majority is ascribed to the damage done by a pig. I would hardly have noticed its recent republication if it had not appeared in one of the popular periodicals whence it was copied by a religious paper, and a professor in a theological seminary quoted it as an illustration of the workings of Providence. In order to present a correct historical statement, I have examined the Congressional Record and find that the war vote on joint ballot, shows a majority of 36.

Henry Clay was the most earnest advocate of the war in Congress, and being Speaker, his influence was widely felt. John Randolph, also a member, was the most determined opponent of the war, and in this manner a bitter enmity began between these great leaders which thirteen years afterward resulted in that once famous but bloodless duel. At a recent sale the papers referring to this affair brought \$145, which shows the importance it still holds in history.

CLAY AND RANDOLPH DUEL.

When John Quincy Adams became President, he appointed Henry Clay Secretary of State, and Randolph, who was still in the House, denounced it as "a combination of the puritan and the black leg." As soon as Clay heard of this he sent a challenge. Randolph accepted it, but said he "would throw away his fire unless he saw the devil in Clay's eye," meaning malice prepense to take life. The parties met and Randolph said to his second, "Clay is calm, but not vindictive," and the eventual result was that Clay fired without effect, while Randolph discharged his pistol in the air. The moment Clay saw

that Randolph had thrown away his fire, he immediately approached him and said in a very tender manner, "I trust you are not hurt. After what has happened, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds." In this manner terminated a feud which grew out of the War of 1812, and ever afterward these great leaders lived in amity. Randolph died eight years afterward, but Clay remained in active public life a quarter century later, and his death awoke a national lament.

LOVE AND WAR.

An interesting contrast between love and war is found in the fact that during the above-mentioned conflict Francis Jeffrey, once the famous editor of the Edinburgh Review, came to America after a wife. He was a widower of forty, and had been for some time engaged to Miss Charlotte Wilkes, who, though a resident of New York, was of British birth. He reached America before the declaration of war, and would have been detained here in a very distressing manner had not President Madison given him a pass, which, of course, included the vessel in which he sailed. He visited Washington, and had an interview with the president, who drew him into a discussion on national questions. It lasted an hour, and all present were deeply interested in the interchange of opinion. Most of my readers are aware that Jeffrey was favorable toward America, and after his return the Edinburgh Review was still more disposed to advocate that liberal policy by which it had been previously characterized. Jeffrey was much impressed with Madison's ability, and by the general features of a republican government.

RANDOLPH'S ORATORY.

One of the best specimens of Randolph's pithy, pointed and incisive oratory is found in his speech against Madi-

son's war policy from which I make the following extract. I need hardly add, that the banditti to whom he refers, were the Algerines with whom our country had recently made peace.

There was a fatality attending plenitude of power. Soon or late some mania seizes upon its possessors — they fall from the dizzy height through the giddiness of their own heads. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can *treat* and can *trade*. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our veins, in common with whom we can claim Shakespeare and Newton and Chatham, whose form of government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed. In what school did the worthies of our land, the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges of America, learn those principles of civil liberty which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valor? American resistance to British usurpation had not been more warmly cherished by these great men and their compatriots than by Chatham and his illustrious associates in the British parliament.

He (Mr. Randolph) acknowledged the influence of Shakespeare and a Milton upon his imagination, of a Locke upon his understanding, of a Chatham upon qualities, which, would to God! he possessed in common with that illustrious man! This was a British influence which he could never shake off. He allowed much to the just and honest prejudices growing out of the Revolution. But by whom had they been suppressed? By felons escaped from the jails of Paris and Newgate since the breaking out of the French revolution — who, in this abused and insulted country, have set up for political teachers, and whose disciples give no other proof of their progress in republicanism, except a blind devotion to the most ruthless military despotism that the world ever saw. These are the patriots who scruple not to brand with the epithet of Tory the men by whose blood your liberties have been cemented. These are they who hold in such keen remembrance the outrages of the British armies, from which many of them were deserters. Ask these self-styled patriots where they were during the Revolution, and you strike them dumb — their lips are closed in eternal silence. If it were allowable to entertain partialities, every consideration of blood, language, religion and interest, would incline us toward England; and yet shall they be alone extended to France and her ruler (Bonaparte), whom we are bound to believe a chastening God suffers to exist, as the scourge of a guilty world! On all other nations he tramples — he holds them in contempt — England alone he hates; he would, but he cannot despise her — fear cannot despise.

And shall Republicans become the instruments of him who had

effaced the title of Attila to the "SCOURGE OF GOD!" Yet even Attila, in the falling fortunes of civilization, had, no doubt, his advocates, his tools, his minions, his parasites in the very countries that he overran. Mr. Randolph could not give utterance to that strong detestation which he felt toward (above all other works of the creation) such characters as Zingis, Tamerlane or Bonaparte. His instincts involuntarily revolted at their bare idea. Malefactors of the human race, who ground down man to a mere machine of their impious and bloody ambition. Yet, under all the accumulated wrongs and insults and robberies of the last of these chieftains, are we not in point of fact about to become a party to his views, a partner in his wars?

I have made the above extract merely in order to show Randolph's intense style. It has no tender and sympathetic power, and in fact, Randolph was deficient in that mental balance without which no man can be a leader. It is remarkable, that during the above-mentioned war, the great antagonists should be a Kentuckian and a Virginian, and this antagonism continued until a dozen years afterward, when they met as duelists, but fortunately it was a bloodless field.

HENRY CLAY'S ORATORY.

Clay was the most effective orator of his day because he added to a deep and comprehensive view of public matters an emotional power which no other modern statesman possessed. The following extract from one of his speeches, delivered in 1828, forty-three years before the great rebellion, shows his views on the Union :

I have no fears for the permanency of our Union. It is a tough and a strong cord, as all will find who shall presumptuously attempt to break it. It has been competent to suppress all domestic insurrection and to carry us safely through all foreign wars, and it has come out of each with more strength and greater promise of endurance. It is the choicest political blessing we enjoy, and I trust and hope that Providence will permit us to transmit it unimpaired to posterity through endless generations.

Clay's most enthusiastic champion was Horace Greeley, who felt his defeat not only with deepest personal regret, but also as a national calamity. Clay reappeared in pub-

lic life in the effort for the perpetuity of the Union. I well remember seeing his reception in this city in 1839, when he was prominent as a presidential candidate, but the nomination was given to Harrison. I also saw him enjoy a still more enthusiastic reception in 1846, and though he had lost the presidency, the bitterness of disappointment was mitigated by the intensity of popular affection. Six years later he died—having by a long career of statesmanship won the name of the “Great Commoner.”

LEWIS AND CLARK.

These men certainly deserve remembrance, since they organized the first national effort to reach the Pacific. Their success gave them great distinction at the time, and also prepared the public for subsequent exploration. Both were of Virginia birth, but how different is their early history. Lewis was Jefferson’s private secretary, while Clark was one of a family of pioneers, who, in 1784, settled on the present site of Louisville.

In 1796 Clark went to St. Louis. He had won a reputation in the Indian wars, and hence was designated to the exploring service. The expedition, which included thirty men, started from St. Louis in March, 1804, and before the close of the season they reached the lands of the Sioux, where they were obliged to go into winter camp. The next spring they marched onward, and on the 12th of August passed the summit of the Rocky Mountains. On the 15th of November, after great suffering, they reached the Pacific ocean.

They remained all winter in camp, and in the spring returned, arriving at St. Louis in September, after an absence of nearly two and a half years. In February, 1807, Lewis and Clark returned to Washington, and were re-

ceived by congress with appropriate honors. Their explorations filled two large volumes, but how little did people then imagine that the same distance would ever be made in one week!

HISTORICAL CYCLES.

The battle of Antietam, which was the first decided victory (in open field) won by the Union army, gave the assurance of final success. It had, however, an additional importance, since it was followed by the emancipation proclamation, which is the most important state paper since the Declaration of Independence. I am led by this historical reference to one of still more remote character, which may interest some of my readers, as it illustrates those cycles which sometimes occur in national history. Let us begin with 1762, when a Boston judge, appointed by the king, refused to obey an unjust law, and not only resigned his office but denounced the law in the most eloquent manner at a public meeting in Faneuil Hall. This man was James Otis, the ablest speaker in New England; and John Adams says that on that occasion American liberty had its birth.

The first epoch of twenty-five years brings us to 1787, when not only liberty had been won, but a Constitution had been formed, and this gave promise of a permanent nationality, whose greatest danger immediately appeared in the doctrine of State rights. George Clinton in New York, and James Monroe in Virginia, both opposed the Union, because they did not want to surrender the State powers.

The second epoch of twenty-five years brings us to the war of 1812, when the danger of State rights became still more apparent. George Clinton, who was then vice-president, died that year, having lived long enough to see his error, but he saw the latter revived by John C. Calhoun, who then made his first appearance in congress.

The war was so unpopular North that it awoke many fears of disunion, but fortunately peace with Britain abated these internal dangers.

The third epoch of twenty-five years brings us to 1837, when the independence of Texas was acknowledged by our government, with a view of its speedy admission into the Union, and on this occasion John C. Calhoun reaffirmed his position that the Union was merely a compact, which could be sundered at any time. He was then perfecting his scheme of dissolving the Union and forming a southern empire, to which Texas was necessary. Here the State rights doctrine which Jackson had checked in the nullification troubles reappeared with renewed strength. Fourth epoch, 1862, just twenty-five years later, when the battle of Antietam as the first open-field victory of the Union forces gave assurance of the establishment of the nation on the basis of perpetual union.

PACIFIC ROAD PROJECTOR.

Now that four railroads cross the American continent, it may be well to recall the inception of this wonderful enterprise. The projector was Asa Whitney, who certainly deserves some expression of national gratitude. In 1843, five years before the discovery of California gold, Whitney started the project of a railway to the Pacific, and from time to time presented it to various legislatures and at last to the general government. The idea was welcomed by the small number of really advanced minds, and Freeman Hunt, editor of the Merchants' Magazine, wrote thus in 1844: "Our population is pushing with a vigorous, rapid and increasing march toward the shores of the Pacific. Those persons are now living who will see a railroad connecting those shores with New York, and also steam communication to China."

The plan was submitted to congress in 1844 by Zadoc Pratt, then a member of the house, and who said, "this is no mysterious affair — it is a plain, simple business plan, grand and sublime." The scheme was again brought before congress in 1848, and an able as well as a highly favorable report was made by the committee. A strong opposition, however, appeared in an unexpected quarter, and Thomas H. Benton — then a member of the senate— was its leader.

Benton must have been actuated by malignant personal feelings, or extreme ignorance, as he willfully perverted and misconstrued Whitney's project, and cast aspersions on his character. Perhaps he was jealous of any movement which might interfere with the claims of his son-in-law Fremont, who was then organizing an overland expedition. He was, however, led to a change of policy after the discovery of gold, and then introduced a bill favoring the measure.

VARIOUS STEPS.

In 1853, an act was passed providing for surveys of different routes, but owing to national troubles ten years elapsed before the work was begun, and it required two additional years to finish the first forty miles — from Omaha to Fremont.

On the 12th day of May, 1869, the road was opened, this being twenty years after the first favorable congressional enactment. Whitney, like all men of progressive genius, suffered the penalty of enterprise. He obtained the approval of eighteen State legislatures, and expended a large amount of time and money in personal inspection of the route, but he is now rewarded by oblivion.

Whitney estimated the cost of the road at \$70,000,000, and he proposed to build it for a land grant of thirty miles on each side of the track. He said that the

first eight hundred miles would be all that was of any value, the west of the territory being really worthless.

The road cost nearly four times his estimate, but it is to be remembered that it was built at a time of great inflation, and also that its construction was accompanied by an unusual system of fraud.

MEN WHO DESERVE MEMORIALS.

One of these is Paul Jones, who did more for America than any other man who saw so little of our country — which indeed he only visited four times during his whole life. He was a native of Scotland and came here before the Revolution. Being an expert sailor, a naval command was given him, and after entering on his new service, he touched at Providence and then put to sea. His brief autobiography gives an interesting record of the captures he made, and he was the first man to spread the American colors on the ocean. Among other interesting points it may be mentioned that he bore the news of Burgoyne's surrender to Franklin and thus led to our treaty with France which ensured success. He was only thirty-two when he captured the *Serapis* and carried terror to the British coast. One of the remarkable features in this action is that it was fought by moonlight, and another is that the vessel which Captain Jones commanded was so shattered that he left it to sink and sailed from the scene of conflict in his prize. That all this service should have been performed by one who never spent a year in the country which he so gallantly defended is, indeed, a matter of surprise. He died in Paris in 1792, being then only forty-five. I regret to add that there is not, either in this country or any other (as far as I can learn), a monument bearing the name of Paul Jones. Reader, is not this neglect wrong?

Another man who deserves a statue is John Ledyard. This leads to the statement that in 1776, while a hostile fleet was sailing up New York harbor bearing that army which soon defeated Washington on Long Island, the British government sent out its exploring expedition to the Pacific under Captain Cook. Thus are we reminded of the words of Milton, that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

There was an American in this expedition with whom Cook was so well pleased, that though the former was merely a sailor, he was made corporal of marines. This man was John Ledyard, who, though only twenty-five, had previously sailed up the Mediterranean in an American vessel in order to see the Orient—had reached London, and hearing of Cook's expedition, sought a place, however humble, in his crew. Ledyard was the only American that was honored with Cook's friendship. He witnessed the tragic death of the famous navigator, and assisted in recovering his remains. It was this union between Cook and Ledyard which gave the latter such favor among English scientists.

SUBSEQUENT LIFE.

Ledyard was the first American of that roaming character which was so fully developed by Bayard Taylor and other noted tourists. He had a natural desire to visit foreign lands, which gradually became a ruling passion. On the close of the Revolution he returned to America and endeavored to induce the commercial public to fit out an expedition for the northwest coast, an enterprise which he was the first to propose. This effort, however, failed, and he then visited Paris hoping there to obtain encouragement. He was warmly received by Jefferson, our ambassador, but his project failed. He then repaired to London, and being supplied with a small sum of money

by scientific friends who admired his enthusiasm, he started on an overland journey through Russia, with a view to going as far around the world as Behring straits. In seven weeks he walked one thousand four hundred miles in the dead of winter, and reached St. Petersburg without shoes or money. He was befriended by a Scotch physician in the Russian service, and then proceeded through Siberia to the distance of three thousand miles. At this important period in his travels he was suspected to be a spy, and was conveyed under guard, out of the Russian borders and forbidden to return on pain of death.

JOURNEY TO AFRICA.

In the spring of 1787, less than a year after his departure from London, Ledyard returned to that city ragged and penniless. Sir Joseph Banks, who sailed with him under Cook, gave him welcome, and another project was proposed, this being African discovery. The adventurous Yankee accepted the plan, and being asked when he would be ready to march, replied: "To-morrow." He left London as soon as an outfit could be prepared, and traveled through Europe in an expeditious manner, reaching Alexandria in safety.

His plan was to cross the African continent and reach the Atlantic ocean, but death overtook him before he had passed the pyramids. The society which employed Ledyard considered him eminently adapted to the exploring service, and hence felt his death as a great loss. How remarkable that the plan projected by Ledyard should have eventually been carried out by Stanley, who, being commissioned for this purpose by an American, gives a full share of the honors of African exploration to our own country. Reader, in view of the honor thus conferred on our country, does not John Ledyard deserve a monument?

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Hamilton was the most versatile man of his day. He was an able lawyer, a powerful writer, an admirable orator, a fine singer and a brilliant society man. He also combined the soldier, the financier, the statesman, and all these gifts were sublimed by the most devoted patriotism. His precocity was wonderful, and yet it was only a natural development. At the age of thirteen he took charge of a mercantile establishment. At fifteen his writings attracted notice, and even commanded applause. At seventeen he addressed a public meeting in New York with great eloquence. At nineteen he was an acknowledged writer on public questions, and had formulated, in thought at least, a system of Federal government. At twenty he was captain of an artillery company raised by himself, and soon won the confidence of Washington, who placed him on his staff.

At twenty-three he has proved himself a master of the difficult subject of national finance. By the time he reaches twenty-five it is found that, even with so limited an opportunity of study, he has become a first-class lawyer. At twenty-six he takes rank as a congressman of marked power. At thirty he is a leading mind in framing the Federal constitution. At thirty-three he is secretary of the treasury, and evolves a brilliant and successful system of finance, by means of which, to quote the language of Webster, "he touched the dead corpse of American credit, and it stood upon its feet." Where in all history can we find so rapid and so permanent a progress in the combined action of war and statesmanship?

MISUNDERSTOOD AND MISREPRESENTED.

It is, however, the common fate of such men to be mis-

understood and misrepresented by a large portion of the public, and I am impressively reminded of this by the following advertisement from the New York Daily Advertiser September 7, 1792:

Just published. Five letters, addressed to the yeomen of the United States, containing some observations on the dangerous scheme of Governor Duer and Mr. Secretary Hamilton.

Hamilton's "dangerous scheme" was the means of saving the young republic from bankruptcy. One of the grandest efforts of this wonderful man was his triumph over the governor of the State (George Clinton) in the convention which accepted the Federal constitution. Clinton threw a tremendous influence against it, and being governor as well as delegate, he had immense weight. His objection was that the State of New York would be obliged to surrender its port to the Union, and Clinton was already collecting a handsome revenue from the customs. Hamilton eloquently argued that the State would be the gainer by the sacrifice, and he induced the representatives from the city to accept his views in antagonism to the governor. The result was that the constitution was adopted, and though the majority was only two, it secured to the State the highest position in the Union.

HAMILTON'S COUNTRY SEAT.

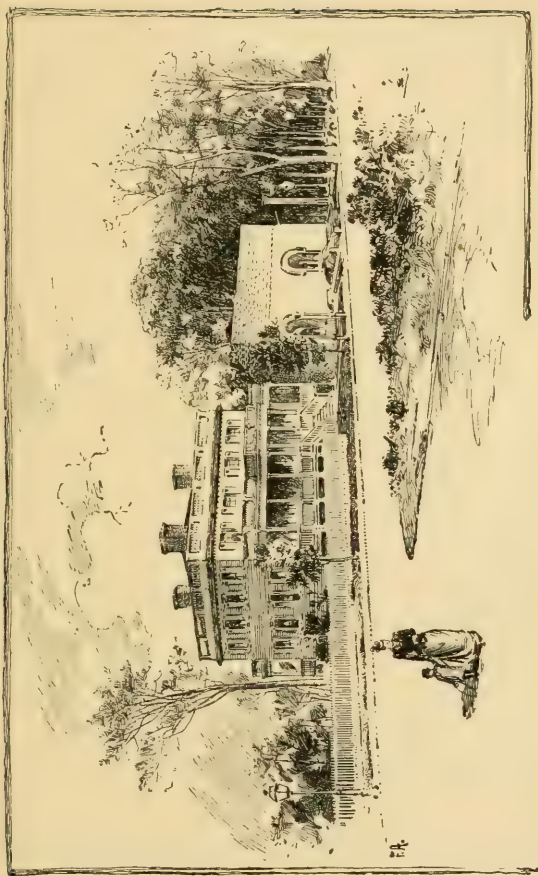
The Grange was built for a summer residence, for Hamilton's city house was in Garden street, now Exchange place. Attached to the Grange were thirty acres of wild land and a large garden, whose culture, however, must have been a labor of love rather than profit. Hamilton's good judgment was shown in several points. For instance, the Grange is near the great northern road, and its grand elevation gave it an extensive view of Harlem, and also the East river. At no other place in that vicinity

could such a prospect be obtained, and this selection thus indicates a careful choice.

The Grange is a wooden structure, whose porch and piazza are reached by a flight of steps. The hall is very broad, and the ceilings are nearly eleven feet high. The apartments must, at that day, have been considered very grand, and, upon the whole, it was no doubt one of the finest rural resorts on the island. To this place Hamilton was wont to invite his choice friends, and it has witnessed some of the most interesting gatherings that ever occurred in this city. On the fatal morning of July 11, 1804, Hamilton left the Grange in order to meet Burr on the "field of honor," and never returned.

THE THIRTEEN TREES.

The most historic trees in the world are the thirteen planted by Hamilton in honor of the Union. His efforts to establish it have never been suitably appreciated. As a member of the convention which formed the constitution, he performed no ordinary task, and he was pained to see that instrument opposed by some of the most influential men in the State. The constitution, however, triumphed, in honor of which Hamilton planted a tree for every State, and to show the true nature of the Union he placed them in a circle. Those who now visit the Grange will see these very trees, but instead of tender saplings, one beholds lofty height and spreading verdure. How strange it is that not one of this number has died. On the other hand, they exhibit a varied growth. Some are larger than others; just as the States themselves have varied in development. This group of trees is one of the most remarkable relics in America, and it may be hoped that they will be carefully preserved whatever may be the demands of progress. By way of explanation, it may be



HAMILTON'S GRANGE, WHERE HE WAS LIVING AT THE TIME OF THE DUEL.



THE THIRTEEN TREES PLANTED BY ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

added that they are plane trees, a species noted for endurance.

THE FAMOUS DUEL.

Our readers are so familiar with this harrowing affair that I shall only mention some of its prominent features. Burr being determined to have satisfaction for Hamilton's long-continued opposition, which he considered the cause of his political ruin, sent a message demanding explanation of some offensive remarks. This took place on the 18th of June, 1804. Four letters were exchanged between the principals, and nine days elapsed before a challenge was sent.

Hamilton had a clear view of the determination of his correspondent. He saw that a hostile message was inevitable, and being in obedience to what are falsely called the laws of honor, he accepted it as soon as offered. He was conscientiously opposed to the practice, with very good reason indeed, since his son Philip had fallen in a duel with Captain Eacker two years previously; but he could not break the iron rule of military life. He would not send a challenge, but he would not refuse one. He had twenty years previously served as a second, and now he appeared as a principal.

The duel to which I refer was fought between General Lee and Colonel Laurens, and the seconds were respectively Major Edwards and Colonel Hamilton, the latter being then only twenty-two years old. Lee, who hated Washington, had spoken of him openly in terms of disrespect, and Laurens, as an admirer and friend of the latter, challenged the calumniator to mortal combat. This was in December, 1778, and the meeting took place near Philadelphia. It is remarkable that Washington, though opposed to duelling, should have been the occasion of

two hostile meetings. The first took place on the previous Fourth of July, General Cadwallader having challenged General Conway, originator of the cabal whose object was to supersede Washington by Gates. In each of these occasions the offenders were wounded, though not fatally — but to return to Hamilton and Burr.

APPROACHING EVENTS.

On the Fourth of July, 1804, just a week before the duel, both parties to it attended the dinner of the Society of the Cincinnati. Hamilton was in good spirits and sang *The Drum*, which then was a popular song. How little was it then dreamed that he had accepted a challenge! Burr, on the other hand, conversed very little. The paper which Hamilton left as a testimonial against duelling shows that his conduct was in opposition to his conscience. He felt that he had no right to expose a life which his family needed so deeply, and acting as he did in face of this conclusion, he was guilty of a dreadful wrong.

Hamilton's second was Nathaniel Pendleton, a respectable lawyer, whose office was at No. 17 Wall street. Burr's second was William P. Van Ness, also a lawyer, whose office was at No. 10 Pine street, near the *Evening Post* establishment. By special arrangement the meeting was postponed until after the circuit court, which was held on the 6th, in which Hamilton had an important case. When this had been disposed of, Mr. Pendleton informed Van Ness that his principal was ready. Sunday, the 8th, was passed by Hamilton in the bosom of his family. What a grievous wrong he was about to inflict upon them! On Monday he made his will, leaving everything to his wife and commending her to his children. Tuesday was spent in preliminaries to the meeting, which was to come off early the next day. A surgeon and a boatman were

to be engaged, and the former was found in Dr. Hosack, who was one of the leading practitioners of the age.

On that day Burr wrote a long letter to Theodosia, giving explicit directions as to the disposition of his affairs, and also advice in reference to the education of her little boy. He also wrote a careful and elaborate letter to her husband, in which other details are given, and he concludes with the brief explanation: "I have called out General Hamilton, and we meet to-morrow. Van Ness will give you the particulars. The preceding has been written in view of this. If it should be my lot to fall — yet I shall live in you and your son." It may be observed as a striking contrast not only that Burr did not fall, but that he survived both his daughter and her husband, as well as their son, and died in miserable old age.

THE MEETING.

It was arranged between the seconds that Burr should be on the ground first, and he must have left Richmond Hill before six o'clock. Pendleton says that at seven in the morning the Hamilton party reached the spot (which was Weehawken), and the ferryman was ordered to wait at the bank. Burr and Van Ness were busy clearing the ground so as to make an opening. The principals saluted each other in that formal manner which the laws of honor demand. The distance (ten paces) was measured, and then Van Ness and Pendleton united in loading a brace of pistols. They then drew for choice of position, which Hamilton won, and the combatants immediately took their places.

By previous agreement, the following had been arranged as the method of combat: "The parties having been placed in proper position, the second who gives the word shall ask them if they are ready, and being answered

in the affirmative shall say 'present,' and after this the parties shall present and fire when they please." The word was given by Pendleton, and both parties presented and fired in succession. Pendleton says that Burr took deliberate aim. Hamilton fired after Burr, but the intervening time was a matter of disagreement. It could not, however, have been more than two or three seconds, for he fell mortally wounded by the first fire. Burr immediately advanced toward the wounded man with an expression of regret, and then, without speaking, turned and left the field. The spot on which Hamilton fell was subsequently indicated by a monument placed there by the St. Andrew's Society, of which Hamilton was a member. It stood in what was Thirty-first street in the old Weehawken district, but the improvement in that vicinity has required its removal.

As Hamilton sank to the ground Pendleton ran to his assistance, and Dr. Hosack, who heard the firing, was also immediately at hand. The unfortunate man was hardly able to speak. They carried him down to the boat, passing the Burr party, and to prevent identification Van Ness covered his principal with his opened umbrella. Burr was rowed as rapidly as possible to Richmond Hill, where he remained several days and then went to Philadelphia. He felt that his crime had exiled him from New York, and he did not revisit that city until after the lapse of eight years.

HOSACK'S STATEMENT.

Dr. Hosack says he found Hamilton sitting on the ground upheld by the arms of his second. "His countenance I shall never forget; he had just strength enough to say 'this is a mortal wound,' and then sank back to the ground apparently lifeless." The ferrymen put forth

every effort to return, and the sea breeze revived the wounded man, who immediately referred to his wife. "Let her be sent for," said he; "but break the news gently and give her hope." Dr. Hosack soon found the words of the unfortunate man too true; the wound was mortal. Mrs. Hamilton and the family reached Bayard's about noon, and here the dying man took his last view of that group which he had so greatly wronged. The spectacle was too painful for him, and he closed his eyes in mental agony; but when the children (six in number) were withdrawn, he consoled his wife with the words: "Remember, Eliza, you are a Christian." He was subsequently visited by Bishop Moore, who was gratified to hear the dying man's repentance, and administered to him the communion according to the custom of the Protestant Episcopal church. Hamilton's wound was beyond human aid. Hosack found, on post-mortem examination, that the bullet had fractured the third rib and then passed through the liver and diaphragm and lodged in the second lumbar vertebra. Hamilton lingered in great agony until the next day at two o'clock in the afternoon, when he expired. Thus Aaron Burr obtained "satisfaction."

THE FUNERAL.

Hamilton's city residence was closed for the season, or the funeral would probably have been held there. The remains, however, were removed from Bayard's to the house of John B. Church, down town. Church was Hamilton's brother-in-law and was so dear a friend that he had been named as one of the executors of his will, and no doubt craved this last privilege of hospitality to the honored dead. Coleman, editor of the Evening Post, in referring to the sad event, says: "In the death of General Hamilton I have lost my ablest adviser and my dearest

friend," and on the day of the funeral the office was closed and no paper issued.

The obsequies were under the control of the Society of the Cincinnati. At ten o'clock Colonel Morton and his corps appeared in the park with six pieces of artillery. Two of these were stationary, and fired minute guns during the procession, of which the others formed an imposing feature. The Cincinnati and the clergy met in the college near by, and thus, in detail, a grand funeral column was formed, which marched from Greenwich street up to the city hall park, then down Beekman street and up Pearl to Whitehall street, after which it swept through Broadway until it reached Trinity church. Gouverneur Morris then delivered an appropriate eulogy, and the remains were buried and three volleys were fired over the grave. The monument placed here is still one of the most interesting features in Trinity church yard. Fifty-three years after his burial the remains of his widow were laid by his side.

HAMILTON'S PREPARATIONS.

On examining the real estate record of New York, I find that on the 6th of July, 1804, the unfortunate statesman executed a deed of trust conveying all his property to John B. Church and William Pendleton (his second) for the purpose of meeting his debts, and especially a note due at the Bank of New York for \$900.

He also specifies that a set of the British classics just received from the bookseller (but not paid for) be returned. This shows Hamilton's honesty in business matters, and had he been equally honest toward his family he never would have risked his life merely to obey the mis-called laws of honor. This deed of trust is the last record of Alexander Hamilton in the library of the regis-

ter's office, and it was his last work prior to the duel, with the exception of his will. It was executed on Saturday, and the next Saturday witnessed his funeral.

HIS WILL.

On the 9th of July, two days before the duel, Hamilton made his will, for, though he really had nothing to bequeath, he desired to give utterance to his feelings in view of a possibly fatal result, and he also desired to impress upon his children a full sense of filial duty. How sad, and yet how tender are the utterances which I quote from this instrument, which may be found in the surrogate's office :

Though, if it should please God to spare my life, I may look for a considerable surplus out of my present property ; yet, if he should speedily call me into the eternal world, a forced sale, as is usual, may possibly render it insufficient to satisfy my debts.

I pray God that something may remain for the maintenance and education of my dear wife and children. But if, on the contrary, it happens that there is not enough for payment of my debts, I entreat my dear children, if they or any of them shall ever be able, to make up the deficiency.

I, without hesitation, commit to their delicacy a wish which is dictated by my own. Though conscious I have too far sacrificed the interests of my family to public avocations, and, on this account, have less claim to burden my children, yet I trust in their magnanimity to appreciate, as they ought, my request.

In so unfavorable an event, the support of their dear mother, with the most respectful and tender affection, is a duty — all the sacredness of which they will feel.

Does it not seem almost incredible that a man who could write thus tenderly should set himself up for a mark for a duelist? Why did not a sense of his duty to that beloved family lead him to resist the miscalled law of honor? It is certainly very strange.

HAMILTON AND THE CINCINNATI.

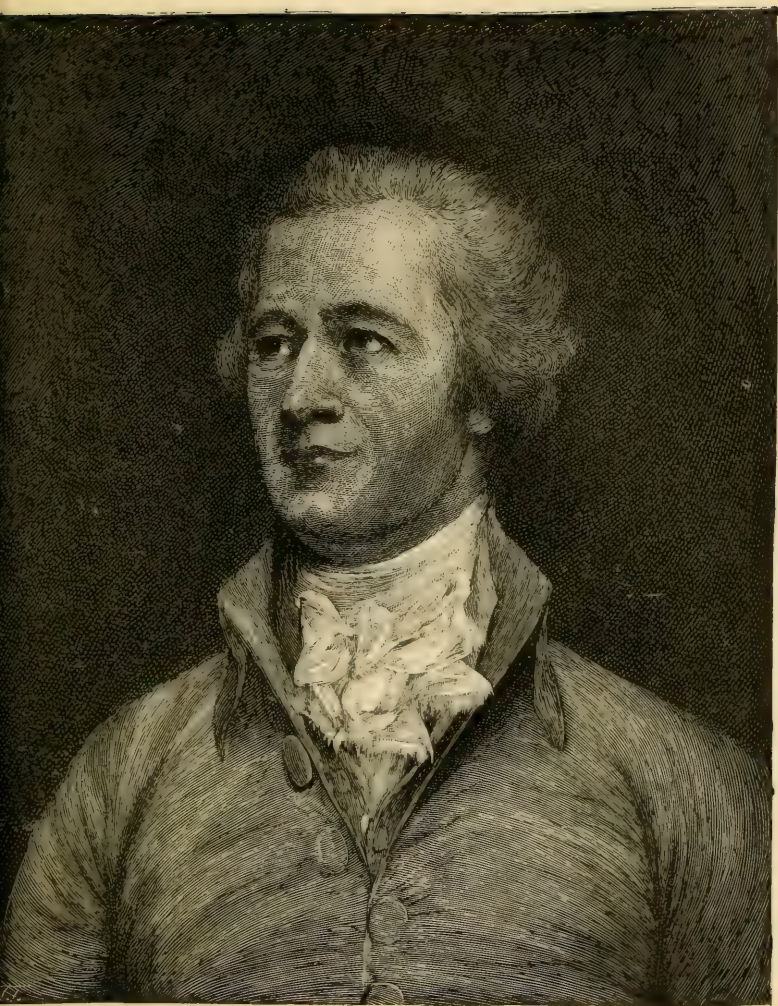
The most impressive meeting of this society was held in honor of Gen. Hamilton. It took place on the last

day of July, 1804, in the church which formerly occupied the corner of William and Fulton streets, and the address on the occasion was delivered by John M. Mason, who was an honorary member. The month was an eventful one in the records of the Cincinnati. They celebrated the Fourth by a dinner at the City hotel, Burr and Hamilton being both present. The latter appeared in good spirits, and entertained the company with *The Drum*, which was then a popular song. How little did that assemblage imagine that the deed was even then already planned, and the very day appointed.

On the 11th the city was convulsed with the news of the bloody result. The next day Hamilton died, and the Cincinnati formed an impressive feature in the funeral procession. The occasion to which I have referred was the finale in this sad succession, and Mason's address was the finest of his efforts. It may be included among the best specimens of American eloquence, for Mason was really the most impressive speaker of his day, and his intensity of thought and pungency of expression rendered him, indeed, a model of oratory. The society afterward erected a tablet in the interior of Trinity church, and the inscription, also from the pen of Mason, is so admirable that I add it, not only as appropriate to the subject, but also as one of the finest paragraphs in our language :

This tablet does not propose to perpetuate the memory of a man to whom the age has produced no superior, nor to emblazon worth eminently conspicuous in every feature of his country's greatness, nor to anticipate posterity in its judgment of the loss which she has sustained by his premature death, but to attest, in the simplicity of grief, the veneration and anguish which fill the hearts of the society of the Cincinnati on every recollection of their illustrious brother, Major-General Alexander Hamilton.

Reader, did you ever meet any thing more simple, more powerful and more comprehensive.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

John M. Mason was the ablest preacher of that day and was often designated the Thunderer. He was an intimate friend of Hamilton and wrote the epitaph upon his monument; also the inscription on the tablet in Trinity Church — both of which are very felicitous. He was invited to deliver an address before the Society of the Cincinnati on the occasion of Hamilton's death. This took place a few days after the funeral, and I offer the following extract :

Whoever was second Hamilton must be first. To his stupendous and versatile mind no investigation was difficult. Superiority, in some particular, belong to thousands. Pre-eminence in whatever he chose to undertake, was the sole prerogative of Hamilton. No fixed criterion could be applied to his talents. Often has their display been supposed to have reached the limit of human effort; and this opinion stood firm till set aside by himself.

When a cause of new magnitude required his exertion he rose, he towered, he soared, surpassing himself as he had surpassed others. Then was nature tributary to his eloquence! Then was felt his despotism over the heart! Touching at his pleasure every string of pity or terror, of indignation or grief, he melted, he soothed, he aroused, he agitated — alternately gentle as the dew, and awful as the thunder — yet, great as he was in the eyes of the world, he was still greater to those with whom he was the most conversant.

The greatness of most men, like objects seen through a mist, diminishes with the distance; but Hamilton, like a tower seen afar off under a clear sky, rose in grandeur and sublimity with every step of approach. Familiarity with him was the parent of veneration. Over these matchless talents, probity threw her brightest lustre, while tenderness and benevolence breathed through their exercise. But, he is gone; that noble heart is silent in death, and the brightest gleam of American glory is extinguished in the tomb.

HAMILTON'S DEATH PLACE.

Biographers say that "Hamilton died at the house of a friend in the suburbs of the city." Such a statement, however, could not satisfy a careful enquirer and hence I was determined to make close investigation. I learned that the friend referred to was William Bayard, a prominent business man, who had a farm and country seat at Green-

wich, a village which then clustered on the banks of the Hudson within walking distance from the city. Being desirous of visiting the house I found it in Jane street about a mile and a half from the Battery. It was three stories high and of old-fashion breadth, with hall in the center, and though built of wood, had been kept in preservation by paint, the color being light brown.

Ringing at the door I was ushered into a spacious hall where the "lady of the house" soon appeared. She readily guessed the object of my visit and seemed pleased to inhabit a place of such historic character. She had a sub-tenant occupying part of the house, but I was made equally welcome by both families.

One of the "ladies" seemed to look on my visit as a matter of course. "Oh, yes," said she, "there was a man here awhile ago and photographed the house and me sitting in the window." "Why did he photograph it?" was my inquiry, for I had not mentioned any names and was desirous to see what she knew on the subject. "Why, sir, there was a great man died here and he was a general," was the reply, "but I don't know his name. He was a great man though, and somebody killed him and everybody felt bad, but I don't know what his name was." Reader, how could I avoid smiling to myself and recalling Byron's lines on revisiting the grave of a distinguished poet, of whom the sexton knew nothing :

* * * * For I did dwell
 With a deep thought and a softened eye
 On that old sexton's natural homily,
 In which there was obscurity and fame,
 The glory and the nothing of a name.

Going up stairs I could not but notice the dignity and elegance of the upper rooms, especially when I considered that this was but a summer house. The ceilings were high and the wooden mantels must, in their day,

have been the best of workmanship. While I was looking at them the woman explained: "There was an old man came here a spell ago, and he looked at them and then he looked at everything else, and said it hadn't been changed since he was a boy." This man, of course, must have been some branch of the Bayard family, but my informant could not give me his name.

THE DEATH ROOM.

"Can you tell me where the General died?" was my inquiry, after finishing my survey of up-stairs. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "he died down stairs in the back room." We proceeded thither, and I immediately perceived this to be the best place in the house for a sick man. It looked out on a pretty yard and was connected with the front parlor by folding doors. This was the place where the greatest statesman of his day passed the last hours of his life, suffering the agony of a mortal wound and the deeper agony of parting from a wife and six children, who were left with no visible means of support. The mourning family, in this very room, surrounded the dying bed, and thence the corpse was borne down town for the purpose of holding the funeral services. The latter began at the house of Hamilton's brother-in-law, John B. Church, but were concluded in Trinity with all the impressive accompaniments of such an occasion. I regret to add that not long after my visit the Bayard house was demolished in order to give place to a more profitable building.

HAMILTON'S MONUMENT.

Having stood more than eighty years, it had fallen into a bad condition, but recent repair has fully restored it, and the epitaph is clearly legible. The latter is much ad-

mired, and as it may interest some of our readers, I add a copy :

To the memory of
ALEXANDER HAMILTON,
The corporation of Trinity church has erected this
MONUMENT
In testimony for their respect
For
The patriot of incorruptible integrity;
The Soldier of approved valor;
The Statesman of consummate wisdom,
Whose talents and virtues will be admired
By
Grateful posterity
Long after this marble shall have moldered into
DUST.
He died July 12, 1804, aged 47.

THE EACKER DUEL.

The most talented of Hamilton's sons was the first born. He was named Philip, after his grandfather, Gen. Schuyler, and was considered a brilliant youth. At nineteen he had graduated at Columbia college, and was an active young politician, a fact which easily explains the way in which he met his death. At that time duels were a very common way of settling political quarrels, and every leading man was obliged to be ready at any time to send or accept a challenge. This is illustrated by the untimely death of Philip Hamilton.

His antagonist was an ambitious young man from Palatine, New York, named George Eacker, who had lived in New York seven years, during which time he had studied law with Brockholst Livingston, and had become one of the best lawyers of the day. Eacker also had a military taste and was captain in the militia. He had reached his twenty-fourth year and was invited to deliver the Fourth of July oration, which then was a great distinction. Eacker was an admirer of Burr, and was a political opponent of Hamilton. Hence the young Federalists turned

their shafts upon him, and as a point of ridicule called him "the Mohawk Dutchman."

One evening Philip Hamilton, accompanied by a young friend named Price, entered the Park theater and saw Eacker there accompanied by some ladies. He made use of a contemptuous expression, to which Eacker retorted, and added that he expected to hear from them. This hint was enough. According to the code of honor, both Price and Hamilton were obliged to challenge him, and this was done that very night. Eacker accepted, and the next Sunday was appointed for their meeting. Price came first, and after five shots had been exchanged without effect, the seconds interfered and declared their honor purged. Hamilton fought next day and was mortally wounded at the first fire. He was buried in Trinity church yard, and within two years his father was laid by his side, a similar victim to the laws of honor.

A peculiar feature in these duels is the fact neither of the Hamiltons had any murderous desire. One of them was the challenger and the other was the challenged party, but both fell. That no stone commemorates the name of Philip Hamilton may be explained by the fact that his father's monument covers both graves.

EACKER'S GRAVE.

Captain Eacker lived at No. 50 Wall street, the spot being now occupied by a palatial bank building that cost \$1,000,000. He died of consumption in little more than two years after the duel, and was buried with military honors. Having learned that he was buried in St. Paul's church yard, I spent a long time in searching for the grave, which was marked by a small headstone bearing the following inscription : _

In memory of
Captain George I. Eacker,
Died January 24, 1804,
Aged 26 years.

Less than six months after Eacker's death the senior Hamilton was shot, and was buried by the side of his son, and these three are the only duelists whose graves are to be found in New York.

THE LAST FATAL DUEL.

The last duel of a fatal character in which a resident of New York was engaged, took place in 1827. William G. Graham, son of a leading merchant, was connected with the *Courier and Enquirer*. He was a man of fine personal appearance, attractive manners, and unusual culture, having been educated at Cambridge university, England, where he became acquainted with Talfourd. Making the tour of Europe he returned and became an able editor. He wrote some sketches of our distinguished families, in which he spoke disrespectfully of the Livingstons. This was resented by Dr. Burton, afterward secretary of legation at Paris, and an altercation took place at Niblo's saloon, corner Pine and William streets. Graham knocked the doctor down and a challenge followed. Graham was an avowed duelist and accepted the hostile message with all the promptness required by the so-called law of honor. The day before the meeting he wrote a letter to the *Evening Post* in which he said, "I admit I am wrong in striking Burton, thus forcing him into the position of challenger, but it is out of the question for me to explain, retract or apologize; after he is perfectly satisfied I may perhaps apologize — that is, if I am fatally wounded;" and he closes with the remark: "What can a poor fellow do except bow to the supremacy of custom?" The parties met at Hoboken, and Graham

fell dead at the first fire. This fearful tragedy led to the anti-duelling law. It is remarkable that there has been but one prosecution under the latter, this having been the Webb and Marshall case.

BURR'S BIOGRAPHER

It is astonishing to see what a bungling job Matthew L. Davis made of so interesting a subject as the life of Aaron Burr. The chief value of the book is its copious extracts from the correspondence so long maintained between Burr and his daughter. This is of such a free and social character that it hardly seems like the epistolary intercourse between parent and child. Conversing with a man who knew Burr, at least in his latter days, I alluded to the inferiority of Davis' life. He replied that Burr did not have a correct idea of Davis' abilities. They had, however, been friends for forty years, and hence Burr made him his literary executor. Davis witnessed the duel between Hamilton and Burr, and when the latter wrote to Allston: "One of my friends is in prison for refusing to testify against me," he referred to his subsequent biographer. Davis survived Burr fifteen years, and died in New York at eighty-four. He was a printer, and in this manner learned to write and for some years was New York correspondent of the London Times, being then known as the Old Man in Specs.

Parton's biography is a much more interesting picture of Burr and his times, but the author did not have space for Theodosia's correspondence, which really is too important to be lost. I know of nothing like it in the whole world of literature and only wish that Davis had

been more liberal in this respect. Burr is mentioned anonymously in Mrs. Coghlan's Memoirs, which is a rare and curious book. She was the daughter of Captain Moncrieffe, a British officer, who was stationed in New York during the early part of the Revolution. Aaron Burr, who was then a subaltern, made her acquaintance, and she confesses that she immediately fell in love with him, and though she concealed his name, the identity is very apparent.

FICCTIONS CONCERNING BURR.

It is said that on one occasion Burr, during his latter days, entered the court-room in New York and that the whole bar at once rose as a mark of respect. It is also said that on another occasion he happened to meet a young man in company, whom he approached with extended hand. The other, however, drew back, and pointing the finger of scorn, exclaimed: "I am the son of Alexander Hamilton!"

It is also said, that after Burr's death, a mysterious lady came to Princeton and often visited his grave, which she adorned with flowers. She afterward disappeared, but it was found that a monument had been erected over the grave at midnight and it was inferred that this woman must be its author. It was also said by Parton that Burr's last word was "madame" — thus indicating the power of his ruling passion, the love of the fair sex.

All these reports, as well as those concerning Theodosia, however, are incorrect. One of the Edwards family who was present at the death scene, told me that Burr was unable to speak for some time prior to his last breath, but appeared extremely anxious to say something, as though to unburden his mind. This, however, was beyond his power.

As for the monument over his grave all romance is dispelled by the fact that it was erected by his kindred, the Edwards, who were then rich, and held both social and professional prominence. Going still farther back — even to the time of the famous duel — I find, by referring to the journals of that day, that Burr wore a suit of silk beneath his other clothing. This report was based on the idea prevalent at that time that silk was bullet proof. Of course, it was false, but it illustrates the extent with which fiction has invested the history of Aaron Burr.

BURR'S LAND OPERATIONS.

Burr was a bold land speculator, and during the twenty years which preceded the duel, he made twenty-four purchases and eighty-four sales, such at least being the number on record. This was a large business for one who began penniless, and it indicates his love of speculation and adventure. On the other hand Hamilton made but two purchases, one of which was the Grange, which is still in existence, but will soon be demolished. He gave \$2,000 for the land, which included about thirty acres. The purchase was made July 7, 1797, and only five weeks previously Burr had purchased Richmond Hill, which included almost an equal extent. Burr, however, had previously occupied Richmond Hill as a tenant for several years, and his purchase was, in fact, only the acquisition of a long lease. He was to pay a ground rent to Trinity church of \$201.71 for twenty-one years, with privilege of two renewals, at a valuation. This lease was a fortune in itself, but the duel destroyed all plans. It also explains the power of attorney, which I find on record, dated August 10, 1804, which empowers Matthew L. Davis to sell any or all of his real estate and to give deeds. Burr executed this in view of long protracted absence.

In the meantime, however, John Jacob Astor was eager to improve his opportunity. Knowing that Burr would be driven into exile, he began a negotiation for Richmond Hill, and Burr stayed after the duel ten days beyond his appointed time for departure in order to consummate the transaction. The result was that Astor bought the lease for \$10,000, and in this manner held three hundred and fifty lots for sixty-six years, at an average rent of seventy-five cents a lot. The lease expired in 1866, and the lots were then each worth \$200 a year.

The above conveyance to Astor is the last that bears the name of Aaron Burr, except when acting as trustee. The latter occurred when he had charge of the Eden estate. He never bought a foot of land after the duel.

A very peculiar illustration of Burr's imperturbable frame is found in the fact that on the 11th of July — the very day of the duel — he executed a deed in favor of Jacob Marks of a lot in Carmine street. The price was \$200. Carmine street then was a suburb, but now a business thoroughfare, and such lots are worth \$25,000.

BURR AND GREELEY.

Rarely are two public men found more widely different in character than Aaron Burr and Horace Greeley, and yet both fell into the same political blunder which in each case was ruinous. Greeley was nominated as an independent candidate for the presidency in 1872, and later on and contrary to his expectations, was also nominated by the Democrats. This placed him in a false position and caused him great agony. The last three months of the canvass, indeed, was a protracted martyrdom, and he died a victim to this unexpected complication.

A striking precedent is found in Burr, for when his vice-presidency had reached its third year he received a

nomination as independent candidate for governor of New York. His own party being dissatisfied with this movement made what they called a regular nomination, placing Morgan Lewis at the head of the ticket. The Federalists, thereupon, nominated Burr, who thus found himself in the bosom of a party which he had opposed for twenty years.

A number of leading Federalists then attacked him just as some leading Democrats fought Greeley, and the result was a tremendous defeat. Hamilton was one of Burr's most powerful opponents and hence was singled out for revenge, and the duel took place only three months after Burr's defeat in the gubernatorial canvass.

VOYAGE UP THE HUDSON.

Burr, who wrote everything to his daughter, gives her the following description of a voyage up the Hudson :

The headache with which I left New York grew so extreme that, finding it impossible to proceed in the stage, the view of a vessel off Tarrytown under full sail, tempted me to go aboard. We reached West Point that night and lay at anchor nearly three days. After a variety of changes from sloop to wagon, from wagon to canal, and from canal to sloop again, I reached Albany.

How little could we have dreamed that the time would come when a daily average of ten thousand passengers would make the same trip in four hours. It is well to remember such things when one is inclined to grieve for the loss of the good old times.

Here is another dated Albany, August 4, 1797 :

We arrived here yesterday after a hot, tedious passage of seven days. The first evening being under full sail, we ran ashore at Tappan and lay there twenty-four hours. With great labor we got off, but soon missed our long boat. We lost the tide while looking for it, and so lay till the next tide set in. Having then made sail with a pretty strong head wind, at the very first tack the Dutch horse fell overboard. The poor devil was tied with a rope about the neck so that he had the alternative of hanging or drowning, for the river was very rough. Fortunately for him the

rope broke, and he went souse into the water. He sunk so deep that we were fifty yards from him when he came up and he immediately swam down the river with all force. We fitted out our long boat in pursuit, and at length drove him ashore, where I hired a man to take him to a place of safety. This delayed us another tide. The rest of the voyage was without accident, except as you may picture to yourself in a small cabin with seven men, seven women and two crying children.

THEODOSIA'S MARRIAGE.

It may seem strange that Theodosia should not have been married at her own home, the beautiful Richmond Hill, which was one of the most delightful places in New York. The reason of this is found in the fact that the spring of 1801 was a time of critical importance in Burr's history and he could not wait for an elaborate wedding. He was in service at Albany as member of the legislature, and hence his daughter left her home and went thither in order to be married under her father's care.

The wedding was a hurried affair, and the clergyman was a stranger to all the parties. Theodosia left Alston in a despondent frame concerning the danger of a winter journey to Albany. The following is her last letter to him before marriage. It is dated Poughkeepsie, January 24, 1801 :

Thus far have we advanced on this *terrible* journey (from which you predicted so many evils) without meeting even with inconvenience. How strange that Mr. Alston should be wrong! Do not, however, pray for misfortune to befall us, that your character may be retrieved. It were useless, I assure you, although I am very sensible how anxious you must now be to inspire me with all due respect and reverence. I should prefer to feel it in some other way. We shall go hence to Albany in a sleigh, and hope to arrive on Sunday evening, that we may be *settled* on Thursday. Adieu. Health and happiness.

THEODOSIA.

The word *settled*, which Theodosia italicised, refers to their expected wedding, which took place on the 7th of February. While the wedding was under way in Albany, Burr's friends in Washington were preparing to urge his



Theodosia

claims for the presidency. His political lieutenant and manager was Samuel Smith, of New Jersey, who wielded great influence. Three days after Theodosia had become Mrs. Joseph Alston, the ballotings in congress began, and amid these exciting expectations the married pair started for Charleston.

Burr followed them, and they met in Washington. It was their only happy reunion and was soon to be followed by misfortune and even misery. Immediately after the inauguration the Alstons went south, and on the 8th of March, Burr wrote thus to Theodosia: "Your letter assured me of your safety and for a moment consoled me for your absence. The only consolation, however, is the belief that you will be happy and the certainty that we shall often meet."

Three days afterward he wrote thus: "Let us think of the expected meeting, and not of the separation. God bless thee ever!" Two weeks after the inauguration Burr returned to New York and the following extract from his first letter to Theodosia gives a painful view of a desolation for which even the vice-presidency could not compensate. "I approached Richmond Hill as I would approach the sepulchre of all my friends — dreary, solitary, comfortless. It was no longer home!"

Theodosia revisited her father at Richmond Hill two years afterward and then returned south. It was her last visit to New York, and when she next met her father he was a fugitive from justice and was execrated as the murderer of Hamilton. After that painful meeting they parted and never met again. What a sad disappointment to those paternal expectations of happy days!

PROPOSED TRIBUTE TO THEODOSIA.

Burr's sole affection was centered upon his daughter, who was at that time the most brilliant young woman in

America, and John Davis, the English traveler, who was then in this city, thus refers to her accomplishments :

Mr. Burr introduced me to his daughter, whom he has educated with uncommon care. She is elegant without ostentation, and learned without pedantry. She dances with more grace than any other lady in New York, and speaks French and Italian with facility — is perfectly conversant with the writers of the Augustan age, and is not unacquainted with the “father of poetry.” Martel (a Frenchman) has dedicated to her a volume of his productions with the Horatian epithet of “*dulce decus.*”

At the time the above was written Theodosia was on the point of that ill-starred union which removed her from the city she loved, and separated her from an idolized father, and it was to meet him after a long, protracted absence that she sailed from Charleston in a pilot-boat, which was never heard of after leaving port. I would now suggest to the ladies the duty of erecting a suitable monument to Theodosia, as the first New York woman who commanded the admiration of visitors from the old world, and whose fate seems the more painful when contrasted with her brilliant gifts and finished accomplishments. I am well assured that the best location in Trinity burial ground could be obtained for this purpose, but a statue in Central park would be more appropriate.

MACREADY'S DESCRIPTION.

The following extract is from Macready's journal to show the impression the duellist made in the tragedian :

October, 1826, visited city hall and as we passed through the vaulted passage underneath, a solitary figure of the middle size dressed in a light gray-colored suit, which with his pale complexion gave him in his loneliness somewhat of a ghostly appearance. When we had passed him, one of my friends asked me if I knew him. On my replying in the negative he told me he was Col. Burr, who had shot Hamilton, and had been under prosecution for high treason. He looked like the mysterious shadow of unrepented evil, and once seen the vision was not to be forgotten.

Reader, I have often paced that vaulted passage, and as I recall its dim light, I can well believe that such a

scene was one not easily forgotten. What a contrast is found in the sketch which John Davis penned a quarter century previously. Davis came from London and had translated Bonaparte's Italian Campaign which Caritat published, and it gave the translator immediate prominence.

DAVIS' PICTURE.

My translation introduced me to the acquaintance of some distinguished characters in New York, and among others that caressed me was the celebrated Colonel Burr, who was in the late election (1800) chosen for the office of Vice-President.

To a genius of singular perspicacity, Mr. Burr joins the most bland and conciliating manner. With a versatility of powers, of which, perhaps, America furnishes no other example, he is capable of yielding an undivided attention to a single object of pursuit. Hence, we find him at the close of the Revolutionary war, in which he took a very honorable part, practicing the law with unrivalled brilliancy and success.

For a short period Mr. Burr acted as Attorney General to the State; but his professional reputation, already at the acme of splendour, could derive no new lustre from the office.

Such are the outlines of the character of the man who, cultivating literature himself, loved to encourage it in others; and who, with a condescension little known to patrons, sought out my obscure lodgings in a populous city, and invited me to his house.

I found Mr. Burr at breakfast, reading my translation over his coffee. He received me with that urbanity which, while it precludes familiarity, banishes restraint; and discovered by his conversation, that he was not less skilled in elegant literature, than in the science of graciousness and attraction.

The above sketch shows Burr under the most favorable colors. As Davis was a member of the press, Burr knew the importance of securing his friendship, and he probably exerted his full power of fascination. Davis perhaps, would have been surprised had he been informed that Washington had always disliked this wonderful man, and had refused to appoint him to a foreign embassy although this was urged by strong political influence.

STRANGE COMBINATION.

The correspondence from which I make the following extracts is so unique, that it certainly commands attention.

The italics that occur are copied. By way of preface, I would state that Burr's first wife was the widow Theodosia Prevost. That a brilliant young colonel in the Continental army, whose mastery over the sex was even then well known, should be the conquest of a widow ten years his senior certainly seems remarkable. Hence we may infer that there must have been something peculiarly fascinating in the woman who could carry off such a prize.

Of the courtship no details are given, and the few facts which are known may thus be briefly told. A French family named De Vinne lived in New Jersey, near the New York line, prior to the Revolution. One of the number was the wife of Captain Prevost, a British officer, who had been ordered to the West Indies, where he died, leaving his widow burdened with two sons.

The De Vinnes were tories, and a brother of the widow Prevost, while fighting for the crown, had been taken prisoner by the Continental troops. Hence the De Vinnes were suspected and placed under surveillance. They, however, interested the American officers by their elegant manners, and at last their house became highly attractive. As the British power waned and suspicion gave place to friendship, Burr became a frequent visitor, and before the close of hostilities he was under matrimonial engagement with the brilliant and fascinating widow. They had been acquainted two years, and occasionally when Burr was ill he found the value of the ministrations he received at the hand of his betrothed. These facts may explain the facility with which the discrepancy in years was overcome.

BURR'S FIRST MARRIAGE.

The wedding took place on the 2d of July, 1782, after which Burr proceeded to Albany, where he was admitted to the bar. He then returned for his wife, and the newly-

wedded pair began domestic life. He lived near what is now the corner of State street and Broadway, while Hamilton, who was brother-in-law to the Patroon, lived near the Manor house.

These men, however, sought a wider field than Albany, and Burr removed to New York city as soon as peace was declared. Theodosia, who became the most distinguished woman ever born in Albany, was but an infant when her parents took up their abode in Nassau street, opposite the site of the new Mutual Life building. In the first New York directory (printed in 1786), we find "Aaron Burr, Attorney at Law, 10 Little Queen street" (our present Cedar street), and hence it is evident that the office and dwelling were in close propinquity. These were Burr's best days, for he had not become embittered by politics, and the little Theodosia was the charm of his home. Tradition says that she was unusually bright and even precocious, and it is evident that the promise of early life was fully kept in the years of maturity.

Burr soon became popular as a real estate lawyer, and he also became a land speculator of unusual breadth and activity. During the twenty years of his New York life, preceding the famous duel, he made twenty-eight purchases and sixty sales, all of which may be found on the records of the registry office. This was certainly an extensive traffic for a man who began without a dollar, and who was absent so large a part of the time on public business. As a land operator his attention was attracted by Richmond Hill, with which his name will always be connected.

BUYS RICHMOND HILL.

It was natural that the father who idolized his daughter should make every effort to obtain a healthy home, and Richmond Hill was the finest suburban establishment then

in the market. It was built by Paymaster Mortier of the British army, a few years previous to the Revolution, and was named after that beautiful town which graces the Thames. During Washington's military occupation of New York, he made Richmond Hill his head-quarters, and on the establishment of our present government it was occupied by John Adams, who then held the vice-presidency. Mrs. Adams speaks of the beautiful view of the Hudson which its piazza afforded, and it had many attractions to any man of taste. In the latter part of 1790 Adams removed to Philadelphia, which then became the seat of National government, and Burr immediately succeeded him as tenant.

The distance to Wall street was little more than a mile, and this spacious and storied mansion was a beautiful and healthy home for Mrs. Burr and her three children. Burr himself was away much of the time. He had taught Theodosia to correspond with him, and her happiest hours were passed at Richmond Hill. The only shadow, indeed, upon her life was the failing health of her mother. The latter was an invalid when they moved into their rural abode, and soon afterward became seriously ill. Burr was then a senator at Philadelphia, and Theodosia was obliged to take care of her mother, who died in May, 1794, being then in her forty-ninth year. Mrs. Burr had many virtues, but tradition gives no religious element to any of the family. Burr was an admirer of Rousseau, and it is probable that his wife held similar views. We find her death thus mentioned in Greenleaf's New York Journal and Patriotic Register :

Died in this city on the 18th inst., after a long indisposition, Mrs. Theodosia Burr, consort of the Honorable Aaron Burr, senator in congress from this State.

It may be added as a peculiar feature in domestic his-

tory that no one knows where Mrs. Burr was buried. No monument has ever been found, and hence it may be inferred that none was erected. The only explanation for such neglect is found in the superficiality of Burr's character. He had no depth of sentiment, and his attachments, with the sole exception of paternal love, were shallow and evanescent. This is shown by a comparison of his case with that of Theodosia's husband. How deep indeed is the lament in which the latter expresses his grief? Burr's indifference to his deceased wife, on the other hand, reminds me of the language of Enobarbus to Mark Anthony: "If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had the case to be lamented. This grief is crowned with consolation — and indeed the tears do live in an onion that should water this sorrow." It is highly probable that the interment was in the little cemetery which is so near the former site of Richmond Hill.

Burr had been a kind husband, but he was everywhere a ladies' man, general admirer of the sex, and a well-known libertine. When he buried his wife he evidently intended that this should be the last of her. In none of his published letters is there an allusion to her memory, his correspondence with Theodosia being no exception. One would hardly think from these letters that the girl had ever had a mother, and yet Theodosia was then only thirteen, and such a bereavement might be expected to have been a common theme between parent and child. Burr left the city soon after the funeral, and on the 7th of June, 1794, just twenty days after his wife's death, he thus writes Theodosia from Philadelphia:

I have received, my dear Theodosia, two little, very little French letters. The last left you tormented with headache and toothache — too much for one poor little girl to suffer at once. I am sure you had taken some sudden cold. You must fight them as well as you can till I come, and then I will engage to keep them

at bay. You do not acknowledge the receipt of a long letter which I wrote you on the road the night after I left New York. I hope it has not missed you. Whatever you translate from Terence I beg you to have copied in a book in a very fair hand.

A. B.

Very strange that a father could thus write a daughter who had recently met so severe a loss with no allusion to the bereavement. This, however, we repeat, was a peculiar feature in the man. None of his letters contain any allusion to the dead, and even his honored ancestors are never mentioned. He appears to have been utterly devoid of that sentiment so beautifully suggested by Gray :

Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Theodosia became her father's housekeeper, assisted by servants, and having a companion in Natalie La Farge, an orphan to whom the Burrs had given a home. Three years thus elapsed, and we infer that Burr then contemplated marriage, from the fact that he at that time took the above-mentioned long lease of Richmond Hill. His star had continued in the ascendant until he became prominent among presidential candidates. Soon afterward, however, his greatest misfortunes began. Joseph Alston, of South Carolina, had won the affections of Theodosia, and their union was soon to be consummated. Burr had by that time failed in his highest expectations, but had reached the vice-presidency. This required him to vacate his seat in the State senate, but he attended the winter session, and hence Theodosia and Alston went to Albany to be married. The ceremony was private, and after it was over they all left for Washington, where Burr was inducted into the vice-presidency, March 4, 1801. Theodosia witnessed the impressive and gratifying ceremony and then accompanied her husband to his southern home.

The loss of a noble daughter's society was really Burr's greatest bereavement, and this was aggravated by distance and protracted separation. On Theodosia's part the match was unfortunate in the fact that a woman fitted to adorn the highest walks of society was thenceforth buried in plantation life. True, she married the governor of South Carolina, but when his office expired he retired to his plantation. Charleston, it is also true, was near her new home, but even Charleston was a stupid place compared with New York. Theodosia also suffered deeply in sympathy with her father. She knew well his love of female society, which, indeed, rendered him dependent on the sex for his sole happiness. She knew how lonely his home would be without her presence, and hence she encouraged him in the idea of a second marriage, which then became next in importance to political aspirations. Theodosia was then only twenty-one, but she had tact and discretion, which rendered her an admirable adviser in questions of this delicate nature.

Burr had for several years made his daughter a confidant in social matters, and hence he wrote her freely concerning his matrimonial expectations, to which she replied with corresponding freedom. We thus have the strange spectacle of a daughter advising her father in wife-hunting, and both criticising and suggesting, as the situation might require. Burr's position as vice-president rendered him highly eligible in a matrimonial aspect, but many difficulties arose, some of which are suggested in their mutual correspondence.

WIFE WANTED.

Soon after the inauguration congress adjourned and Burr returned to New York deeply conscious of his loss. It was the first time in fifteen years he had entered his

house without the welcome of that affectionate and admirable daughter. Her education had been his delight. He was justly proud both of her personal appearance and of her attainments, and she was no doubt the most brilliant woman of that day. But she was gone. How powerfully is this idea expressed in the following extract from the first letter which Burr wrote Theodosia after his return: "I approached home as I would the sepulchre of all my friends — dreary, solitary, comfortless."

The idea of matrimony appears to have then become more powerful than ever and he began to canvass the merits of different objects of attraction. Here is his first utterance to Theodosia on the subject, dated March 29, 1801: "Among others I saw B. lovely and interesting; but adieu to that! It must not, cannot be." A month afterward (April 29, 1801) he wrote as follows:

I had like to have forgotten to say a word in reply to your inquiries of matrimony, which would seem to indicate that I have no plan on the subject. Such is the fact. You are or were my projector in this line. If perchance I should have such a design it will be executed before you will hear of it. Yet I ought not to conceal that I have a most amiable overture from a lady who is always employed in something useful. She was, as you know, a few months past engaged to another; that "other" is suspended, if not quite dismissed. If I should meet her and she should challenge me I should probably strike at once.

The expression "who is always employed in something useful" is intended to identify the person to whom reference has been made, and thus avoid designation by name. Burr was cautious in the extreme in such matters, and never was known to commit himself by the indiscreet use of pen and ink. The affair thus referred to must have soon reached a conclusion, for less than a month afterward (May 29, 1801) Burr thus writes Theodosia:

But for a reason much more weighty you must hasten. *Il faut.* I want your counsel and exertions in an important negotiation actually commenced — but not advancing — which will probably be stationary till your arrival. Quite a new subject.

We thus see that within the space of two months Burr mentions three ladies as having attracted his matrimonial observation.

VARIOUS CANDIDATES.

Theodosia, however, could not hasten. It was then much more difficult to make a voyage from South Carolina to New York than it is at present to cross the Atlantic. Vessels were rare and the voyage was dangerous. Burr continued to flirt among the ladies, and Theodosia afterward came on to aid her father in his connubial pursuit. She brought her little boy (Aaron Burr Alston), and the lad developed rapidly, and as soon as he could talk designated the amatory vice-president as "gamp," which our readers will readily understand as an abbreviation for grandpa.

The latter now seems to make but little progress in the matrimonial scheme, which, however, he still cherished. He was fastidious in the extreme, and then the consciousness of the vice-presidency raised his aspirations to a still higher degree. In addition it may be said that he was deeply in debt, and felt that his position warranted expectations of wealth. In the meantime Theodosia increased in the desire that her father should have a companion, and the theme was the continued burden of their correspondence. Passing an interval of nearly three years, we find him thus writing under date of

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1803.— Don't scold and pout and I will tell you how I visited Annapolis, but what I did and who I saw are other matters. Something too about Celeste and something about Madame C., whom you are pleased to term "the rich widow." This, I think, will keep you quiet for a week.

In less than that time, however, Burr reviews the list in the following manner:

WASHINGTON, January 4, 1804.— La G. is much better than I heard. She is *d' une certaine age* and well looking, considering

the circumstances; cheerful and good tempered — the best of housewives and, as it is *thought*, willing. Celeste will be seen on the way home; but that La R. spoils every thing in Philadelphia. La Planche was seen on our way hither. All right and pretty; improved since last inspection; great friend to La R.

Having thus called the roll of candidates, Burr was prevented by the duties of the winter session from making any progress. As soon as congress adjourned, however, he thus advised Theodosia of his movements:

NEW YORK, February 8, 1804.—I left Philadelphia yesterday. How could I omit Celeste and her sisters, whom I saw several times? What of that? To-morrow I am to see La G. Pray for me.

A week afterward Burr briefly announced his decision in regard to one of the candidates in the following emphatic words:

NEW YORK, February 16, 1804.—La G. will not do.

The next step in this matrimonial effort is found in a letter dated five days afterward, which shows that Burr was returning from New York to Washington; it reads thus:

BALTIMORE, February 2, 1804.—On the way I saw Celeste and renewed with some levity a certain subject. It excited an agitation perfectly astonishing. I was exceedingly alarmed and perplexed, having imagined the denouement of last summer to have been conclusive. Perhaps there is some restraint of which I am ignorant. I strongly suspect that she has done violence to her feelings. Shall I investigate this point? Humph! Heigho.

Soon afterward Burr again visited New York and writes Theodosia thus:

NEW YORK, March 28, 1804.—I have written for that speech to Philadelphia, and it will come endorsed by the fair hand of Celeste — truly her hand and arm are handsome. I did not see her on my way through — *tant mieux* (*so much the better*) — for I took great affront. Thence ensued explanations, etc. Nothing like a quarrel to advance love. La Planche I did see twice in one day. The last a long, very long visit. Lovely in weeds. La G., of whom you inquire, is of the grave age of forty-six.

Burr thus resigned himself almost implicitly to Theodosia's choice. No wonder he calls her *ma* (my) Minerva. After an interval of more than a month he addresses her as follows :

NEW YORK, May 1, 1804.—How limited is human foresight! How truly are we the sport of accident! To-morrow I had proposed to visit Celeste and now alas!—

What the nature of the disappointment was is not mentioned, but we learn from the same letter that although a negative decision had been expressed concerning La G., her case is favorably reconsidered, and the reader will notice that an abatement is made in her age. Her chances indeed are improving :

La G. may be forty-one, something of the style and manners of the aunt of La R. Is about as silly — talks as much and as much nonsense ; is certainly good tempered and cheerful ; rather comely, abating a flat chest. Things are not gone to extremity — but there is danger — poor gampy ! It does not appear probable that I should make you a visit, even if La G. should not prevent it.

It appears from this paternal correspondence that Burr carefully communicated every movement to Theodosia, and the next step is as follows :

NEW YORK, May 6, 1804.—The affair of La G. is becoming serious. After due reflection this does appear to be the most discreet thing — prudence, cheerfulness and good temper are ingredients of importance. I will offer homage. Are you content? Answer quickly.

The course of true love appears, in this case, to have its traditional difficulties, for in little more than the lapse of a month he writes thus :

June 11.—The affair of La G. has been perfectly stationary since my last letter, the parties not having met ; but hearing that La G. has expressed a sort of surprise approaching vexation at this apathy the other party has kindly promised an interview to-morrow. Your permission or dissent is impatiently expected.

Two days afterward he writes again :

June 13.—Another interview yesterday with La G. One more would be fatal and final ; I shall seek it to-day, after which I will read Moore's fables. You impudence !

And now would the reader credit the statement that at the very time this flippant correspondence was going on Burr was in the midst of a tremendous political canvass? Although then vice president, he saw that his chance of the highest office was gone. Hence, he turned to lesser honors and became candidate for governor of the State. The election took place in March, and he was defeated in a very humiliating manner. Then came the purpose to challenge Hamilton, and while the arrangements for this fatal meeting were under way Burr was gossiping in the above-mentioned manner concerning his favorites.

After Hamilton's death Burr remained for two weeks or more in seclusion at Richmond Hill, being undecided as to his future course. He heard the bells toll at Hamilton's funeral and also heard the booming of the minute guns. He knew that public opinion was intense in its condemnation of the bloody deed, but at this very time he consoles himself by correspondence with Theodosia of the following character :

July 20, 1804.— La G. has, on a recent occasion, manifested a degree of sensibility and attachment which have their influence on gamp. An interview is expected this evening, which, if it take place, will terminate in something definite.

The above was written nine days after the duel and shows how utterly indifferent Burr was to that crime which was thenceforth to give him fearful distinction. It may be presumed that the interview with La G. was unsuccessful, since after his flight to Philadelphia he thus writes to Theodosia :

August 2, 1804.— Nothing can be done with Celeste. There is a strange indecision and timidity which I cannot fathom.

Burr does not seem conscious of the fact that a woman of feeling might shrink from one who so recently had killed a man in cold blood ; but dueling was then fash-

ionable, and if Celeste had any such "timidity" it no doubt rapidly wore off.

She stood first among the ladies who then engaged his attention, and it is rare that lovers come so near a satisfactory understanding and yet fail of their purpose. This will be seen in the episode which now attracts our attention. Had Burr married Celeste it would have changed his destiny in an important manner. He would never have been a secessionist, and the opprobrium caused by the duel would have soon been silenced.

CONTRAST IN CORRESPONDENCE.

While Burr was thus opening his love matters to Theodosia, his letters to her husband were of a highly different character, and it is indeed surprising that a correspondence with a married couple should display such a contrast. He wrote thus to Alston under date of New York, July 13:

Gen. Hamilton died yesterday. All unite in exciting sympathy in his favor and indignation against his antagonist. I purpose leaving town, but know not whither.

He also wrote Alston from Philadelphia thus:

The duel has driven me into exile from New York, and it may be perpetual. A coroner's jury is now sitting for the fourth time. They are determined to have a verdict of murder, and if a warrant be issued and I be taken no bail will be allowed.

During this critical time Burr was in secret communication with a New York friend, and in a few days he writes Alston:

The jury continued to sit and adjourn for fourteen days. My second has secreted himself, and two of my friends are in jail for refusing to testify against me. How long this persecution may last I cannot tell.

Let the reader contrast the above with the following extract from a letter to Theodosia, dated Philadelphia:

August 11, 1804. — If any male friend of yours should be dying of *ennui*, recommend him to engage in a duel and a courtship at

the same time. Celeste seems more pliant. I do believe that eight days would have produced some grave event.

Here is another extract which shows Burr's close observation of that sex which he alternately worshipped and conquered :

Poor La R., quite pale and emaciated — the fruit of a dissipation. Celeste as heretofore, abating the influence of time, which is too visible — courteous even to flattery.

BURR PAINTS A PICTURE.

We now reach that highly interesting episode to which reference has been made, in which Burr describes his courtship to his deeply interested daughter. The title which Burr gave it is "Reuben and Celeste," and it is the only instance in the records of social life in which a father presents himself in an impersonal manner to a daughter and depicts the varied steps in a love affair with as much coolness as though he had been a mere spectator. It begins with a letter to Theodosia, dated

WASHINGTON, January 15, 1805. — At 5 in the morning I shall start for Philadelphia. The object of this journey has been intimated in a former letter. One motive, however, lays down in the bottom of my heart. You will conjecture, and rightly, that I mean Celeste. That matter shall receive its final decision. But for this matter the journey would not be taken.

Later on he writes thus :

On Friday I saw the inamorata; the appearance was pleasing. There was something pensive and interesting. It exceeded my expectations, but it was a visit of ceremony and passed off as such. This day I met the family at dinner. My attentions were pointed and met a cheerful return. There was more sprightliness than before. *Le pere* (the father) leaves town to-morrow for eight days, and I am now meditating whether to take the fatal step to-morrow. I falter and hesitate, which you know is not the way. I tremble at the success I desire. You will not know my determination till Wednesday. In the meantime I crave your prayers.

The plot thickens and I do not find it possible to communicate faithfully the details without hazarding too much in case of the loss of the letter. Something, however, may be said. I called at the house this morning. Before I had asked for any one in particular the servant bid me in, and in a few minutes inamorata appeared.

This looked like a secret understanding or sympathy; perhaps, however, it was only as head and representative of the family.

For some minutes she led the conversation and did it with grace and sprightliness and with admirable good sense. I made several attempts to divert to other subjects — subjects which might have nearer affinity to others, but unsuccessfully, yet whether I was foiled through art or accident, I could not discover.

I told you the negotiation should not be long. It is finished — concluded — forever abandoned — *liber sum*.^{*} Celeste never means to marry; “firmly resolved.” “I am very sorry to hear it, madame; had promised myself great happiness, but cannot blame your determination.” “No, certainly, sir, you cannot, for I recollect to have heard you express surprise that a woman should marry, and you gave such reasons and with such eloquence as made an indelible impression on my mind.” “Have you any commands in town, madame? I wish you a good morning.” *End of the second and last act.* The interview was about an hour. Celeste was greatly agitated; behaved, however, with great propriety. The parting was full of courtesy, and there is reason to hope that there will be no hanging or drowning. * * *

BURR IS REUBEN.

Just as I sit down to write you I received a note from Celeste, advising me that she is in town for a few hours and will be happy to see me. What in the name of love and matrimony can this mean?

Reuben found Celeste with a visitor; some female neighbor, who sat a full half hour. Celeste betrayed considerable agitation when Reuben came in, and the most palpable impatience at the long stay of the lady visitor. At length the latter went and the parties were alone. As she had desired the interview it was her place to speak first.

After a pause and several efforts she, with some trepidation, said that she feared the letter she had written had not been expressed in terms sufficiently polite and respectful; she had wished an opportunity to apologize, and here she stuck.

Reuben ought in mercy and in politeness to have taken up the conversation; but he, expecting no such thing, was taken by surprise and remained dumb, with a kind of half grin. The duett at this moment would have made a charming subject for the pencil of Vanderlyn.

Celeste was profoundly occupied in tearing up some roses which she held in her hand, and Reuben was equally industrious in twirling his hat, and pinching new corners and angles in the brim.

MUTUAL EMBARRASSMENT.

At length he recovered himself so far as to gain utterance. He denied plumply that there was want of respect or politeness in the

^{*}*Liber sum* — I am free.

letter; and after many awkward detours and half-finished sentences, he said he would return the letter, and would consider it as cancelling the determination which it contained, and proposed to call on her in the country to-morrow to renew his suit. This was faintly opposed. He changed the course of conversation without insisting on a formal permission or refusal, and then went into the subject of celibacy and matrimony and passed an hour *tete-a-tete*.

It may be worth noting that toward the close of conversation some one knocked, and that she went out and ordered the servant to deny her, from which it may be inferred that she was not disagreeably engaged, and that she did not wish to be interrupted.

Now, *ma Minerva*, is not this a very ridiculous posture for so grave an affair? And is not Reuben in a way to be coquetted with his eyes open? I rather think he erred in giving to the apology of Celeste any other meaning than she literally expressed.

On the other hand, if she did, in fact, repent, and so suddenly, it would seem too hard and fastidious to shut the door against all treaty and negotiation. Upon the whole, however, I conclude that if she wished for any kind reason, to retreat, she should have gone further and held out something like encouragement; in short, have met him half way.

It may, I know, be replied, that her habits of life and singular education, forbid any thing like advance; and that a lady may always presume that her lover, if sincere, will seize the slightest ground for hope; and that, in the logic of love, an equivocal refusal is assent.

Certainly this last interview has been badly managed by Reuben, but I have not yet resolved what to advise. This is left open till morning, when, perhaps, a word may be added.

I am weary, and so must you be, of this story of Reuben and Celeste. It is, however, closed, and you will, after this letter, hear no more of it. Reuben agreed to comport himself in the manner advised in my last.

Immediately after this determination Celeste sent a servant to inform him that she was in town! He called to see her; returned the offensive letter and told her that as he understood that it was the manner and not the substance of the letter which had induced her to recall it, it would be quite unnecessary for her to take the trouble of writing another.

They talked of indifferent matters; Reuben, quite at ease, played the man of the world, and, in my opinion, the man of sense. Before they parted her face was flushed like a full-blown rose.

She begged his permission to destroy the letter, which was certainly a very useless request, considering it was wholly in her power. During the interview, Celeste, having no roses to occupy her hands, twirled off two corners of a pocket handkerchief.

THEODOSIA'S REPLY.

To this long and interesting love affair Theodosia made the following reply :

As to Celeste, *voilà mon-opinion*. She meant from the beginning to say the awful word yes; but not choosing to say it immediately, she tells you that you had furnished her with arguments against matrimony, which in French means "Please, sir, to persuade me out of them again."

But you took it as a plump refusal and walked off. She called you back. What more could she do? I would have seen you to Japan before I would have done as much.

I still, however, like your plan. My opinion is not, perhaps, well founded, and it is best to be on the safe side. If she is determined to be kind, she will find out a way of expressing it, or she is not worth having. I am quite pleased with her, and am waiting the arrival of the mail with the utmost impatience.

CLOSE OF MATRIMONIAL SCHEMES.

The reader will not be surprised at Theodosia's deep interest in this matter — but it closes abruptly in the following extract from a letter addressed to her and dated

WASHINGTON, January 28, 1805.—The affair of Celeste is forever closed — so there is one trouble off my hands.

True enough! "the affair of Celeste *was* forever closed," but the other matrimonial schemes shared the same fate. Burr's pursuit of a wife gave way to the fascinating dream of southern empire, which at the time promised a new and grander object to the blighted politician. The public is too well acquainted with the facts in the case to require their repetition. The failure of the southern scheme was followed by Burr's departure to Europe for the purpose of prosecuting other ambitious plans, each of which proved a failure.

POWER OF WOMAN.

Wherever he went the sex both exerted its power and also felt his own. Whether in England, Germany or France the result was the same, and he was either the slave or the conqueror. His trifling interviews with women claimed record in his diary, and thus we behold a man of fifty four who has sailed three thousand miles

to pursue a grand enterprise, carefully jotting down such petty interviews as the following :

December 2, 1808.— I joined him in cursing the weather, the streets, and the coachman, and he became complacent and talkative. We took in a fat man, a woman still fatter, and a boy, and afterward a very pretty, graceful, arch-looking girl about eighteen. At the first change of horses she agreed to take breakfast, which we did *tete-a-tete*. I was charmed to find her all animation, gayety and ease. By aid of giving drink to the coachman our fellow-passengers were kept three-quarters of an hour cooling in the coach.

How much Burr enjoyed the trick imposed on the others who were made thus to suffer delay while he and his "little syren," as he calls her, were enjoying themselves?

Here is another traveling scene :

December 24, 1808.— We started four inside. The only object of interest was a pretty little brunette, who had read all the fashionable novels and poets and seemed to know everything.

Again :

Have walked through the market and among two hundred women, not one comely.

Here is another sketch, dated West Frieslaw, 1811 :

A very good-tempered Frierbette was passenger. She was in full costume of the country; not only a splendid golden oorgzat, but earrings and large pendants of the same — also gold necklace, set with stones. The oorgzat had a pink fillet to keep it steady. The pendant gauze was one foot long and brodered with lace three inches broad. She told me her head dress cost 1,520 francs — the pendant might serve as a veil and the whole admitted of much coquettish management.

Again :

Found in the tracht schluyt a Frenchman and his pretty wife — also a tall, comely young woman, widow of a Flemish officer. Attached myself to the latter, who spoke the French fluently.

LONDON LETTERS.

Burr's journal contains many similar allusions, and he attached such importance to everything pertaining to the sex that details of this ridiculous character are carefully

recorded. It also contains some of the letters which he received while in London, and which he preserved among his treasures of anatory correspondence. One of these is as follows :

Surely you cannot sail with this wind, and though I began with repentance I am strongly inclined to err again. Will you have your profile taken and left with me? It is done in less than four minutes, and the expense is a mere trifle.

Another is as follows :

March 20, 1812.— You are certainly very teasing to have so many city engagements. You are perhaps making fine speeches to some rich belle residing there. As to leaving this country, you will not have it in your power to accomplish that design with as much ease as you speak of, and I am selfish enough to hope that you may be detained some little time.

True enough Burr did find it difficult to get away from England, as the last international war was then imminent ; but how strange it seems that this should be the farewell correspondence addressed to a man of fifty-seven, an ex-vice president of the United States.

BURR'S RETURN.

Burr's return and the loss of Theodosia are too well known to require more than this passing reference. He landed under an assumed name (in order to escape arrest for debt) in the summer of 1812, just previous to the declaration of war against Great Britain, and as soon as Theodosia learned of his arrival she sailed from Charleston in the pilot-boat Patriot, which was never heard from. How great a blow her death was to Burr can only be known by those who have shared his fearful experience.

One of the most remarkable features in this painful episode was the transmission of her trunk to her father. It had been her request that her husband should open it, but this he never could do, and after his death it was forwarded as above mentioned. When opened it was found to contain a number of articles to be given as farewell

presents and also a letter to her husband, written in view of approaching death, and hence of a very painful character.

Burr bore up under this blow with his usual stoicism and, deeply as he felt the bereavement, he rarely mentioned even the name of his lost daughter.

MADAME JUMEL.

The power of woman still held him, and he also retained his power over the sex amid the frosts of age. He did not abandon his matrimonial expectations, which were eventually consummated just one half century after his union with Madame Prevost. This fact brings up the name of Stephen Jumel, an enterprising French merchant, whose name first appeared in the New York directory in 1797. About the same time Eliza Bowen, a fascinating young woman, came from Providence and eventually became his wife. Jumel made money rapidly, and in 1810 he bought what was then called the Col. Morris estate, ten miles from the city hall, for \$10,000.

It included a stately mansion, built in the same style with Richmond Hill, and 130 acres of land, which are now worth a round million. The Jumels afterward went to Paris, where they lived in gay and elegant style. They were there during the last struggle of the first Napoleon, and after his downfall, when the furniture of the Tuilleries was sold at auction, they purchased many articles which still adorn the ancient mansion. After a few years of foreign life they returned and occupied their estate at Washington Heights, and Mrs. Jumel induced her husband to give her a deed of the property.

THEODOSIA'S OPINION.

In 1832 Stephen Jumel died and his wife was the richest widow in New York. She retained at fifty-seven

much of the beauty and fascination which marked her early days, and Burr determined to make a final effort for a bride. He was poor and now sought to marry for a home. How strange it seems that he should seek one in an estate which had attracted the attention of both himself and daughter thirty years previously.

Reverting to that mutual correspondence which has been so freely quoted, we find Burr writing to Theodosia under date of New York, November 23, 1803:

Roger Morris's place, the large, handsome house on the heights, is for sale. I can get it for Richmond Hill and four acres. Shall I exchange? If I leave Richmond Hill, however, had I not better buy in town, so that you may have a resting place there? Would you think it, I have been coquetted by a rich widow and really had some thought of yielding.

To this Theodosia wrote as follows:

December 10, 1803. — Your letter of November 10 was received and the exchange has employed my thoughts ever since. Richmond Hill has lost many of its beauties and is daily losing more. If you sell part you deprive it of every beauty save the mere view. Morris has the most commanding view on the island. How many delightful walks can be made on 130 acres? How much taste displayed? In ten or twenty years hence 130 acres on New York island will be a principality, and there is something stylish and elegant in your having a handsome country seat. Upon the whole I vote for the Morris place.

WIFE FOUND AT LAST.

Burr, however, lost the opportunity thus opened, but he now determined to acquire a home in the place that Theodosia admired, through that very method which once occupied their mutual thoughts. Here, indeed, at last he found his second wife. Madame Jumel had consulted him professionally and this led him to call at the grand old mansion, whose grounds had been improved in the very manner suggested by Theodosia. Walks had been laid out and a general display of taste had added to the extraordinary beauties of nature.

Burr's former experience in courtship seemed to pre-

pare him for the present important occasion. The once fascinating Eliza Bowen retained much of her former coquetry and the matrimonial offer was received with a negative. Burr remembered the lessons taught by Celeste — that a woman's refusal may be only meant to arouse her lover to stronger persuasions. His reply was that he would bring out a clergyman, and so he did. This showed great nerve in a lover of seventy-five, but even at that age Burr retained enough of his former character to be still called a ladies' man.

The next time he appeared at the Jumel house he was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Bogart, who was really older than himself. The clergyman had exercised his office in early days in New Jersey, and indeed had officiated at the wedding of Aaron Burr and Theodosia Prevost just a half century before. The madame yielded to the summons and the ceremony was performed in the west parlor of the storied mansion.

BURR DIVORCED.

The result is so generally known that it is only necessary to make a brief reference to a few prominent facts. It would have been surprising if two persons who had become confirmed in their peculiarities by long life should live in harmony, but this case was aggravated by that high-toned independence which marked each of the parties to the matrimonial contract.

Burr wanted money, and succeeded in getting possession of a small part of his bride's wealth, which was either spent or lost in speculation. Difficulties rapidly followed, and the result was that the madame cast him off and began an action for divorce on the ground of conjugal infidelity. Burr allowed this to go by default, and thenceforth the Jumel house was closed upon him.

The annoyance occasioned by this affair, added to the infirmities of age, told rapidly upon the divorced husband, and his system soon showed signs of breaking down. This led him to make his will, for though he had but little to leave, there were reasons which rendered such an instrument highly important. One was the mass of love letters which had accumulated during a long life, in which intrigue formed so large a feature. Burr clung to these memorials with such tenacity that he could not see them destroyed, but he bequeathed them to his friend, Matthew L. Davis, for this very purpose, which was duly accomplished.

Another important object was provision for two young daughters, to whom he bequeathed all that his estate might eventually yield. This will is dated January 11, 1835, and Burr was then in his seventy-eighth year. The ages of these daughters is carefully specified, and could Theodosia have returned to life she would (at the age of fifty-three) have found two sisters, the one six and the other only two.

CLOSING SCENES.

Burr still had his office open for business, but it was evident that his professional life was past. A shattered old man occasionally was seen in the streets, but even then there was something so peculiar in his manner as to attract attention, and he was pointed out to curious inquirers as the slayer of Hamilton. His friends were few, but they were faithful; one of these was Matthew L. Davis, afterward his biographer, and another was Judge Ogden Edwards, his cousin. The latter had a country seat on Staten Island, and in the summer of 1836 he invited his ancient kinsman to visit him, and from that visit Burr never returned. He sank in extreme debility,

and died on the 14th of September, being then four score.

Madame Jumel survived her last husband thirty years, and when her eyes closed in death it might then be said that "last of all, the woman died also." She was the last link that connected his name with matrimonial life. Her age was ninety, and her life had been almost as mysterious as his own.

The Jumel house is now the sole remaining memorial of Burr, and it may be hoped that so interesting a structure will long be preserved. It is now the property of Nelson Chase and daughter, Mrs. Caryl, who purchased it at the partition sale.

Having referred to Burr's will, it may be added that its probate was delayed several years, the reasons being as follows: At the time of his death it was supposed that he left nothing worthy of an executor's attention. It was afterward discovered, however, that he had at an early day executed several leases of lots on the Richmond Hill property, which had not been included in the conveyance to Astor. As these leases expired the privilege of renewal became valuable, and the executor therefore presented the will for probate in December, 1841.

One of the two children died early, but the other lived to enjoy the benefit of the will, which gave her at least \$20,000. It may be added that she bore a striking resemblance to her father, and was rather proud of his name, notwithstanding the bar sinister which accompanied it. She married and removed to New Jersey, where she died recently, leaving a highly respectable family.

THEIR PORTRAITS.

John Vanderlyn, though once a popular artist, is now only remembered by his portraits of Burr and Theodosia.

They have been reproduced in every variety of style, the latest being the engraving of the former in the *American Magazine of History*, a duplicate of which appears below. Burr assisted Vanderlyn when the latter was struggling in poverty and obscurity, but really his best patronage was the commission to paint these portraits, which ensured him permanent distinction. They ornamented Richmond Hill for several years, and then passed into the possession of the Edwards family, where they are still retained.



AARON BURR.

THEODOSIA'S TRUNK.

I have previously referred to the trunk left by Theodosia to her husband, which he never opened, and which after his death was sent to Burr — who on examining its contents saw that it was a farewell task — undertaken

during feeble health, in view of a speedy departure. A number of small presents were inscribed with the names of friends, and her attendants were not forgotten — but her remembrance above all was for her husband and their mutual son. Little, indeed, did this unfortunate woman imagine that the latter should precede her, while the former was so soon to follow. How tender is this parting appeal :

To you, my beloved, I leave our child ; the child of my bosoms who was once a part of myself, and from whom I shall shortly be separated by the cold grave. You love him now ; henceforth love him for me also. And oh, my husband, attend to this last prayer of a doting mother. Never, never listen to what any other person tells you of him. Be yourself his judge on all occasions. He has faults ; see them, and correct them yourself.

Desist not an instant from your endeavors to secure his confidence. It is a work which requires as much uniformity of conduct as warmth of affection toward him. I know, my beloved, that you can perceive what is right on this subject as on every other. But recollect, these are the last words I can ever utter. It will tranquilize my last moments to have disburdened myself of them.

I fear you will scarcely be able to read this scrawl, but I feel hurried and agitated. Death is not welcome to me. I confess it is ever dreaded. You have made me too fond of life. Adieu, then, thou kind, thou tender husband. Adieu, friend of my heart. May Heaven prosper you, and may we meet hereafter. Adieu ; perhaps we may never see each other again in this world.

You are away ; I wished to hold you fast, and to prevent you from going this morning. But He who is wisdom itself ordains events ; we must submit to them. Least of all should I murmur. I, on whom so many blessings have been showered — whose days have been numbered by bounties — who have had such a husband, such a child, and such a father.

Oh, pardon me, my God, if I regret leaving these. I resign myself. Adieu, once more, and for the last time, my beloved. Speak of me often to our son. Let him love the memory of his mother, and let him know how he was loved by her. Your wife,
THEODOSIA.

Let my father see my son sometimes. Do not be unkind toward him whom I have loved so much, I beseech you. Burn all my papers except my father's letters, which I beg you to return him.

Adieu, my sweet boy. Love your father ; be grateful and affectionate to him while he lives ; be the pride of his meridian, the support of his departing days. Be all that he wishes ; for he made your mother happy. Oh ! my Heavenly Father, bless them

both. If it is permitted, I will hover around you, and guard you, and intercede for you.

I had nearly forgotten to say that I charge you not to allow me to be stripped and washed, as is usual. I am pure enough thus to return to dust. Why, then, expose my person? Pray see to this. If it does not appear contradictory or silly, I beg to be kept as long as possible before I am consigned to the earth.

Theodosia's latest request was granted. Her form was never subjected to those indifferent hands which so often are employed in preparing the dead for public gaze, and then she was kept from the touch of earth —

But doth suffer a sea change
Into something new and strange.

MORE SORROW.

Theodosia however recovered, and the boy died. Burr indeed had but recently returned from England when he received the following letter from Alston :

A few miserable weeks since, and in spite of all the embarrassments, the troubles and disappointments which have fallen to our lot since we parted, I would have congratulated you on your return in the language of happiness. With my wife on one side and my boy on the other, I felt myself superior to depression. The present was enjoyed, the future was anticipated with enthusiasm. One dreadful blow has destroyed us; reduced us to the veriest, the most sublimated wretchedness.

That boy, on whom all rested; our companion, our friend — he who was to have transmitted down the mingled blood of Theodosia and myself — he who was to have redeemed all your glory, and shed new lustre upon our families — that boy, at once our happiness and our pride, is taken from us — *is dead*.

We saw him dead. My own hand surrendered him to the grave; yet we are alive. But it is past. I will not conceal from you that life is a burden, which, heavy as it is, we shall both support, if not with dignity, at least with decency and firmness. Theodosia has endured all that a human being could endure; but her admirable mind will triumph. She supports herself in a manner worthy of your daughter.

Here is the mother's heartbroken utterance :

There is no more joy for me. The world is a blank. I have lost my boy. My child is gone forever. May Heaven, by other blessings, make you some amends for the noble grandson you have lost! Alas! my dear father, I do live, but how does it happen? Of what am I formed that I live, and why? Of what service can

I be in this world, either to you or any one else, with a body reduced to premature old age, and a mind enfeebled and bewildered?

Yet, since it is my lot to live, I will endeavor to fulfill my part, and exert myself to my utmost, though this life must henceforth be to me a bed of thorns. Whichever way I turn the same anguish still assails me. You talk of consolation. Ah! you know not what you have lost. I think Omnipotence could give me no equivalent for my boy; no, none — none.

HER OWN DEPARTURE.

It was under this crushing blow that Theodosia sailed for the purpose of meeting her father, who waited for her in vain; the next feature in this harrowing episode being the following extract from Alston's letter to the loved and lost:

Another mail, and still no letter! I hear rumors of a dreadful gale since you left — the state of my mind is agony. Let no man, wretched as he may be, think himself beyond the reach of another blow. I shall count the hours until the next mail.

In four days he writes again:

Wretched and heart-rending forebodings distract me. I may no longer possess a wife, yet my impatient restlessness addresses her a letter! To-morrow is three weeks since we parted. Gracious God! for what fate am I reserved?

In a short time Alston thus addressed the father:

You ask me to relieve your suspense. Alas! it is to you that I have looked for similar relief. To-morrow will be four weeks since I parted with Theodosia, since which not one line has been received. My mind is in torture! Not one word of vessel or wife! Sir, when I turned from the grave of my son, I thought that misfortune could have no severer blow for me. I was mistaken. Theodosia is either captured or lost!

After six months of correspondence with neighboring ports, and every possible search, he again writes:

No hope is left us! Without this victim our desolation would have been incomplete. You may well observe, sir, that you feel severed from all mankind. She was the last tie that bound us to our race. I have been to the apartment where her clothing, her books and the playthings of my boy renewed the shock. I walked to his grave — the plans we had formed rushed into my mind. Where was that bright-eyed boy? where the mother I had cherished with such pride? Grief, sir, made me stupid, or I could not have borne it.

Alston and Burr never met after the above was writ-

ten, and as the latter only corresponded with his daughter all but formal communication was mutually dropped, and Alston soon after died.

BURR'S GRAVE.

Having previously mentioned Burr's death, while visiting his cousin, I have only to add that the remains were conveyed for interment to Princeton and received military honors. They were laid next to the graves of his parents and grand-parents, in the most honored part of the old cemetery. His father, whose name he bore, was a Presbyterian clergyman, and was for a short time president of Princeton college. His grand-father, Jonathan Edwards, was also president, but his term of service was very brief. In the midst of these hallowed relics was laid the form of the old man whose life presented so painful a contrast with the family character.

A few years afterward a headstone was placed there by the Edwards family, bearing the simple inscription: "Aaron Burr; born February 6, 1756; Died September 14, 1836. Colonel in the Revolutionary Army; Vice-President, 1801-1805." The place has since then been haunted by relic seekers, who chipped the headstone to such a degree that an iron fence was erected for protection. It may be mentioned, in closing, that Colonel Burr's family was separated in burial to an almost unparalleled degree. His first wife's grave is unknown; the second wife (Madame Jumel) rests all alone in Trinity cemetery; Theodosia found a grave in the ocean; Alston was buried near Charleston, but the spot is unknown, and Burr's grave is far from them all.

PRINCETON MEMORIES.

The origin of Princeton college (or College of New Jersey) is clearly identified with the Burr family. The

first Aaron Burr was a friend of the missionary Brainerd, who suffered such injustice from Yale that it awoke the indignation of the New Jersey clergy, and they determined no longer to depend on the offending college. They therefore began that effort which gradually became an institution of the highest order. This, too, led to the seminary, which has also reached eminence.

The most striking feature in the latter was the Alexander family, whose genius and attainments are a part of church history. It was said of Archibald Alexander that "he was a giant and the father of giants." His two sons, James and Addison, were worthy of their parentage, and



ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER.

it is very gratifying to the writer to have heard them all in the pulpit. They now rest in Princeton cemetery, and when one contemplates the Burrs, the Edwards and the Alexanders, this array of genius, learning and piety is sufficient to give the spot rare distinction in the mortuary record.

PRESBYTERY AND PRELACY.

While speaking of Princeton, I need hardly add that this town has long been prominent as the centre of Presby-

terian strength. The distinction once claimed by this church (and also its boast) was the equality of its clergy, as compared with those churches which held various ranks such as the Roman and other Episcopal. The latter are called "*prelatical*" by Presbyterian teachers, and yet it now is evident that Presbyterianism is equally fond of prelatical honors. All men naturally want distinction. Human pride, indeed, will not be satisfied without it. Hence the Presbyterian clergy are often craving honorary titles, such as D. D. and LL. D., and their boasted equality is really a thing of the past. While objecting to "prelacy" in name, they have established a petty prelacy of their own. Even the clerk of the General Assembly modestly advertises himself as Rev. ———, D. D, LL.D. In view of this natural desire for distinction, would it not be well for Princeton and other seminaries to decorate each of their graduates with a D. D.? How pretty it would look! Artemus Ward, in one of his sallies of humor, during the late rebellion, said, that if he "were getting up an army, it should be entirely composed of major-generals."

THE BETTER WAY.

The College of the Propaganda at Rome, gives a D. D. to all its graduates. This is an excellent idea, and when the Presbyterians adopt it, they will at least be consistent with this departure from their original plan. The same statement applies to all those churches which object to Roman and Episcopal prelacy, and yet favor a prelacy of their own. They evidently reason that if —

A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn,
 a preacher is proportionately elevated when he can add D. D. to his name. Of course he is, and hence an adroit tradesman when making out a bill against a clergyman, always adds D. D. to the name -- by way of giving taffy.

A man of great influence in the bestowal of titles (being controlling trustee of a college), said to me: "You can have no idea of the pressure brought to bear upon our college for D. D.," and this is the case in every institution whose favors are worth having.

A Presbyterian elegyman, of my acquaintance, who had obtained a D. D. by means of that very "pressure," immediately placed it on his envelopes — thus "if this be not delivered in five days, return to Rev. — — —, D. D." How natural after the gratification of long expectation to let the public know his success. Men, when carried away with such vanity, forget that the world notices it, and also draws its conclusions. As Gibbon says of one of the professors of Gottingen, with whom he desired to open correspondence "when I wrote him, asking his address, he covered a half sheet of paper with the foolish enumeration of his titles." Just as natural, however, then, as at the present time, when clerical titles are paraded in every marriage notice, and other petty occasions. Brethren, do not be surprised if your vanity sometimes awakens contempt.

LESSONS TO PUBLIC MEN.

Humiliation to a greater or less degree is inevitable in public life, and to bear it properly is the highest attainment. Those who learn this lesson will soon feel its value, while those who refuse are often obliged to accept another of much more painful character. Had Burr, for instance, after his defeat in the gubernatorial canvass submitted to the result he might have recovered popularity. The war of 1812 would have afforded an opportunity to display his military genius, and possibly he might have even become president. On the other hand, however, he challenged and shot Hamilton, which was a blunder (or rather a crime) beyond retrieving.

Speaking of these lessons of humiliation one finds in foreign history the example of Burke, the pillar of British liberty. He represented Bristol in Parliament, but his views on a leading question led to such unpopularity, that he did not repeat the canvass. Burke was deeply wounded by this change of opinion, but he was sustained by high-toned principle and his parliamentary services were secured to the country by his return from another borough.

A similar instance is found in Macaulay, who being a candidate for the same office in Edinburgh was defeated, the reason being his support of an unpopular measure. A few years afterward, however, Edinburgh's regret was manifested by returning him to Parliament without opposition.

Then, too, there is the example of Wellington. Those who have heard so much of the hero of Waterloo may be surprised to learn that only seven years previous to his greatest victory he was superseded in his command in Spain and returned home to meet severe public censure. He was approved by a court of inquiry, however, and the next year was restored to command. He then brought the terrible war in the Peninsula to a victorious close, after which came the last triumph over Napoleon.

IN AMERICA.

Jonathan Edwards, expelled from the Northampton pulpit and obliged to accept the humble position of instructor of the Indians at Stockbridge, lived to see Northampton bitterly repent, while he himself became president of Princeton college.

Philip Schuyler, unjustly superseded by Gates, was obliged to submit to censure, but long before his death the verdict was reversed. Washington's public life was

marked by still greater humiliation, one of the most striking instances being that cabal which almost accomplished his removal from the command of the Continental army. The failure of this effort indeed was one of those Providential interventions which so often marked his history.

His election to the presidency was only the entrance to deeper humiliation. Partisan wrath made him its central object of attack which he patiently endured for eight years—suffering more than can ever be known from the malice, not only of open hostility but of pretended friendship—but how grand was his triumph.

One of the most striking instances, however, is found in DeWitt Clinton, who before his great work was completed, was removed from the office of canal commissioner. This was done by a vote of the Legislature in strict obedience to political tyranny, which determined that the father of the Erie canal should be sacrificed in order to promote the chances of a presidential candidate.

I have not time to explain how this was to be accomplished, but can only say that in 1824, on the last day of the session, a bill was rushed through the Senate and then sent to the lower house, where, after some opposition, it also passed, and thus before the close of the day DeWitt Clinton was expelled from an office in which he served both faithfully and gratuitously.

THE RESULT.

Intense and wide-spread indignation followed this outrage, and though Clinton showed submission, popular sentiment wrought with such power, that on the next election he was again made governor. His reply to the address, which he received from a public meeting in New York, soon after his removal, seems prophetic, since when written the population of the city was not more than 150,000.

New York will in the course of time become the granary of the world, the emporium of commerce, the seat of manufactures and the centre of vast and accumulating capital — which will stimulate and reward labor and ingenuity. Before the revolution of one century the whole island of Manhattan, covered by habitations and a dense population will constitute one vast city. * * *

Under any aspect of that occurrence, which has produced this manifestations of your friendship and confidence, I have no reason to entertain any resentment or to express any regret. Indeed I view it as a highly felicitous event since it has honored me with the approbation of the most respected of my fellow-citizens.

The election of Clinton enabled him to represent the State on the completion of his great enterprise. He traversed the entire length of the canal, receiving appropriate honor, and then beheld the intermingling of the waters of Lake Erie and the Atlantic ocean.

DISAPPOINTED CANDIDATES.

One of the saddest aspects of an election, is that at least one-half of the candidates must be disappointed, and political defeat is often crushing. The first unsuccessful candidate for the presidency was Thomas Jefferson, who, in 1797, had sixty-nine ballots against John Adams' seventy-one, but his disappointment was fully compensated for by his election four years afterward.

The next disappointed presidential candidate was John Adams himself, who, in 1800, sought a second term. He was, however, eight ballots behind his rivals, and this was so mortifying that he retired to his native town (Quincy), where he died twenty years afterward. He had passed so many years in public life that this retirement was very irksome. He lived, however, to see his son in the presidential chair, which seemed to compensate for his own defeat.

The same canvass which blighted the hopes of Adams, was equally fatal to Aaron Burr, for when Adams was dropped, Burr and Jefferson were tie. Burr was confident

of election, but after thirty-six ballotings, the tie was broken by a majority of two for Jefferson. Burr became Vice-President, but before his office expired, he killed Hamilton, and this was the end of his political career.

CLINTON AND ADAMS.

De Witt Clinton was another disappointed presidential candidate, his vote being eighty-nine against one hundred and twenty-eight for Madison.

John Quincy Adams, like his father, was defeated in his canvass for a second term, having only eighty-three votes against Jackson's one hundred and eighty-seven. He bore his defeat in a philosophical manner, and having returned to Quincy, soon accepted the congressional office, which he held until removed by death — expiring in the Capitol, which had witnessed his sublime efforts in behalf of liberty.

Van Buren's first presidential canvass took place in 1836, and he had one hundred and seventy votes against seventy-three for Harrison. When, however, Van Buren renewed that canvass in 1840, he found himself a victim to disappointment, his vote being only sixty against two hundred and thirty-four for Harrison.

The next disappointed candidate was Henry Clay, whose defeat was felt severely, both by himself and his friends, especially as he represented protection of American industry. Horace Greeley labored through this canvass with incredible ardor and devotion, and the "lost cause" almost crushed him. How little he then thought that he, too, would share the same fate, though to a more intensified degree? Clay, however, wisely submitted to his disappointment and returned to public life, doing good service at a time of impending danger, until removed by death.

Lewis Cass was defeated in the next presidential canvass, and his long public career thus closed in disappointment. When the national election again approached, Daniel Webster was a candidate for nomination, but was defeated in the convention, and his humiliation was so great that he returned home (Marshfield) and died before the election took place. Had he lived a few weeks longer he would have witnessed the defeat of General Scott, who was nominated in his place.

Scott, was thus in turn, made to taste the same bitter cup that had been applied to Webster's lips, and in this manner every step to political success is accompanied by the humiliation of some rival. When a man enters public life, the first question should be, how well can I endure defeat? Otherwise, he may only be an additional illustration of Gray's fearful picture —

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
- Then hurl the wretch from high;
To bitter scorn, a sacrifice, -
And grinning infamy.

SLOW INFORMATION.

Now that the result of the election is known, two days after closing the poll, one cannot but contrast this rapidity with the slow movement of news in Jackson's time. Niles' Register of November 29, 1828 (three weeks after the election), gives a careful *resumé* of the various States, and concludes thus: "The result of the election will probably be one hundred and seventy-eight for Jackson and eighty-three for Adams." This delay in important intelligence, is more clearly shown in the following letter, written by the old hero to the citizens of Lynchburg, and which I also find in Niles'. The italics are my own:

"HERMITAGE, November 29, 1828.

"Gentlemen: — I have received your letter of the 22d ult., presenting to me the congratulations of my friends in Lynchburg and

its vicinity, and inviting me, in their name, to pass through that section of the country on my way to Washington, *in the event of my election.*

“So lively an expression of regard of my character and services as that, gentlemen, which you have been pleased to convey on this occasion, is received with every sentiment of respect, and I beg leave to offer, in return for it, the grateful assurance that it would afford me great satisfaction to accept the invitation, were it probable that I could comply with it.

“But as I shall feel myself bound to await *the complete ascertainties of the result, and then, in the event of my election, would be compelled to take the most expeditious route in order to reach the city by the 4th of March,* the pleasure of paying you my personal respects must be postponed to some future period.

“I pray you to accept for yourselves, and present to those you represent, the assurance of my respect and high consideration, and believe me, very sincerely,

“Your obedient servant,

“ANDREW JACKSON.”

INTERESTING TOURISTS.

Immediately after the close of the revolution, great interest was felt in Great Britain concerning the new nation, which was visited by a number of travelers, the most important of whom were Weld and Davis, who, however, show a marked dissimilarity. Weld, who came first, is said to have been a promoter of Canada interests, which he exalts, at the same time detracting from the United States. The most interesting features in his book are the pictures he gives of Washington, New York and Saratoga Springs, and here we have the national capital as it appeared in 1796:

To the discriminating judgment of George Washington it was left to determine the spot best calculated for the federal city. After mature deliberation he fixed on a situation on the banks of the Potomac river, which seems to be marked out by nature, not only for a large city, but expressly for the seat of the metropolis of the United States. It has a good harbor and is well-situated for trading with the interior of the country. Situated on the Potomac are two other towns — Georgetown and Alexandria — and the interests of the three places must clash together. It can hardly be doubted, however, but that the federal city will in a few years completely eclipse the other two.

The tourist then expatiates on the vast western territory to be supplied by the federal city, and expresses his belief that it will be the grand emporium of the west. He then gives some local facts as follows :

The ground already marked out is fourteen miles in circumference; the streets, which cross at right angles, are from ninety to one hundred feet wide, and the avenues are one hundred and sixty feet. One is named after every State, and a hollow square also attached to each as a suitable place for statues, columns, etc., which at a future period the people of any of these States may wish to erect to the memory of great men that may appear in the country.

The capitol is now building upon the most elevated spot of ground in the city, which happens to be in a very central location. The house for the president stands northwest from the capitol at a distance of a mile and a half. One hundred acres of ground toward the river are left adjoining the house for pleasure grounds. Various other parts are appointed for churches, theatres, colleges, etc. The only public buildings constructing at present are the president's house, the capitol and a large hotel. The private houses are all plain buildings; most of them have been built on speculation and still remain empty.

Were the houses that have been built situated in one place all together, they would make a very respectable appearance, but scattered about as they are, a spectator can hardly perceive any thing like a town. Except the streets and avenues the whole place is covered with trees. To be under the necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles in order to see a next-door neighbor, and in the same city, is a curious, and, I believe, a novel circumstance.

OUR FIRST PRESIDENT.

Weld saw Washington in Philadelphia, and I copy his description because it is the first ever given by a foreigner :

Few persons find themselves for the first time in the presence of General Washington — a man so renowned in the present day for his wisdom and moderation, and whose name will be transmitted with such honor to posterity — without being impressed with a certain degree of veneration and awe; nor do the emotions subside on a closer acquaintance. On the contrary, his person and deportment are such as rather tend to augment them. There is something very austere in his countenance, and in his manners he is uncommonly reserved. I have heard some officers that served immediately under his command during the American war say that they never saw him smile during the whole time that they were with him.

The height of his person is about five feet eleven; his chest is full, and his limbs, though rather slender, well-shaped and muscular. His head is small, in which respect he resembles the make of a great number of his countrymen. His eyes are of a light gray color, and in proportion to the length of his face, his nose is long.

He speaks with great diffidence, and sometimes hesitates for a word, but it is always to find one particularly adapted to his meaning. His language is manly and expressive.

At levee, his discourse to strangers turns principally upon the subject of America, and if they have been through any remarkable places his conversation is free and particularly interesting, as he is intimately acquainted with every part of the country. He is much more open and free in his behavior at levee than in private, and in the company of ladies still more so than when solely with men.

General Washington gives no public dinners and other entertainments except to those who are in diplomatic capacities and to a few families on terms of intimacy with Mrs. Washington. Strangers with whom he wishes to have some conversation about agriculture or any such subject are sometimes invited to tea. His self-moderation is well known to the world already. It is a remarkable circumstance, which redounds to his eternal honor, that while President of the United States he never appointed one of his own relations to any office of trust or emolument, although he has several that are men of abilities and well qualified to fill the most important stations in the government.

VIEW OF NEW YORK.

Reaching the commercial metropolis he presents the following sketch:

New York is built on an island of its own name, fourteen miles long and on an average one mile in breadth. At its southern extremity stands the city. The most agreeable part of the town is the neighborhood of the battery, which, on a summer evening, is crowded with people. From the battery a handsome street about seventy feet wide, called Broadway, runs due north through the town on a ridge of high ground between the two rivers.

Their theatre is of wood and a most miserable edifice it is, but a new one is now building, on a grand scale, which it is thought will be as much too large for the town as the other is too small. The population of New York and Long Island is now more than 60,000, and is on the increase.

Having done New York he gives us the following sketch of a popular watering place:

Saratoga contains about forty houses and a Dutch Reformed church, but they are so scattered about that it has not the smallest appearance of a town. In this neighborhood, upon the borders of a marsh, are several very remarkable springs. The various

properties of the water have not been ascertained with any great accuracy, but it is said to be impregnated by a fossil acid and some saline substance; there is also a great deal of fixed air in it. The water is very pungent to the taste, and acts as a cathartic on some people and as an emetic on others.

The evil report which Weld carried home did not obtain much credence, and was of but little benefit to Canada. The mass of emigration, indeed, preferred the United States, and Weld's misrepresentations only illustrate the futility of any attempt against the natural tendency of progress.

DAVIS' TRAVELS.

Just at the time that Weld was about to leave New York, John Davis was preparing to sail for the same port. He had been a great traveler for that day, having made two voyages to India, and visited Canton, St. Helena and Cape Town. He was master of both French and Latin, and was evidently well read, and yet he has left no permanent record in the literary world except his book on America, which is very little known. He had read Weld's travels, which first appeared in newspaper letters, and he opens his book with the following clever hit at the narrow-minded tourist:

I make no mention of my dinner, whether it be hot or cold. I never complain of my bed, nor mention nocturnal pests. I make no drawings of old castles, old churches, old pent holes and old walls.

This mention of old walls and pent holes refers to Weld's drawings of Quebec, and the old castles and old churches are merely inserted in order to break the sharpness of the personality.

Davis reached New York in March, 1798, after a stormy voyage of two months and eleven days, having paid for passage seven guineas, which at that time was a very large sum. Traveling then, however, was much more expensive than at present.

Davis found himself without resources in a strange city, and therefore determined to turn his brains to account. Hugo Caritat, who kept a circulating library, aspired to become a publisher, and issued some of Brockden Brown's novels. Davis applied to him for employment, and when Caritat learned that the applicant was a French scholar he gave him an immediate task. Napoleon was then the object of American curiosity, and his Italian campaign had been published in Paris. Caritat owned a copy and engaged Davis to translate it, the fee being \$200. This was then a large sum, and the task was finished in two months. It gave Davis some note, and he became acquainted with Aaron Burr, whose manners at once charmed him. He saw Theodosia, and the reader may recall her sketch of this young prodigy, which appears on a foregoing page.

GOING SOUTH.

He then visited Philadelphia, but as the city was unhealthy he sailed for Charleston, where he met a learned and witty young Irishman, named Louis George, who afterward wrote him some very racy letters. Davis became a teacher in a planter's family, and saw much of southern life. At this time he translated one of the odes of Horace into verse and sent it to the Charleston paper. It was printed and happened to meet the eye of Joseph Dennie, editor of the Portfolio, who copied it, with a few words of admiration, and this gave Davis a still higher literary rank. He then sailed for New York and became tutor in the Ludlow family. At this time Charles Brockden Brown was living in Pine street, and Davis mentions the dismal room which the author occupied, also his shabby dress, but it was all that literature would permit.

Caritat proposed that Davis should compile a volume

of modern poetry, but the project failed. Davis found a congenial group which met at King's tavern, in Wall street, and he also found his Irish friend, George, teaching school on Long Island. He wrote at this time a tale called *The Farmer of New Jersey*, which Caritat published, and it had a remunerative sale, but I know of no one who has ever seen a copy of it.

VISITS WASHINGTON.

Davis then determined to improve this increase in his purse by visiting Washington, and he was there during Jefferson's first inauguration. He is the author of that false and ridiculous story concerning the manner in which the president approached the capitol. Here it is, and in point of absurdity it is almost equal to Weems' fable of the cherry tree and the little hatchet:

The politeness of a member from Virginia procured me a convenient seat in the capitol, and an hour afterward Mr. Jefferson entered the house, when the august body of American senators rose to receive him. He came, however, to the house without ostentation. His dress was of plain cloth, and he rode on horseback to the capitol without a single guard or even servant in his train, dismounted without assistance and hitched the bridle of his horse to the paling.

The reader will observe that the traveler says he was in the house an hour before Jefferson entered. He therefore admits that he did not witness the scene which he describes, and his statement is therefore a sheer invention or an imposition on his credulity. Some man, noticing his verdancy, may have "given him away," but common sense would teach any one that the scene was impossible. Even in a petty village there would be a crowd following a public man, and he would not be allowed to hitch his own horse to the fence. Common sense, however, has but little influence with the gullible crowd of foreign travelers.

While in Washington Davis heard John Randolph speak in Congress, and calls him a "Demosthenes who has studied the graces." Burr, who had just been made vice-president, invited the traveler to dine with him, and he received a full share of attention. Here is a night scene which presents a striking contrast with the Washington of to-day :

The moon was rising from the woods and I surveyed the capitol by its light, meditating on the future state of the western empire, its clash of interests, the commotion of demagogues and the disunion of States — but dumb be the oracle of prediction.

He also says that he saw a cow feeding on a bank with the usual bell depending from her neck, and it is evident that Washington was then hardly more than a vast camp of politicians in a wilderness.

Davis left Washington in disappointment, having expected a government clerkship, but no vacancy occurred. At Philadelphia he again saw Brockden Brown, who had left New York. Brown introduced him to Dennie, the editor of the Portfolio, and other literati, from whom he received due attention. Returning to New York, Caritat published a volume of his poems, which was dedicated to Burr. He also published a tale by Davis, called Wanderings of William ; or the Inconstancy of Youth. The author addressed this to Flavia, in a manner well adapted to assist its sale :

Avail yourself of the moment that offers for the perusal of this book. Take it! Read it! There is nothing to fear — your governess has gone out and your mamma is not risen. Do you hesitate? Werter has been under your pillow and the — has lain on your toilet.

Davis evidently remembered the ingenious way in which Rousseau opens his confessions : "The woman that reads this book is lost," but notwithstanding the imitation the Wanderings of William only proved an ephemeral publication, and I have never seen a copy.

On reaching New York, from the south, Davis found a number of spicy letters from the rollicking school master, George, who had an unusual epistolary gift. They were written in the outskirts of Brooklyn, where he was teaching school, and afforded Davis so much pleasure that he gives them a place in his volume, and I venture an extract:

LONG ISLAND, *June 12, 1801.*

While devouring Newtown pippins and drinking cider to the health of your bardship in my heart, the stage-driver brought me your welcome epistles. At first the fellow pretended there was no letter for me (I tolerate these liberties, because the Jehu has a pretty wife), but in a few minutes he delivered me the packet.

Jucundus est legere quam bibere, so I left the old parson, and his wife, and his daughter (her nose is like the tower of Lebanon looking toward Damascus) and I opened, O, Devil! thy budget of satire. This has revived me, and I now walk about with your epistles in my hand, which, however, I am obliged to put down every five minutes to hold both my sides while I laugh it out.

Tell me if you are about publishing your poems? Do not go far for a title; nothing appears so stiff and pedantic as a little book with a magnificent title. Remember that Horace gives his odes no other name than *Carmina*; though he might have accumulated a thousand imposing epithets to decorate his title page.

Heloise has just sent me my stockings and cravats delicately mended. She is an amiable little devil, and I often go to see her — *mea sola voluptas*.

I have sent Lang another essay to insert in his Gazette. It is the story of an Indian warrior; a mere cram; but no matter, any thing is good enough for these Americans — *fruges consumere nati*.

The English language is not written with purity in America. The structure of Jefferson's sentences is, I think, French, and he uses words unintelligible to an Englishman. Where the d---l did he get the word "lengthy?" Breadthy and depthly would be equally admissible. I can overlook his verb "belittle." It is introduced in wantonness; but he has no right, that I know, to out-adverb all other writers and improve *ill* into *illy*—and was one of my countrymen to describe the Natural Bridge, that huge mass of rock, as "springing, as it were, up to heaven," would it not be said that Paddy had made a bull?

Reader, my chief purpose in republishing this correspondence is to present one of the curiosities of literature. Here is a book dedicated to Jefferson, and yet containing a very humiliating criticism. What could have

been the reason for so egregious a solecism, so unpardonable a lack of manners? Was it forgetfulness or carelessness? But whatever may have been the cause, Davis exposed his patron's defects while claiming to honor him. What must have been Jefferson's feelings when he saw the dedication on the one hand and the criticism on the other? It really seems like bringing Samson out to the crowd in order that he should make sport. Alas to think that the President of the United States and the author of the Declaration of Independence, should be thus made the subject of British ridicule — and that too, by one of his former proteges.

WIRT'S RETORT.

The unfavorable picture which Weld and Davis gave of Virginia customs led William Wirt to write the Letters of a British Spy. They appeared in the Richmond Argus in 1803, having been, as the author said, found among the papers of a member of Parliament, who was making the American tour. They contain some very interesting sketches, the best being The Old Blind Preacher, the original of which was James Waddell, whose daughter married Archibald Alexander. The reader will notice the use of the word *British* as a set-off against the incorrect British travelers, and Wirt makes the alleged author a member of Parliament, in order to give a higher dignity to the work. He renewed the effort five years afterward in a series of articles published in the Richmond Enquirer, in which the errors and prejudices of British tourists were exposed in an unsparing manner.

FOREIGN GRAVES.

The proposal to bring home the remains of Joel Barlow, calls attention to other American diplomatists, who

rest in foreign graves. The first of this unfortunate number was James Dodge, consul at Tunis. He was a native of New York of highly reputable family, and his brother Richard Dodge, became brother-in-law to Washington Irving. When the Tripolitan war was concluded, and the Moorish pirates of the Mediterranean had been taught to respect our flag, James Dodge was sent to Tunis to represent our government. He died while in this service and rests in an African grave. John Howard Payne also died while holding the same office, but his remains were brought to our national capital for interment.



ROBERTS. SC.
JOEL BARLOW.

The next instance was Joel Barlow, who died in Poland while serving as ambassador at the court of Napoleon. I have previously mentioned the painful circumstances attending his death — which was aggravated by the fearful and harrowing scenes connected with Napoleon's retreat from Russia. This led him to write with faltering hand that impressive and even terrible picture of the horrors inflicted on Europe by Napoleon, whose

bloody ambition had changed the ambassador's admiration to horror.

It is the most powerful of all of Barlow's productions, but never before had any poet such fearful inspiration, and hence it will long stand unequalled in literature. It may be mentioned in this connection that Barlow's indictment of Napoleon, and Jefferson's indictment of George the Third in the Declaration of Independence, are the most tremendous utterances that our country ever delivered against foreign tyranny.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

A still more remarkable instance is found in Bayard Taylor, who died while holding the mission to Berlin. He was one of the most remarkable combinations of fine personal appearance and literary ability, while as a tourist he has never been equalled. Dying at the age of fifty-



BAYARD TAYLOR.

three, he had seen all of the globe that was interesting or accessible, and had published more than a dozen works on foreign travel besides poems and works of fiction.

Of all lands, other than his own, Germany attracted him most, and he was well read in the literature and history

of that exalted nation. This rendered him peculiarly suitable to the mission to Berlin, which he filled in a very acceptable manner until his death, which took place in 1878. His remains were brought home and now rest in his native place, Kennett Square, near Philadelphia.

Alexander H. Everett died in diplomatic service in China in 1847. He was the elder brother of Edward Everett and was nearly his equal in general ability, being indeed his superior in diplomatic experience. He represented his country to a greater or less degree at the courts of Russia, Holland, Spain, and then was sent to China where he found a grave.

The next diplomatist that died abroad was Robert Walsh of Philadelphia. Like Barlow, he had been an editor, and won a name in literature by various productions of a high order of merit. He was the ablest journalist of his day, and the *National Gazette* had no equal during his supervision. This led to a foreign diplomatic appointment, and he died in Paris. Walsh's editorials were noted for their clear cut expressions, some of which seem like philosophic proverbs, as is evident from the following extracts :

Restraints laid by a people on itself are sacrifices made to liberty, and it often shows the greatest wisdom in imposing them.

The true Fortunatus purse is the richness of the generous and tender affections which are worth more for felicity than the greatest powers of the understanding or the highest favors of Fortune.

James W. Alexander attributed some of the best features in his admirable style to the daily perusal of the *National Gazette*, and this shows how a well conducted paper educates its readers.

To return to the subject of foreign graves, one cannot but notice the early repugnance to distance from home. Thus, Virgil in his tenth eclogue, bewails the fate of his

friend *procul a patria* (far from his native land), and this thought becomes intensified by death, as the same author says in one of the battle scenes of the *Æneid*:

Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

Pope's utterances on the same subject, were alone sufficient to ensure fame:

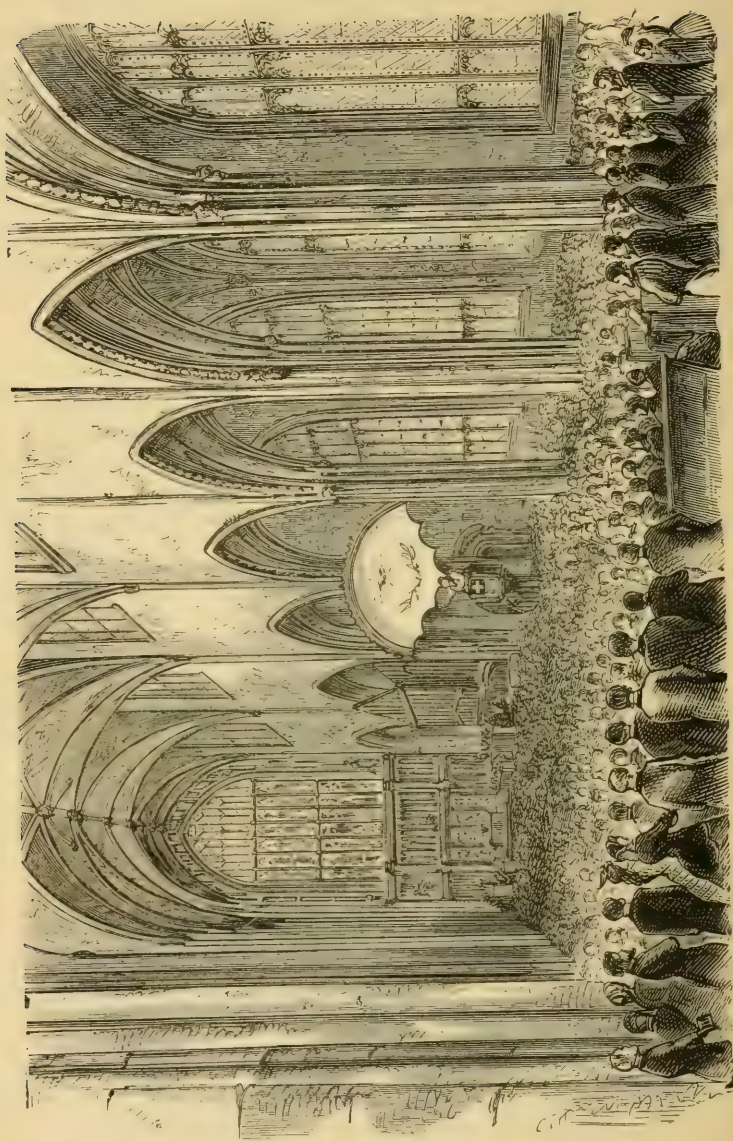
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed.
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored and by strangers mourned.

TRINITY CHURCH.

There are three Episcopal churches in New York city bearing the name of Trinity and also two cemeteries. Concerning the former it may be said that in addition to Trinity church, which fronts Wall street, there is Trinity chapel, in Twenty-fifth street, a mile and a half distant. It is a branch of the old Trinity, built for the uptown part of the congregation, and, though called a chapel, is really an elegant church. Next is Holy Trinity, an independent organization established under the labors of S. H. Tyng. It is certainly strange that the Episcopal authorities should have permitted such multiplicity of names, especially as the term "Holy Trinity" suggests an unfavorable comparison with the original church.

THE TWO CEMETERIES.

Much confusion is also occasioned by the similarity between Trinity churchyard and Trinity cemetery, and yet though both are in the city they are eight miles apart. The former is the plot in which the church stands and contains nearly two acres. Interment is now only permitted in the tombs, and this is but very rare, since most of the old families that worshipped there are extinct.



INSIDE TRINITY CHURCH.

The grounds contain three tombs of more than usual interest, for one of them holds the remains of Lord Stirling, one of Washington's best generals, while in another which belongs to the Livingston family, rests Fulton, of steamboat fame. The third, which belongs to the Hoffmans contains the remains of Matilda Hoffman, the early and only object of Irving's affections. In addition to these is the grave of the gallant Captain Lawrence, but my object is not so much to mention distinguished names as to show the difference in these places of mortuary repose. Trinity cemetery is a plot of ten acres at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street which was bought by Trinity corporation more than forty years ago for mortuary purposes. The ground then cost one thousand dollars an acre, but one acre is now worth ten times the cost of the entire plot. It slopes toward the Hudson and is really the finest piece of land in the upper part of the city.

TRINITY'S WEALTH.

This is increasing with marvelous rapidity, being favored by the vast flow of business to the west side of the town. Trinity's estate has three sources of origin. First, the churchyard proper, which was granted by the government in 1695 as a place of interment for the English settlers. The Dutch had several churchyards, and the English desired one for their own use, and this explains the absence of Dutch names in the Trinity burial ground. The latter is now worth five millions and is alone sufficient wealth for any church. Next is the King's farm, as it was called, and which begins at Fulton street, on the west side of Broadway.

Fulton street was formerly called Partition street, simply because it separated Trinity lease hold property

from lands held in fee. The King's farm was granted in order to provide a fund for missionary effort among the Indians, and though the conditions were never performed, the church held the property which is now worth fifty millions. St. Paul's church stands on the King's farm and this plot alone is worth two millions, and then there was St. John's Park, for which Commodore Vanderbilt paid a round million and covered it with a freight depot.

ANNEKE JANS.

The third property in this immense estate is the Anneke Jans farm over which Trinity obtained control during the early part of the last century. It lies north of the King's farm and was for a long time of very little value, but at present business is rapidly centering there. The heirs of Anneke Jans have often been deluded by the hope of recovery, but this is impossible. The case was thoroughly tried more than forty years ago and the chancellor decided that all claim was barred by the statute of limitations. In other words the heirs should have begun sooner. The above mentioned three properties render Trinity the richest ecclesiastical corporation in the world, especially since the value doubles every time a lease expires. These leases are drawn for twenty-one years with privilege of renewal at a valuation and the tenant pays all taxes and assessments.

TRINITY AND ST. PAUL'S.

I have alluded to some of the distinguished names connected with old Trinity churchyard, and will only add that the most noticeable monuments are those in honor of Hamilton and Captain James Lawrence, the latter so well known by his dying utterance "Don't

give up the ship." In addition to these is the grave of William Bradford who printed the first book and also the first newspaper in the colony of New York.

St Paul's churchyard—a little farther up Broadway—contains the grave of General Montgomery, the unfortunate hero of Quebec, and also that of Joseph Holt, the patriotic printer of revolutionary days. Cooke the tragedian also rests in the same precinct and his monument still attracts notice. Captain George I. Eacker who shot Philip Hamilton in a duel, may be mentioned in the same connection, and inside the church a tablet bears the name of Robert C. Sands, the only poet buried in the city of New York.

TRINITY CEMETERY.

This, as has been mentioned, is eight miles from Trinity churchyard and occupies a large plot on the banks of the Hudson. Among the prominent names on its mortuary list is the famous naturalist John James Audubon, whose *Birds of America* form one of the wonders of art. He was eight years engraving the plates after drawings from nature by his own hand; less than two hundred copies were made, and the price, which at first was one thousand dollars, has now trebled.

Another interesting name connected with Trinity cemetery is Madame Jumel, who reached the extreme age of ninety-five, and yet during all this time preserved the secret of her origin and other personal facts, thus leaving the veil of mystery upon her record. Eliza Bowen was a beautiful adventuress, who captivated a rich French merchant (Stephen Jumel), and afterward induced him to make her his wife. He died, and as her subsequent marriage to Burr is mentioned in another place, I only need to add her death, which took place in 1865. Her

history contains such elements of romance that no doubt it may yet afford a theme for the novelist.

ASTOR VAULT.

Three generations of this family now occupy the plain granite tomb which bears the name of Astor, and forms a conspicuous feature in Trinity cemetery. Old John Jacob was first buried beneath St. Thomas' church, and when the latter was demolished his remains were removed to their present place of rest. A quarter century afterward his son William B. Astor, who then was the richest man in America died, and was buried in the same tomb which now awaits other real estate kings of the same family.

MIDNIGHT IN WALL STREET.

Wall street is a strange place in the day, but a still stranger place at night. I have often read Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, but I know of no spot that seems so truly deserted as Wall street between sun and sun. The more lively a scene appears at one time, the lonelier it will appear at others; and if Wall street be filled by a dense throng at three in the afternoon, it is as desolate as a graveyard at three in the morning. But Wall street after all is only a graveyard, full of buried hopes and characters, buried fortunes and fame.

The last broker that leaves the street always walks with a step peculiarly hurried, as though he was afraid

NOTE. — The following tale was occasioned by the ruin of several of my acquaintances through speculation. One indeed was driven by his losses to commit suicide. In order to repeat the lesson, I have given it place in this volume, and having been a close observer of Wall street for many years I can safely claim that this sketch, though a bit of fiction, is much within the limits of reality.

that the devil might be at his heels, and when he is gone one begins to feel the awfulness of the place. By sunset shadows solemn and impressive steal over you, and the heavy architecture seems still more massive with gloom. The street, however, is not all solitary yet. Some belated clerk occasionally rattles along, his boots ringing on the pavement for half a block or more, and then in a moment he is gone, and silence once more reigns.

At ten o'clock one gets weary of pacing the solitude, and hence it is natural to take a place as I did in the grand Ionic porch of the Custom House and lean against one of those mighty columns of granite. The Custom House is the noblest specimen of commercial architecture in New York, but it is the greatest waste of land. On this plot of land, which cost a million and is now worth five times that sum, stands a ponderous mass of granite which cost five hundred thousand dollars to erect, and which unless demolished may stand for ages. But in point of economy, it is a bad investment. It was built before iron was brought into service, and at a time when Ionic and Doric temples were in vogue. The plot thus encumbered could now be covered with a structure which would pay the interest on a half-dozen millions.

But a truce to all such sordid calculations. They may do for the maddening crowd of the day, but not for the solemn hour of night. This is a time for thought and memory. Just opposite stands the first bank established in this city a century ago, when the population was not over thirty thousand. It still flourishes on the same locality, though the edifice has been several times reconstructed, and it is popularly known as the *old* Bank of New York. In fact, banks, insurance companies, brokers and law offices surround us. But why so deathly quiet

is this spot which only a few hours ago was rife with tumult? Wall street was not always such a nocturnal solitude.

There was a time when it was the abode of fashion and the scene of midnight festivity. Here lived the famous Jauncey, the merchant prince, whose stables occupied a plot now worth a million. It does not seem a great while since President Monroe's administration, and yet when his "grand tour" brought him to this city he was entertained in Wall street in elegant style. Wall street was then a place where belles and beaux flirted in Summer afternoons and danced in long Winter evenings, but now how changed.

II.

Twelve o'clock! I have been pacing this porch hour after hour, recalling the impressive associations of the spot. The enormous columns, thirty-eight feet in height, each one hewn out of a single block of granite, seem still taller in the gray hue of midnight. They suggest thoughts of the future. Who will live to see them demolished? They are as capable of endurance as the Pantheon of Rome. But stop! this is America, and they may go to the ground within ten years under the pressure of modern improvement. While these thoughts were pressing upon me, I was approached by a form which had a human shape, and though I could not make out the features distinctly, yet they evidently were of a favorable character, and I was glad to hear a friendly voice.

"You are here no doubt on the same errand with myself," was the stranger's remark.

"And what may that be," was my reply.

"Well, it is not to every one that I would open this matter, but, under the circumstances, we may as well be

plain. I am a stock speculator and have floated up and down the current of success for a dozen years and haven't yet made my fortune."

"Do you ever expect to?"

"Oh, yes, I think I shall lay the foundation of it this very night."

"Why to-night, more than any other?"

"Ah, sir, I thought you were here on the same errand, but I now perceive my error; had I known it before I should have been more careful of my words. Perhaps, however, you would like to be a partner in the affair?"

"What affair, sir?"

"Why, sir, I have learned lately a surprising secret. How I learned it is not needful to tell, but the fact is there is one night in the year when strange things are to be seen here and strange things are to be learned. One of these strange things is the proper line of stocks to be followed up; I shall to-night get my cue for the year."

"Please explain, sir," I replied, for I felt inclined to humor the fellow, whose vagaries suited the weird hour during which they were spoken.

"Well, sir, to explain, this day is the anniversary of the foundation of the original stock board, and to-night, precisely at twelve, there is to be a grand procession of all the old speculators; that is those that are dead. They meet in the vaults of the Bank of New York, and then form in broad column, marching up to Broadway, where they are reviewed by their leader, after which they march down to the bank in slow step, holding solemn converse on the great questions of finance and arranging the whole destiny of the street for a year to come. Whoever gets near enough to hear their prophetic words may be sure to make his fortune."

"Is that possible?" I exclaimed, astonished at the

strange idea, and still more astonished at my good luck in being present at such an occasion.

“It is possible,” was the reply, to enforce which the stranger clapped his hand on my shoulder, adding, “and you, sir, shall find this by your own experience. Look at Balgrove, who has made such a big thing last year on Lake Shore. He found it all out this way, watched every night for six months till the time came round, and then made his strike.”

Hardly had the stranger completed his sentence when the broad front of a marching column broke through the darkness, and, indeed, by the aid of the moonlight, we could discern the forms distinctly. Some of them wore antique dresses, which recalled the days of Burr and Hamilton, while others were of later style.

“See, see,” exclaimed the stranger, “there is Jacob Barker; how much would I give for what he held in his brain, or for what he could tell us now. There too is R — n. He made a quarter million on Canton company alone. I’d like to know what his notions are on Erie. He was partner with old uncle Dannell once.”

“You refer to the old house of D — R — & Co.?”

“Certainly, sir. They were one of the luckiest concerns in the street. There, too, is John W — ,” continued the stranger, without waiting for any reply to his first remark. Yes and there is Jacob L — . What a great man he was in his day — failed two or three times after all,” he added, dropping his voice. “How strange, how strange.”

“How do you distinguish the lame ducks from the successful?” was my inquiry.

“There is but little difference after all, that is in the long run,” continued the stranger, “most of these men died poor. There are few exceptions, such as some of those

to whom we have referred, but of the rest they had their ups and downs, and after a while luck finally turned against them. Ah, sir, there's lots of money handled in this street, but there's little carried out. There comes some of our worst lame ducks. You will notice them in a sad looking group on the left, and were you near enough you would see that a few bear a red mark upon the breast, indicating that they committed suicide."

III.

As the stranger said this the mysterious procession drew near. Their steps made no sound, and we could hear their voices while they communed upon the great financial questions of the day.

"Hark," he exclaimed, "now they are on Erie and that's my fancy. Listen! listen!"

"What's that old Jacob said? Did you hear it? It was on the chance of a put at thirty days. Listen! he's at it again. I'll try that if it takes my last dollar, and if you go in with me and make a pool we can come out with a million."

These words were uttered in a low tone which, though excited, was still hardly above a whisper.

"There, too, is little G——, who cut such a swell in bulling the Central. I'd like to get a word from him. Let's get closer by."

So saying he led the way and we drew very near the spectral column. "Step light," he whispered; "if they catch us on the watch it's all over with our luck."

The stranger drew near the curbstone and strove to hide behind a deserted apple-stand, while I followed just as one follows a leader, without caring for the result. We heard some confabulations of a character which seemed to thrill my companion.

"Try to remember," said he; "remember for your life. How I wish I could write this down. What did he say about Michigan Central? by Jove I lost that; let us get nearer."

The stranger was evidently emboldened by his success, for he emerged from his retreat and crawled toward the column, where he caught some sounds that to me were quite unintelligible.

"I've got it, I've got it," he whispered in a tone which, owing to his excited condition was louder than he was aware of. "I've got it. Eureka! ha! ha! My fortune's made, and you shall have half, agreeably to my bargain. What a lucky fellow you are."

I was at once aware that the fellow had spoken too soon and too loud, and this was immediately apparent from the result.

A nervous looking form, which was twitching with calculation, started at the sound and exclaimed, "What, ho! listeners at the brokers' march—then bear the penalty!"

The speaker stretched his arm without leaving his place and attempted to seize the watcher, but the latter moved rapidly backward and escaped the hand of the dead. "They dare not break ranks," said he, but the alarm was at once spread and the column faded out of sight.

As the last rank disappeared we stood together alone. I was so much overcome by the strange scene which I had just witnessed that I remained in silent reverie, which at last was broken by the voice of my companion.

"Don't let us stay here any longer; the watchman may suspect us. Our luck is too good to be marred by any thing unpleasant. Walk up street with me."

I acquiesced, hardly knowing what I was doing, and

though my companion seemed perfectly self-conscious, he was so excited that his very tone trembled.

“You may consider your fortune made, sir,” he exclaimed, “as I consider mine. ‘There is a tide’ as Shakespeare says. Enough to know that the tide has come. For thirteen years I have battled with adverse fortunes in this very Wall street, but the victory soon will be on my side. I feel, sir, assured that Fortune has now honored me with her favor. Did you hear what that old fellow said?” I admitted my ignorance, for I had heard nothing distinctly. “Well, sir, I picked up enough to see how things are going to shape, and I can lay out my plans for a season’s work. But this I will not do now, for it is too late. Meet me to morrow at ten at Shavely & Co.’s, in Broad street.”

As he said this the stranger left me and, adding a hasty good night, darted down New street, while I walked thoughtfully home. I could sleep but little that night, and when I caught a brief doze the countenance of the stranger flitted before me with a peculiar fascination. The sole idea connected with him was money, and in the brief dreams of that restless night he seemed a very Plutus holding the keys of untold treasures, and I could almost hear him exclaiming, in the words of the poet,

Sir Pertinax, my lofty, again I say to thee, be rich;
This day thou shalt have ingots.

IV.

In the morning, at the appointed time, I called at Shavely’s, and was gratified to behold the stranger there. This was proof that the events of the last night were no dream. He bowed with a knowing look, and then, without saying a word, resumed some calculations which had been occupying his attention. On gazing round the office

I perceived that Shavely & Co. paid no attention to me, but this occasioned no surprise as I saw that others came and went unnoticed. Some of these had an eager look and glanced hurriedly at quotations and then went off. They were, as I afterward learned, clerks in different concerns who stole in every day for a few minutes to gaze on the markets and to calculate their chances of a strike.

Many of these fellows had saved a few hundred dollars and had hopes by some lucky hit to lay the foundation for a fortune. Others had evidently lost their little capital and were lingering around as though still fascinated by the excitement which had lured them to ruin. Evidently they were dreaming over the past and vainly trying to recall it. The stranger continued his calculations, and this delay gave me an opportunity to examine his appearance. He was of small size and very nervous temperament. His clothes were out of fashion, and their threadbare and seedy aspect was strongly in contrast with that of the finely-dressed gentlemen who were passing in and out continually. It was evident that there was a general understanding in reference to his position, for each seemed to glance at him and then at each other with a look of general recognition, and from this I inferred that he was a man of dubious reputation.

The time for stock operations was now at hand and a large number of orders had been handed in. The senior partner, Mr. Sharper Shavely, put on his hat and proceeded across the street to the Exchange, and the stranger, who left at the same time, beckoned me to accompany him. The crowd indicated the way, and all we had to do was to follow. Having ascended one flight of stairs we found ourselves in a large room filled with a heaving and tumultuous crowd. A fine looking gentleman was sitting at a large desk fronting the audience and calling off stocks, while a

a vociferous range of bids was heard in every direction.

Like all other visitors I found a place in the lobby, while the stranger mingled with the crowd of brokers with a look of importance such as told of his glowing expectations. While the less important stocks were called off Mr. Garsden, for such was his name, came and pointed out several of the most interesting members of the board. "That plain-looking man who sits so quietly in the rear is S——. He has made a fortune of more than a million in this board." "How has he been so successful," was our inquiry?

"By buying first-class stocks at a low figure and holding them for an advance. He never speculates in the ordinary sense of the word, but simply holds for an advance which in due time comes and then he sells and pockets a handsome profit. He has a safe full of stock certificates in the vault below."

"What vault?"

"Why under this building — there are two hundred safes, each let for seventy-five dollars per year, and used by these brokers to keep their stocks secure."

"Who is that bright-eyed young man that is bidding so noisily?"

"That's Charley M——; he is worth \$150,000."

"And so young?"

"Young! why he's twenty-four!"

The remark caused me to look around, and I was at once struck with the youthful appearance of most of the members. They were very much excited, and as their countenances were thus lit up it rendered the scene one of intense interest.

The clamor continued to increase, and at times the confusion was so great that the gavel of the chairman was

heard calling to order. This confusion grew out of the rapidity of sales, and beneath the uproar a vast amount of business was transacted. Such at least was the statement made by Mr. Garsden, for I could not make out what these crazy fellows were about. At length Erie was called. Twenty men jumped to their feet and began to bellow. The bids flew sharp through the room, 40, 40½, 40¾, 41; "42 buyer 60," squeaked a voice by my side. It was that of Mr. Garsden, whom I saw was intensely excited. "They wont take my offer, and you must go my security, eh?" and without waiting he pointed to me in a significant manner, which seemed at once to be understood. My name is somewhat known among business men, and the reference seemed satisfactory. Mr. Garsden had, as I afterward learned, so often failed in his contracts that his name alone was not considered sufficient.

"Forty-two, buyer sixty," was exclaimed. The confusion became worse, and I was puzzled to know how men in such a condition and amid such a din could understand each other. "I have got it," exclaimed Garsden in a few minutes—"a thousand shares — that's glory enough for one day." He withdrew, leading me, and we made our way to the desk, where a contract was made, and we turned our steps to the door. As we were going out, my companion drew me closer by the arm and began a conversation in a low tone.

"You see," said he, "they were a little aloof in taking my bid. The fact is I have been deuced unfortunate, and have got cleaned out several times, but it's all right now."

"How is that?" was my inquiry.

"Why a thousand Erie at 42 on sixty days is a first-rate beginning. I'm sure of five thousand advance in less than a fortnight. That will do to commence on. We don't want to make too big a stake at once."

I assented to the latter proposition, but asked Mr. Garsden for his authority in this expectation.

“Ah! have you forgotten last night. I daren't tell you all I know, but I've enough to make all sure. We are on the road to fortune!”

V.

Having other engagements which demanded my attention, I left Mr. Garsden and proceeded on my way with many strange thoughts perplexing me. I had been seen in the Stock Exchange speculating, a fact which in itself was prejudicial to the character of a plain West street merchant, and I had in a thoughtless moment allowed myself to become security for a stock contract. All this was decidedly unpleasant, but in addition to it I was followed by a presence, strangely felt, and this mysterious Garsden was continually haunting me with those fascinating words, “Erie 42, buyer 60.”

On reaching West street and while approaching my place of business, I met my friend Morton, who smiled as he shook hands with me and asked, “how things were going on in Wall street?”

I am sure I must have colored; at least I felt so. It was decidedly embarrassing to be so quickly detected.

“The fact is,” said Morton, “I want some paper done and would like to know what is the pulse of the street.” This explanation relieved my mind and I gave him such information as was in my power, and passed on. I found, however, a new bugbear had arisen in my breast. This was proved when my bookkeeper, Mr. Jenkins, told me that a Wall street man had been down to see me. I was appalled to think that perhaps it had been Garsden, but was again relieved to learn that the individual was merely a produce broker who had a cargo of sugar for sale.

The day passed on without any further alarms, but when I returned home at night my vexatious thoughts returned. After tea my wife picked up the paper and glanced over the contents. "What a strange life must that of a stock dealer be," she exclaimed. "Up and down, up and down all the time. I am so glad, Barclay (Barclay Snowdon is my name), that you do not dabble in stocks."

"Some men make fortunes at it," I said.

"But if they make, do not others lose fortunes? They cannot both make money, since one man's gain is only what the other loses. So I suppose it will be in this movement in Erie"—

"What movement in Erie!" I exclaimed, snatching the paper convulsively and fixing my eye on the money article where I read as follows: "The market was much excited at its close, especially Erie, in which a heavy movement was made. The second board closed buoyant at 45, after which sales were made at 50."

A rallying power of thought was exerted. I crushed down the rising excitement and handed the paper back, though as I did so I could hear Garsden squeaking "a thousand shares at 42, buyer 60."

"You are not well, Barclay, I perceive," said my wife in the course of a few minutes.

"As well as usual, my dear," was my reply, "perhaps a little weary from close application, but an air on the piano will bring me up."

Ruth immediately opened the instrument and ran through several of my favorites, but their melody failed to reach the soul, and was in fact drowned by Garsden's inevitable squeak. My wife perceived my restless frame, and said after a number of attempts to win my attention, "You were out late last night and if we retire early I hope will rest well."

In this hope she was mistaken; my mind was too much excited to permit rest. I was continually calculating the profits on a thousand shares of Erie and then trying to guess how much would be a proper share for myself. It was a question whether Garsden would report at all, for as a general thing men are not apt to call for a settlement when there is a balance against them. Such a train of reasoning could not be of a sedative nature, nor did it tend to giving one an appetite for breakfast. I was compelled to take a drink of bourbon (though this is contrary to my custom) to give the system tone.

The stage landed me opposite Trinity while the clock was striking nine and I turned down Wall street with nervous steps. As I passed Broad street I could not but look toward Shavely & Co.'s, and while doing so I felt a tap on my shoulder, and turning round beheld once more the mysterious stranger. "Oh, Mr. Snowdon, I have been on the lookout for you. These regular business men do not care generally to have any one know about their Wall street matters, and so I did not call at your store, eh?"

I assented to the correctness of his perception.

"You can find me at Shavely's most any day, and that is a good place to meet, for they do something in real estate and hence you can drop in there without being necessarily a stock operator. By the way you would, I suppose, like to realize on that matter of Erie. I sold that lot after the second board at 50, and now it's going up higher."

"Sold it," I exclaimed, "why did you not hold on?"

"Why, sir, I would have done so, but your regular business men have a general rule to sell when you can realize a profit, and, therefore, I sold more on your account than mine. Had it fallen I might have been blamed

for not working it off my hands. As for profits, I suppose one-half will satisfy you."

As Mr. Garsden said this he put into my hand a check on the Bank of New York for four thousand dollars — at the same time adding, "I got Jones to issue that check in exchange for currency, but the time is soon coming when I shall keep bank account myself."

VI.

"That will do for a beginning," said he. "For years I have been hanging around this street, making but a dog's living. I have been a curb-stone man and a gutter snipe, and had at last made enough to get elected to the regular board, hoping to make a strike there. I have just kept from starving, and my family has suffered more than any one knows, but a change has now come, and this is the beginning of fortune. Shall we continue to operate together? Two heads are better than one?"

"I will let you know," was my reply, and we parted. I walked with nervous stride across to West street gazing occasionally at the piece of paper, which I had been clutching in my hand, and when I reached the store I opened it to a full and satisfactory gaze. There could be no dream there, it was a carefully filled out check for four thousand dollars. While I was gazing on this marvellous paper the clock struck ten, and I immediately walked over to the bank and had it cashed — forty bank notes, each one hundred dollars. I counted them and walked back to the office.

It was a larger sum than I had made in any single speculation, for, although I was doing what is called a fair business, my profits were generally light, and to make money required an incessant and laborious activity of trade. As I entered the store a broker in coffee made me

an offer for an invoice of Rio. The sale was for cash, which was desirable, but the rate of profit struck me as contemptible. It was a quarter of a cent per pound. The lot was one hundred and sixty bags. On the entire lot I would make sixty dollars. For this trifling sum I had purchased, carted in, advertised, insured, paid rent, clerk hire and now brokerage. It was certainly rather small business, especially as my partner must have one-half of it. On the other hand, by simply spending an hour with Garsden I had cleared more than I should make on the coffee trade of a year.

Business was active, but the limited rate of its profits annoyed me, and I confess I was continually wondering what Garsden was about that day. He was no doubt operating in stocks. What could have been his success? His mysterious history kept working upon my mind; my acquaintance with him in the street and the strange secret which he had obtained formed a puzzling mystery. Could it be true that he had the keys to wealth? If so I should do well to keep up the connection which had begun so auspiciously.

At two o'clock I made my bank account, depositing over six thousand dollars in the North River Bank. It was a large deposit for me, and the teller seemed to notice it. He ran over the forty notes to which I have referred and passed them to my credit, and as he did so I said to myself, "why did not Garsden make his purchase two thousand shares instead of one thousand. In that case I might have deposited eighty of these bills instead of forty. It was only a suggestion, but it caused an annoyance. I came home at night in a frame unusually nervous, which Ruth noticed, for she could always read my feelings.

"How is business?" she inquired, as she poured out

my last cup of tea — the first two having thrown a glow over all things.

“Good,” I replied, referring to the coffee transaction among others. “Sixty dollars,” exclaimed Ruth, “in one sale; you will surely now be able to buy one of those pretty pictures of Swiss scenery that we saw at Knoeller’s.”

“Buy it if you will, my child,” said I, “and perhaps we may indulge our tastes to a still greater degree if I have all the success I expect.”

“Then you hope for a better trade than usual? Well, to get on little by little, safe and sure, that pleases me better than speculation. Indeed, I never should rest were I the wife of a speculator.”

VII.

The evening passed in a rather dull manner. Ruth looked over the money article and noticed the advance in Erie. “Only think,” said she, “yesterday 42, to-day 53.”

“What a chance!” I exclaimed, starting up, though under an irresistible impulse, “to make a fortune!”

“How much these poor fellows lose who sell short, as you term it. It must be hard to pay such difference, and then how it must pinch their families. I should always think of this if I made any thing in stocks.”

Ruth said this in a saddened tone. I made no reply, for the four thousand dollars rose in my throat; why did I not at once own up all that I had done instead of keeping a fatal secret in my breast?

Passing over this night without further remark I went down street next morning and by some strange fascination my steps turned away from their customary beat until they again led me past the office of Shavely & Co. Gars-

den was on the steps pacing to and fro with the appearance of one walking against time. "Aha," he exclaimed, as I approached; "the very man I was hoping to see. In fact had I not met you now I should have had to come down to your office though it be against rule — more luck in the wind."

"What now," I inquired, with a flush which Garsden could not fail to read and understand.

"I see," said he, "you begin to take a little interest in Wall street matters. By and by you will become a first class stock operator (I thought of Ruth and turned pale, as I believe, at these words); luck is turning, sir, as Shakespeare says about flood tide carrying a man right up."

I made no answer, for the thought of Ruth made me sad. Mr. Garsden continued, and as he did so I had leisure to observe that he had a new neck-tie and an appearance decidedly improved since yesterday.

"Why, sir, it has got round what we did yesterday, or rather what I did, for your name is not mentioned, and they are having more confidence in me, though I haven't said a word about *that night*. We are making a pool and now for a strike on Pacific Mail. I have put in all I have in the world, three thousand seven hundred and sixty dollars, the rest having been spent to take some things out of pledge and pay rent; this is between you and I."

"Who is in the ring?" was my inquiry.

"Sime Shavely, little Rinks, Isaacs the Jew, myself your neighbor Gumberly."

"Gumberly," I exclaimed with surprise, for Gumberly was one of our most staid and old-fashioned grocers, and was the last man I would have dreamed of as operating in stocks.

"Yes, Matthias Gumberly; but that's a Wall street

secret, and of course is safe in your hands. Gumberly has made some fine hits. The Vanderbilt move in New York Central put \$5,000 in his pocket."

These words awoke an unpleasant reminiscence, for one of my friends had lost his house in that same operation, being unfortunately on the wrong side.

I was recalled from this train of thoughts by Garsden's nervous words, "How much will you put in?"

"I will tell you in an hour," was my reply.

"Won't do," said Garsden; "a half-hour at the longest. I'm fretting myself to death waiting for the board to open, and if you go in the pool I want you along as a backer. I can't go alone yet."

The thought was an unwelcome one to be seen again in the stock board, but if once, twice could be of no great harm.

"I will be back," said I, "as soon as I go to the store and see what the mail brings." So saying I walked hurriedly along. As I entered I found a boy from Skiddy's office with a message that a fresh cargo of New Orleans molasses was sampled and ready for sale. But although I was the buyer I had no time to attend to this matter.

I walked into the office, looked at letters, gave some orders to my clerk, exchanged a few words with my partner, Mr. Timberjoke, who was selling goods, tore out a blank check and walked up to Broad street, endeavoring to make up my mind how much it should be filled up for.

I had made four thousand dollars. At first I thought of risking the whole, but then that would seem too hazardous.

"Let it be one-half," said my calmer judgment, and stepping into a stationer's I filled it up for two thousand dollars. "Now walk with me," said Garsden, coming down from the steps to meet me, "the pool is made up

and we have forty thousand dollars in ; yours makes forty-two thousand. We buy on a margin of ten per cent. which will allow us to handle about a half million of stock. Each man has a pro rata interest. Come along, I say !”

VIII.

We were walking pretty fast, but Garsden in his excitement moved still faster. “ I haven’t forgot what the old man said *that night*,” he whispered, clutching the muscle of my arm. “ I shall put it to ’em, but gently at first. We must keep cool !”

So saying, he ascended the stairs two steps at a time and upset a basket of apples, hardly giving me time to hand the old man who sold them a greenback by way of satisfaction. We took our places and I entered into the spirit of the scene with a glow of self-satisfaction which was in no small degree due to the prestige of my friend.

I watched each motion like one intent to learn, and tried through the clamor and tumult to make out what was going on. The stocks were rapidly called, and the transactions were rapid and very large. At length the Pacific Mail was called, and in an instant the swift bids were heard “ 48, 48½, 49.” All eyes were fixed on the bidder, and that bidder was Garsden, as anyone might have known from his nervous squeak, and as he mentioned five hundred shares he pointed again to me. So I was once more publicly marked as a stock operator, but I must confess the distinction ceased to be painful.

I felt a delightful flow of blood and an increase of nervous activity such as follow champagne drinking, and under its influence I did not sufficiently value my position as one of the solid men of West street. When Garsden’s bid for Pacific Mail was noted, I essayed to depart, but

I heard a confused and increased shouting, and before I left the door I found it had gone to 55.

I had agreed to meet my friend at Shavely's at 4 o'clock and then walked down to the store. The latter looked very dull and unattractive. There were several purchasers there and Timberjoke was making large sales, but this failed to interest me, so I concluded to go over to Skiddy's and look at the molasses. While on my way new perplexities haunted me. The question arose when would Garsden realize on our new purchase? What price would it bring? How much would I clear for my share? And then came the very annoying thought that having reduced my quota from my first plan, I had in that same degree cut off my profits. I had put in but two thousand; why had I not made it four thousand, as I designed at first? With these thoughts preying on me I entered Skiddy's office, and on inquiry about the molasses found that a ring had been made up to take the cargo, and that I was a half-hour too late to have my name inserted. I was at first a little nettled at this, but my other schemes returning upon me I was half glad it was gone, as I was in no mood for common business. Just as I was turning to depart I heard Skiddy's voice (and we all know how pleasantly Frank can speak), uttering as follows:

"Snowdon, they say you made a nice thing in Erie tother day; that's enough without molasses."

"How?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"O, nothing. there was some such report afloat, and I thought I would give you a chance to contradict it. You know how it affects credit."

I *did* know how it affected credit and I could not deny it. Skiddy noticed the emotion and very kindly hesitated to add any thing to an unwelcome theme.

"The cargo of the Juneatte will be unloaded day after tomorrow," said he. "Suppose we put you down for fifty hogsheads at the same price the rest bring."

"All right," I replied, and then turned toward my store with a peculiar consciousness of a loss of business character. My stock of goods was broken, and I had depended on the purchase which I had just lost to make it good. It was a marked disappointment to Mr. Timberjoke, who mentioned that several opportunities of selling large bills had been lost for want of an assortment. The store, as I entered, again seemed to have lost its former bright and interesting appearance. The chests of tea, the tiers of coffee, casks of sugar, and even the furniture of the office looked unattractive. I sat at my desk "mechanically," as they say, and my eye fell upon a pile of business letters. They were of varied character, and exhibited the usual variety of a business correspondence.

Some contained orders for goods, others told of defects and mistakes in previous orders, and asked for deduction. A few contained remittances, while one announced a bankruptcy of a concern against which we had a heavy account. The writer (our attorney) mentioned the general character of the failure, and added that not over fifty cents could be collected on the dollar. I called to the clerk to enter the orders and then read my lawyer's letter again. The account was over \$1,500 and at fifty cents on the dollar our loss would be at least \$750.

A train of reasoning immediately passed through my brain of a nature like this: Lost seven hundred and fifty dollars on a transaction of double that amount. Profits on that transaction, had the bill been paid, not \$100, but now a net loss of \$650. To make this up six thousand dollars worth of goods must be bought, carted to store, sold, delivered and the bills collected. And this is business!

Turning from this train of false reasoning my eye lit on a paragraph in the daily paper to the following effect: "The movement in Pacific Mail yesterday was of a bold and decisive character. It is evident that this stock is now a favorite and that all that is required is time. A few weeks indeed may bring it up to its former distinguished value. It is expected that to-day's board will witness a farther advance.

Clutching the paper and thrusting it into my pocket I requested the bookkeeper to look after the office and fill up checks for the notes due that day, after which I left the store in an agitated frame. As I passed Judson & Co. I overtook the veteran merchant John Palmer, walking with a young companion, and a fragment of their conversation fell on my ear.

"I wonder, Mr. Palmer," said the latter, "why you never try your hand at stocks; there has been a heap of money made there of late."

"Stocks!" exclaimed the old gentleman with a smile. "That is not my line. I was born to be a plodder, not a speculator, or rather not a gambler. I have seen enough of this making haste to be rich to know that it's dangerous!"

"Dangerous, perhaps, to some," rejoined the companion, "but not to a veteran like yourself!"

"Veterans have their weak points as well as other people, and indeed if I had not avoided the stock market I should not have become a veteran. My rule has been to stick to trade as long as it will support me, and when I can no longer get a living at it I may try the stock market — not till then!"

There was an unwelcome commentary on my conduct in these words, whose power I could not deny, but shaking off the reproof I passed the pair and soon myself relieved of

their voices. I met crowds of busy men, such as merchants, clerks, porters and cartmen, all of whom seemed cheerful, though many looked overworked. "Why do not these men," thought I, "try their hand in Wall street? They might get a lift there which would help them wonderfully."

IX.

I had at first shaped my course to a tea sale, or at least to examine samples of the sale to come off on the next day, but by some irresistible magnetism I was drawn toward Broad street, and found myself soon confronted by Garsden. His face was wreathed with smiles, and he had a kindly patronizing air which well befitted his words.

"I have been looking for you for half an hour. The pool has just divided, and you are in for \$2,500; mine is \$5,000; Rinks has the same, and the Jew gets \$10,000. What a lucky old Hebrew he is? Come in," he added, "and get your funds."

I followed him into Shavely's office and found a certified check awaiting me for the amount above mentioned.

"You should have had twice as much," said Garsden, "and would have had it were it not for your foolish caution. Caution is all very well, but there are times when it's as dangerous as at other times it is useful. It's all nonsense to be cautious when fortune is ready to fall into one's pocket. The chance was open before you" —

"And lost!" I responded in a self-reproachful tone.

"Oh no!" said he, "not lost. That occasion was in fact but a lesson to lead to something better. Your chance is now better than ever. Listen to me," he added in a subdued but earnest tone, at the same time drawing me aside. "We are now in the midst of a time of great excitement, and the most splendid success is within reach.

All that is wanted is nerve. You have made something; but what are a few thousand dollars to a man of your ambition? You can have a hundred thousand as well as five."

"Do you believe it?" I exclaimed with undisguised astonishment.

"*I know it,*" was the reply. "Just see how stocks are moving, and this is nothing to what is coming next week. There is a harvest ahead for all who have nerve to reap it!"

"Explain yourself a little more definitely," said I, endeavoring to hush my excited frame.

"Why, sir," replied Mr. Garsden, "three pools are now made up to move three of the heaviest stocks in the street. One of them is Erie; another is Pacific Mail, and the third is Western Union. Whoever has a chance here is sure to make a big strike."

"And you mean to say there's room for me?"

"I have just saved you room, and your share is \$20,000?"

"More money than I can raise — that is, without selling out my store."

"Then sell out the store. There's no use of handling groceries, and making perhaps \$5,000 in a year, when you can clear twenty times as much."

"I cannot give up my regular business," said I in an uncertain tone, which indicated that I was half disposed to do so.

"Well, then, give us what you can. We will keep your share good and advance the funds for you. Tomorrow we strike home."

At that moment I caught a glimpse of my friend Barton, the dry goods jobber, who came up and shook hands.

"How odd it is," said he, "that a man must explain why he is in Wall street!"

“And what is *your* apology?” I added.

“Well,” said he, “I suppose I can trust you with a secret, and a man must tell *somebody*. I’ve been speculating with my wife’s money — the \$3,000 left her by her bachelor uncle — and I’ve made double on it in a week.”

“But what effect does it have on your business habits?” I inquired, earnestly.

“Oh, none!” was the reply. “I don’t let such things affect me at all. Some men might get excited about it, but I can job goods all the morning, and then look in at my broker’s for a few moments, and go back again to the store.”

As he said this he bowed pleasantly and was soon lost in the crowd, while I stood entranced by thought.

“Here,” said I to myself, “is at least one of my own acquaintance who can add to his regular business a flyer into the stock market. Some men are so constituted that they can endure more excitement than others. Weak-nerved people should be careful where they place their feet, but a clear head and a stout heart may obey the impulses of ambition.

X.

While thus musing the day waned, and I was aroused by the bell striking three. Hurrying to the store, I glanced over the cash-book and noticed the receipts. There was enough to meet our notes, and another glance at the sale-book showed that a large business had been done. The store had a busy look, and my partner, who attended to the sales, reminded me that coffees, indigo, tobacco and teas were wanted immediately to keep the stock up. “You will not forget the tea sale to-morrow,” he added.

Was it possible that he perceived my need of such a reminder? The fact was I had not thought of it, and the catalogue had not been examined.

“I have been busy to-day,” said I, “and upon the whole I will pay Case a brokerage to buy for me. As for the coffee and other goods, you know what our trade requires. Just buy for a day or two small lots where you can pick them up.”

After leaving the store, I took a long walk, for I did not wish to go home too soon fearing that my countenance might reveal more than I desired. Besides this, I am obliged to confess an increased repugnance toward making Ruth my confidant. After once more traversing Broad street, which by this time was deserted, I reached my dwelling and found my wife neatly dressed and awaiting my arrival. A kiss, and then a few happy words to let off the outburst of affection.

“Tea is ready,” she said and as she led into the room a few flowers graced the table and filled the place with fragrance. This would under ordinary circumstances have attracted my notice and called forth a suitable response, but I made no reference to the cheery room or any other of the niceties of the occasion and actually felt an unpleasantness at home life.

It was too tame for one who had been so excited, but a reaction soon came, bringing extreme weariness. I retired, fell asleep, and for at least three hours slumbered soundly. Then came a period of wakefulness which brought all of the schemes of the previous day before me, and I slept no more. Such a person could only arise in a feverish frame and with a diminished appetite. A strong draught of coffee, several times repeated, and followed by a still stronger stimulant gave me tone, and then I bade my wife good morning without my usual cheerfulness. Poor creature, she evidently knew I was ill at ease, but her delicacy forbade that close enquiry which might have probed the secret.

I made my way to the store and looked over matters, and then waited for the arrival of ten o'clock. Letters were read, samples were examined and the routine of business was gone through, but my heart was not there. At ten I was on the way to Broad street, where Garsden was waiting for me. "You are in time," said he, "to go in and see the movement." We walked together to the Stock Exchange and mingled in the crowd that entered. At the door I took my place as usual in the lobby, while Garsden entered the brokers' arena.

The scene was already exciting, but it increased with rapid bewilderment. Noises of an indescribable character arose from the mob, which, inside the railing, was contending for success. The confusion was rendered more apparent and striking by the pale and nervous forms of those who were losing, while the lucky ones were inspired by their success to a glee which resembled that of lunacy. They capered round with fantastic motions and showed their delight in puerile and ridiculous manifestations.

I heard much but understood little. Garsden however occasionally came to the railing to tell of his success. He was thoroughly alive to the importance of the occasion and was operating with a degree of boldness which exceeded all his former calculations. Many others were attracted by his success, and he had become the centre of a group of admirers. He had extended his purchases vastly and as the market rose his courage increased. With this his countenance changed, and the fire that lit his eye was suggestive of all manner of vagaries.

During the scene I lost all consciousness of my business and sat like one entranced. What was the grocery trade to such a day as this? Fortunes had been made by some and lost by others. Many went home ruined while mushroom capitalists danced for joy and were almost frenzied

by the ecstasy of profit. Our ring had been among the most successful. Over a hundred thousand dollars had been cleared. "You see," said Garsden, "what comes of following the directions of the old man. It was *that night* that unfolded the secret. I might have made a million as well as a tenth of that sum. All that we now lack is nerve. Grant us this and the avenues of wealth are ours." Wealth beyond the dreams of something or other — ha! ha! "Wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." I replied supplying the sentence — but not yielding to the laugh. I was too deeply excited to even smile.

To have cleared ten thousand dollars was enough to make any one nervous. One thing was certain, I had lost my ordinary disposition for trade, and indeed there seemed little to regret in this. Having proved by experience that the secret of wealth had been discovered on that eventful night, I determined to sell out on the best terms that could be made. On my return to the store I was congratulated by several friends on my good luck, and I soon found that my recent movements, so far from being a secret, were generally known among the trade.

XI.

I found Timberjoke ready to close with my proposition.

"You and I, Mr. Snowdon, have got on well together, but since you have become a Wall street man a change is necessary."

"I, a Wall street man?" It still sounded so strange that I could not forbear the exclamation.

"Yes, it is generally understood that you are operating there, and that you have made some money; but it hurts our credit, and hence, the quicker we dissolve the better."

The transaction was soon closed. I took my partner's notes (well secured) for my interest in our late firm and

the dissolution was published within three days. In fact, our inventory of the previous New Year was assumed as the basis, and this saved us a great deal of calculation. My wife was grieved at the change in business, but she had been too much grieved by the change in my conduct to express an additional regret. "You are no more yourself, Barclay," said she; I wonder if this is the case with all Wall street men? If so, how much their families are to be pitied!"

It was true, I was no more myself; but I endeavored to make up for the loss of domestic felicity by that outlay which my rising fortune permitted. The house in which we had passed so many hours of peace and happiness was exchanged for a large and stately dwelling, and my wife was the head of an establishment such as many of her sex would have envied.

Our operations continued bold and increased in extent, and Garsden's possession of the secret ensured success. This change excited general remark, and my good fortune was the wide-spread theme, so that when my gay equipage dashed through the Central Park it attracted special attention. Often I heard the expression as I passed the streets, "How young, and how fortunate!"

But as the splendor of wealth was displayed, family comfort diminished. I dwelt in a palace, but I had no home. My wife, too, seemed homeless. We were not bred to this lofty style and we could not adapt ourselves to its new elegance. It seemed, however, that we were under an influence which compelled us to yield to all the demands of fashion. We had dropped our former friends and had welcomed the butterfly society of high life, whose heartless sycophancy, flattery and falsehood, were too apparent not to be disgusting.

We often mutually expressed our desires to resist this

influence, but it was a part of the system into which we had been inducted, and there is no tyrant like fashion. I occasionally met my old partner, Mr. Timberjoke, whose plodding habits seemed characteristic of a lower intellect than mine, and I wondered how I could have passed so long a time in the dull walks of merchandise.

Garsden, too, was a wonder. He had been known as one of the commonest hacks in the street, but he now was a leader in the market and lived in a style of great cost and elegance. I hope that he was happier than I; indeed it would be difficult for him to have been more miserable. My wife, too, pined under the miseries of style until I was compelled to think of a voyage to Europe, whose chief object should be a restoration of her health. Garsden heard of this, and the plan was made the basis of a fresh scheme of wealth.

XII.

“It is a good idea,” said he, “and you should at once adopt it.” I will go also when I have time, but just now I cannot tear myself away from business. Perhaps when you return I will be able to do so. But are you able to meet the expense of your trip?”

I could not but smile at this question.

“Reflect that your tastes will be immensely increased by a tour through Europe, and especially by a visit to Rome. You will have great opportunities of purchasing original pictures, for which large prices are demanded, and you will on your return be able to open a gallery of Raffaelles, Correggios and Murillos to the public. Perhaps you may bring the Apollo Belvidere back with you, or the Transfiguration. You should have at least a quarter of a million more before you think of starting a sinking fund — excuse the term, but business will crop out — to meet your proposed trip.”

I was about to interpose an idea of more economical nature, but Garsden would not hear to it. He then opened another class of operations which at one time would have appeared wild and chimerical, but I had learned to believe all that dropped from his lips.

“Before I carry out this,” said he, “one thing is necessary. Next Wednesday night is the anniversary of the midnight march, and I shall attend for the purpose of learning more from that mysterious band.”

Startled by the thought, I exclaimed: “No, let us stop here, Mr. Garsden, rather than attempt any farther dealings with the powers of darkness.”

“Young man,” replied my friend in a manner that combined pleasantry with irritation, “You are hardly aware of what you say, or, in other words, you do not understand the condition in which we are placed. Know, then, that I am bound by a solemn understanding to meet my benefactor — your benefactor also, I may say.

“It will be nothing more than honorable to report our success, and when this great improvement of our advantages shall be made known it will be no doubt followed by a still greater revelation. There are more secrets to be revealed, sir, and the bold and courageous are the only ones which possess them. The whole of Vanderbilt’s success may be explained by carrying out this rule. He has been more favored than we.”

“But, sir, I have no idea of exceeding the Commodore.”

“You shall do it, sir, whether you desire it or not. Commodore Vanderbilt has stood too long in this pre-eminence. After your return from Europe, or before it, you shall outrank him. I care not for myself; I am too old for any ambition save that of money—mere wealth—the greed of mammon. I will never leave Wall street until the former gutter snipe has become the richest of

the rich. I must be revenged of my former poverty. But yours shall be the showy part. You shall drive a finer turn-out than Vanderbilt or any of the Central Park magnates.

XII.

I had learned from Garsden that our secret was to last for a year, but I did not know until now that it might fall into the possession of some one of bolder daring, and hence, though I had begun to weary of the Stock Exchange, I now felt the importance of securing it for another year. My wife had desired me to retire, and the prospective tour abroad was connected with this thought. The eventful night arrived. Garsden claimed the vigil as his privilege, and since he obtained success before I accorded with his desire. Next day he met me with a deeper intensity of expression. "I was there," said he, "and saw it all. It was grand, solemn and even awful."

"And what success?"

"I got it again. It is ours for a twelvemonth to come. Go to Europe if you will, or stay. In either case you are bound to do well. We want no pool now. Two can better share the profit than a half-dozen."

Garsden entered the Stock Exchange that morning with a degree of increased confidence, which all his friends noticed. He had by this time become a leader, and his opinion was often cited as almost infallible. How many times have I heard it uttered in the excited tones of the Exchange "Erie is going to ninety; *Garsden says so!*" "Northwestern is going to 150; *Garsden says so!*" On this occasion Garsden looked round with great self-complacency and remarked, "follow me boys and I'll make a million for each of you."

He began purchasing with more than usual boldness,

and others followed, so that stocks at once advanced. Many thought that there must be a corner in any thing that Garsden took hold of, and hence his every movement was watched. Men, indeed, have been known to solicit him to keep a stock up by simply bidding on it; he has been implored to save parties from ruin by preventing a fall, and at one time an enormous sum was paid him to keep a specified stock from a decline.

All of these requests he complied with as far as possible, and thus the former "gutter snipe" and "curbstone man" was transformed into the king of the stock board. It was observed, however, that the immense pressure thus placed upon him had wrought his system to an extreme nervous intensity, and many of his movements exhibited an eccentricity which some would have taken for the vagaries of approaching madness.

This was proven by some operations of which I can only speak with brevity, and from which I now turn away with that repulsion which is inseparable from misfortune. Garsden opened to me a series of stupendous schemes, which, as he said were not only to ensure a fortune greater than that of Vanderbilt, but to extend our fame throughout the financial world. It included the control of the trans-continental line, and then the building of a road to compete with one of the heaviest trunk lines in the country.

These stocks would, in his hands, become immensely valuable; he would hold them, retaining the presidency for himself and giving me the next office. When this should be done he purposed retiring from Wall street and leaving its mastery to the ambition of others. It was in vain that I dissuaded him from this operation. He had the secret and this was sufficient. There was a destiny in it, which he was sure to win.

All I had to do was to watch the result. Strange to say, I was at once fascinated with the colossal scheme and we worked together for several weeks in meetings held at night. My voyage was delayed and my poor wife protested in vain against my increased application to business. My health indeed was severely tried, and so was that of Garsden, but then the effort was but of a temporary character, and when it should be over we would have plenty of time for repose.

The scheme required a vast extent of outside influence. Two first-class lawyers were retained, whose frequent opinions were necessary to keep us within legal bounds. A half-dozen leading brokers were also employed to assist in floating the new stock, while an extraordinary range of advertising was a part of the system, and two leading dailies were subsidized to write the thing up in their money articles.

I will not go into details of this affair. It promised well for a time, but there were many who uttered doubts, and some of Garsden's friends shrugged their shoulders when it was discussed. At this time, also, dark clouds came suddenly and unexpectedly before us. Money became tight, and in a week a panic was threatened. This was indicated by a number of failures among business men who had gone into stock speculation.

XIII.

Among these was Barton, who a short time ago had boasted of the lucky hit he had made with his wife's money. He had been lured into some deep operations and had lost everything. Gumberly's paper also went to protest. A banker absconded soon afterward with \$50,000 of our funds, and we soon became short of money. What was to be done? Very naturally we acted like

mariners in a storm and threw overboard what was of least value. Garsden commenced selling Union Pacific bonds, and though the loss was heavy yet we could easily bear it.

Such movements, however, must be kept secret and this, as all know, is exceedingly difficult. It became whispered round that "Garsden was short and was sacrificing bonds at a tremendous loss." This report had a still more depressing effect. Then came the failure of the great banking house of —— & Co., which had been reckoned worth millions, and which owed us six hundred thousand dollars. We smiled, at least Garsden did, when the news came, and he said to economize he would stop his cigar bill (he never smoked).

I could not smile, for a consciousness of some immense and fatal blunder depressed me. I felt satisfied that the secret had not been conveyed on that anniversary night — that some misunderstanding had occurred by means of which my partner was stripped of his power and was working confusedly in the dark. I craved an opportunity for explanation, but the immense pressure of our complications prevented my obtaining it.

At last, in a moment of desperation, I followed Garsden into the private office and closing the door drew a chair toward him and we sat face to face. A strange nervous twitching was apparent in his features, and a glare in his eye bade me fear that I was dealing with a madman.

"Garsden," said I in a manner as calm as possible; "it is time that we had an explanation — a mutual understanding — of our affairs. I hear of mysterious movements on your part, and I desire to know how far I am complicated in them."

"Young man," he replied, "I am glad you have opened this question for I had long wanted such an interview.

Understand then, for now we must face the worst — that we are bankrupt!”

“Is it possible?”

“Yes, very possible!”

“My God!”

“Don’t begin calling on God when you have so long had dealings with the devil!”

“What do you mean, sir?”

“I mean what I say — do you not know that all this stock board are followers of Satan and are in his service? You entered it with your eyes open and need not beg off at consequences.”

“But did you not renew the secret?”

“Young man, that night was the secret of ruin instead of success. I knew it not then, but I have learned it since. What was told me there was not in truth but in deception. Truth, first and then a lie — ha! ha! Different from mankind. They lie *always*.”

“Garsden,” I shouted, “are you deranged?”

“Enough to murder and escape hanging,” he replied with another maniac laugh and at the same time drawing a revolver.

“Young man,” said he “I can only retrieve my fortune in one way, and that is to send some one to join the midnight march. You are a Wall street man and hence will not object, I presume, to take a place with the ancient worthies of the stock board.”

He spoke this in a manner peculiarly taunting and yet hesitated to fire, while I gazed sternly into his countenance, knowing that this was my only chance of checking his frenzy.

“Fire, then,” said I, “if you will. You have robbed me of my business and my happiness, and now you may take my life, since it is no more of worth!”

“Yes, it is of worth!” shrieked a voice, and a form burst into the office, darted between us and fell at my feet. It was Ruth, my devoted wife, who had been alarmed at my conduct and had come down to relieve my anxiety. The lunatic fired as she entered, and the ball took effect in her arm. As she fell he turned the weapon upon himself with better aim, and the next bullet entered his brain.

* * * * *

“Come, Barclay, tea is ready — though I hope I have not spoiled your nap.”

It was the voice of Ruth which brought me to my senses, and I found myself sitting in the rocker with the evening paper, which I had been reading, fallen on the floor by my side.

“Where’s Garsden,” I exclaimed, “and where are all our stocks?”

“Stocks again, my dear? That was the last word you spoke before you went to sleep. Have you not been dreaming?”

“And the midnight march, and the secret and all that?”

“Come, you have need of something to quiet your nerves.”

“Thank God then it is! *It is* a dream!”

And it checked at once all my aspirations after Wall street. Let me remain the plodding West street man rather than tempt the dangers of the stock market,

RELIGIOUS.

Reader, I have now a few thoughts of a much more important character, having kept the best wine until the last. Here, for instance, is an attempt to explain our Saviour's words to his mother at Cana. "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come."

Many interpretations have been given of this utterance, and Matthew Henry says, in his Commentary: "He reprimanded her," and adds, "as many as Christ loves he rebukes and chastens." Henry also says that "it was intended to be a check to His mother for interposing in a matter which was the act of His divine power," and he adds that, "she accepted the rebuke submissively."

Dodridge implicitly follows Henry, and gives the following comment in his Expositor:

It seems to have been intended as a rebuke to Mary and it was surely expedient that she should know that Jesus was not upon such an occasion to be directed by her.

This has been the general view held by the crowd of commentators who so commonly follow in the same track — but I am led to believe that the passage has another and a far better meaning.

A SUGGESTION.

I would suggest that our Saviour's words on this occasion were a farewell to His mother, accompanied by the announcement that their relation as parent and son was severed, but would be renewed when *His hour should come*. This leads to the inquiry what the latter means. Matthew Henry, in order to sustain his theory, says:

For everything Christ had His hour, the fixed and the fittest time, which was punctually observed. First, My hour for work-

ing miracles is not yet come. Yet He wrought this before the hour because it would confirm the faith of His infant disciples. Secondly, Mine hour for working miracles openly is not yet come.

Reader, I object in the most decided manner to this explanation, for our Saviour always spoke of His "hour" as the time of His death, as is said in John 7: 30, "His hour was not yet come;" also John 13: 1, "Jesus knew that His hour was come." In his Sacerdotal prayer (as it is called) our Saviour says, "Father the hour is come, glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee." John 17: 1.

Taking this view of the subject, I next call attention to the fact there is no mention of our Saviour's holding any conversation with His mother or recognizing her in any manner after the scene at Cana. True, it is said in the latter part of the same chapter, that He left Cana in company with her and with His brethren and His disciples — but it is to be noticed they do not go to Nazareth together. Home life is ended. Later on, however, He is mentioned as revisiting Nazareth, but nothing is said of His meeting His mother.

In the same connection we have that impressive reply when He was told.

Behold, Thy mother and Thy brethren standing without desiring to speak with Thee. But He answered and said unto him that told him who is My mother? and who are My brethren?

RE-UNION AT THE CROSS.

In the above reply and in the words that follow we have a clear severance from all ties of kin. This is strictly maintained until the crucifixion, where we find the following statement which adds a deeper pathos to the awful scene:

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother and His mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw His mother and the disciple standing

by, whom He loved, He said unto His mother: Woman behold thy son; then said He to the disciple, Behold thy mother. John 19: 25.

Here we find our Saviour speaking to His mother for the first time on record since the miracle at Cana; there his utterance is "Woman what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come!" — here it is "woman behold thy son" — this being a full recognition of His own filial duty which was committed to the beloved disciple. These two scenes therefore are the farewell and the re-union of the Saviour and His mother — the one at the beginning and the other at the close of His life of combined power, humiliation, suffering and triumph.

DAVID AND UZZA.

The death of Uzza is one of the most familiar episodes in Old Testament history, and the lesson which it is commonly supposed to afford will readily occur to the reader. How often indeed has the example of Uzza's impiety in upholding the ark and the fate that followed been impressed upon the Bible student. I have however, of late been led to a very different conclusion, and it now seems to me that the death of Uzza was a blow inflicted on David who, like other military leaders, is made to suffer through the loss of his men. I am indeed inclined to believe that a better explanation of this whole affair can be given in the following manner.

It is evident that David like other military men, was fond of martial display — a proof of which is found in the grand parade described in I Chronicles, chapter 12. This occurred at the time when he obtained the complete mastery of the kingdom, on which occasion each tribe was represented by an imposing array of its troops. The scene is given in the same chapter beginning at the verse 23.

And these are the numbers of the bands that were ready armed to the war and came to David to Hebron, to turn the kingdom of Saul to him according to the word of the Lord.

The children of Judah that bare shield and spear were six thousand eight hundred, ready armed to the war.

Of the children of Simeon, mighty men of valor for the war, seven thousand one hundred.

Of the children of Levi, four thousand and six hundred.

And Jehoiada was the leader of the Aaronites and with him were three thousand and seven hundred.

And Zadok, a young man mighty of valor and of his father's house, twenty and two captains.

And of the children of Benjamin, the kindred of Saul, three thousand.

And of the children of Ephraim twenty thousand and eight hundred, mighty men of valor, famous throughout the house of their fathers.

And of the half tribe of Manasseh eighteen thousand, which were expressed by name to come and make David king.

And of the children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do; the heads of them were two hundred, and all their brethren were at their commandment.

Of Zebulun, such as went forth to battle, expert in war with all instruments of war, fifty thousand which could keep rank: that were not of double heart.

And of Naphtali, a thousand captains, and with them with shield and spear thirty and seven thousand.

And the Danites, expert in war, twenty and eight thousand and six hundred.

And of Asher such as went forth to battle, expert in war, forty thousand.

And of the other side of Jordan, of the Reubenites and the Gadites and the half tribe of Manasseh, with all manner of instruments of war for the battle, one hundred and twenty thousand.

All these men of war that could keep rank, came with a perfect heart to Hebron to make David king.

The reader will naturally observe the military character of this vast movement since it is so often said that they were "armed and could keep rank." The aggregate number in the parade is 300,822, and it is also plainly stated that there were others whose numbers were omitted.

DAVID GLORIFIES HIMSELF.

It seems to me that David was so delighted with this brilliant display that he craved a repetition and took oc-

casion of the transportation of the ark for this purpose. In common parlance he "tooled in" the most sacred object for the glory of himself. The inception — the council with which he began — shows that it was to be a military parade, as is said in I Chronicles, chapter 13.

And David consulted with the captains of thousands and hundreds, and with every leader.

And David said unto all the congregation of Israel, if it seem good to you, and that it be of the Lord our God, let us send abroad unto our brethren every where, that are left in all the land of Israel, and with them also to the priests and Levites which are in their cities and suburbs, that they may gather themselves to us.

And let us bring again the ark of our God to us, for we inquired not at it in the days of Saul.

And all the congregation said they would do so: for the thing was right in the eyes of all the people.

So David gathered all Israel together from Shihor of Egypt, even unto the entering of Hemath, to bring the ark of God from Kirjath-jearim.

It is evident that the dignity of the ark was subordinate to David's desire for a grand parade, and perhaps Uzza, though a Levite, imitated the ambitious disposition of his master, and was inflated by his distinction. The whole occasion seems imbued with pride, of which no doubt Uzza had a full share, and hence irreverently handled the symbol of God's presence. The sin was in that frame of mind which led to the act, and which was punished by death — but as I have said the severest blow was against David, who was deeply distressed. The grand parade was a failure, and ended in a funeral, while the vast array went home disappointed, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, instead of receiving the ark with all the concomitants of over-vaulting pride, were humbled to learn that the sacred symbol had been deposited in the dwelling of a private citizen.

Death, and delay and humiliation were therefore the result of this attempt to use the ark to the glory of

David, and it is to be especially noticed that David does not censure Uzza. He evidently saw that the fault was his own.

HIS CONFESSION.

That this view is correct seems the more evident from the confession of David in chapter 15 of the same book. Here his second effort is fully described, and one cannot but notice the change in the spirit of the occasion. He assembles the priests and the Levites, but entirely omits the military, and the effort became one of solely religious character. David also confesses his error in verses 12 and 13, the italics being my own:

And David called for Zadok and Abiathar the priests, and for the Levites, for Uriel, Asaiah and Joel and Eliel, and he said unto them, ye are the chief of the fathers of the Levites; sanctify yourselves, both ye and your brethren, that ye may bring up the ark of the Lord God of Israel unto the place that I have prepared for it. For because ye did it not at the first, the Lord our God made a breach *upon us* for that we sought Him not in due order.

Here we see that David acknowledges that the breach was not on Uzza alone, but was "*upon us*" as "a punishment for lack of due order." The latter indeed was violated when David set himself first. His pride naturally led to sacrilege, and the obvious lesson is that it is flagrant sin to make religion subserve the pride and ambition of man, and that deeds of even apparent piety are offensive to God, if performed for human glory. If the reader will examine the chapter referred to (I Chronicles, 15), he will see that it is entirely, with the exception of one verse, devoted to the transportation of the ark in the most religious manner.

A BESETTING SIN.

That this craving for his own glory was one of David's besetting sins, was shown a few years afterward when he ordered the numbering of Israel. The master of the cen-

sus saw clearly David's motive, and therefore protested against the order — as it is said “the king's word was abomination to Joab.” The result was not merely the death of one man, as in the case of Uzza, but in the loss of a vast multitude. Not that the census was in itself wrong, for one had been divinely ordered many years previously (*vide* Numbers), but in this instance it arose from an improper motive, and the same statement applies to the removal of the ark. God thus shows how severely he will punish human pride, and no doubt could history be read under a similar illumination, we should behold many other fearfully impressive illustrations of the same truth.

Reader, I regret that I have not space for additional Bible readings, and I desire to say that I always return from my ramblings in general literature to the sacred volume with increased love of its truths and a higher sense of their importance — so much so indeed that I can readily feel the force of Scott's words to Lockhart, there is but one book — the Bible.

APPENDIX.

THE FORGED LETTERS OF WASHINGTON.

In commenting on this bold and malignant fraud, I begin with the following extract from Irving's *Life of Washington*, volume 3, page 359 :

Among the various insidious artifices resorted to, about this time (1778) to injure the character of Washington, and destroy public confidence in his sincerity, was the publication of a series of letters purporting to be from him to some members of his family, and to his agent, Mr. Lund Washington, which, if genuine, would prove him to be hollow-hearted and faithless to the cause he was pretending to uphold.

They had appeared in England in a pamphlet form, as if printed from originals and drafts found in possession of a black servant of Washington, who had been left behind ill, at Fort Lee, when it was evacuated. They had recently been reprinted at New York in Rivington's *Royal Gazette*, the first letter making its appearance on the 14th of February, 1778. It had also been printed at New York in a handbill and extracts published in a Philadelphia paper.

Washington took no public notice of this publication at the time, but in private correspondence with his friends, he observes: "These letters are written with a great deal of art. The intermixture of so many family circumstances (which by the by, want foundation in truth), gives an air of plausibility which renders the villainy greater; as the whole is a contrivance to answer the most diabolical purpose.

"Who the author of them is, I know not. The design of his labors is as clear as the sun in its meridian brightness.

"They were written to show that I was an enemy to independence, and with a view to create distrust and jealousy. It is no easy matter to decide whether the villainy or the artifice of these letters is greatest."

RIDICULOUS EXPLANATION.

The author of these letters says in his preface that they were found in a small portmanteau left by Washington

at Fort Lee when he began his retreat through New Jersey, and are evidently the first draughts of correspondence with his relations at home. He adds, "I have shown them to several of my friends, who *agree with me that he is a very different character from what they had supposed him.*" He also says, "They contain also as you will find a deal of information not to be had anywhere else."

This explanation is one often used by authors of fiction and bears at once the stamp of fraud. The first is dated June 12, 1776, and in making extracts I have italicised some of the more striking passages.

DEAR LUND. — Though I wrote to you but a very few days ago, and have nothing new of much moment to communicate, I cannot deny myself the comfort of unburthening my mind to you, whenever I have a little leisure, amid the thousand anxieties and disquietudes that almost distract me. I know the goodness of your heart, and that you attend to me with indulgence and sympathy, though it be not in your power any otherwise to afford me relief.

There cannot in the nature of things, be a situation, so truly irksome to an ingenious mind, as the being perpetually obliged to *act a part* foreign to our true feelings; yet this alas! as you know *is and must be my lot. I wear a countenance dressed in the calm serenity of perfect confidence, whilst my heart is corroded with infinite apprehension,* and I have no bosom friend near me to whom I dare lay it open.

Tell me, Lund, for you have long been privy to my most secret thoughts — trusting to thy native candor, I have never hesitated to lay my heart bare and open to thy inspection; tell me then am I, do you think, more subject to fears than other men? *For I will not conceal it from you, that at this moment I feel myself a very coward.* Do not mistake me; I thank my God I have never yet known what it was to fear any personal danger that might befall me. I am not afraid to die, why should I? *I am afraid only to die with infamy and disgrace.* And, if I am afraid to die, need I tell you that *I am ten thousand times more afraid to live, like Lucifer, a fallen angel.*

No, Lund, that were too much; betide what will, I cannot and will not survive either my misfortunes or my disgraces. Heaven knows how truly I love my country, and that I embarked in this arduous enterprise on the purest motives. *But we have overshot our mark; we have grasped at things beyond our reach; it is impossible we should succeed; and I cannot with truth say that I am sorry for it; because I am far from being sure that we deserve to succeed.*

* * * * *
Our want of skill, our want of ammunition, in short, our want of every thing which an army ought to have, are all no doubt exceedingly against us; but they are nothing to our want of virtue.

Unused to the many arts and devices by which designing men carry their points, I unwillingly listened to my own apprehensions, when early in the first Congress, I thought I saw a tendency to measures which I never could approve of.

* * * * *
 At length, however, when a continental army came to be voted for, *my fears returned with redoubled force*, for then, for the first time, I clearly saw our aims reached farther than we cared to avow. *It was carried with a unanimity that really astonished me; because I knew many who voted for it were as adverse to the independence of America as I was.* And they even ridiculed me for my apprehensions on that account. * * * *We set out with bad omens; I was mistrusted of them (the army) in every thing; and they were taught to look upon me with jealousy. This soon manifested itself in forming them to any thing like decent discipline.*

But I have long ago pestered you more than enough with complaints on this head. I knew not, however, certainly, *that I had been appointed to this high station, only to be disgraced and ruined, till about the middle and latter end of last February.*

* * * * *
 After all this you will again, I doubt not, as you often have, ask me why I continue in a situation so disagreeable to me. I wish you had foreborne this question, the truth being that I neither am able nor very willing to answer it. My resolution to hold it out as long as I can is dictated by my feelings, *which I neither can describe to you nor wholly justify on paper; but which, however, I find it impossible for me to disregard.*

The eyes of all America, perhaps of Europe, of the world, are fixed on me. It has been our policy (and at the time I thought it well founded) *to hold our false lights to the world.* There are not a hundred men in America that know our situation; three-fourths of the Congress itself are ignorant of it; yourself excepted, there lives not a man at all acquainted with my peculiar circumstances.

The world looks upon us as in possession of an army all animated with the pure flame of liberty, and determined to die rather than not be free. * * * *But you know how remote, in my judgment, all this is from the truth; though I am not sure that there is another man in the army, besides myself, that thinks so. I should guess, however, that there are many. But tied up as my own mouth is, it is little to be wondered at that theirs are so too, at least to me.*

Thus circumstanced, can you point out a way in which *it is possible for me to resign*, just now as it were, on the eve of action, without the imputation of cowardice? There is no such way.

* * * *If it be the will of God, that America should be independent of Great Britain, and that this be the season for it,*

even I and these unhopeful men around may not be thought unworthy instruments in His hands. And should we succeed, we are heroes, and immortalized beyond even those of former times. Whereas disgrace only, and intolerable infamy awaits our retreat.

In this persuasion, I resolve to go on, contented with the glorious King William, to save my country, or die in the last ditch.

I am, my dear Lund,

Your faithful friend and servant,

G. W.

The evident purpose of the writer was to show that Washington was only playing the part of a patriotic hero while really he was in doubt and fear, and was convinced that the colonies had asked too much and did not deserve success. The reader will notice the reference to lack of skill and also of ammunition, and the allusion to his appointment to the chief command only to be ruined; also the confession that America was holding out false lights to the world. The effect of such admissions on the British public in sustaining the government in its attempt to crush the rebellion cannot be over estimated.

CUSTIS NEXT.

The next forgery is directed to John Parke Custis (son of Mrs. Washington), who is thus addressed :

MY VERY DEAR JACK.— You have exceedingly obliged me by your letter, which I received by yesterday's post. * * * Your ardour is commendable, and far be it from me to discourage in you a spirit I so much love. * * *

You have set your heart, you tell me, on a military employment. This is the usual bent of young men; and as it was my own, it will be *with an ill grace, that I reprehend it in you.* But, *with the experience that I have had of it,* I should be wanting in that love and esteem I owe you, should I hesitate to tell you that, as your father, there is not a profession *you could have chosen in which I should not more cordially have concurred with you.* Yet, I love arms. I am married to my sword, as well as to your amiable mother; and herein is my witness, that I am in earnest when I say, death alone shall divorce me from either.

I am not so blindly devoted, however, to my profession, as not to see *by how frail a tenure I hold the little reputation I have in it.*
* * * * *

Your observations on this important contest are just and accu-

rate, and discover a reach of thought and a penetration beyond what I had expected of you. What you say on the subject of independency is perfectly judicious, and no doubt highly worthy of all our most serious consideration.

Yet I have a presentiment, that it will take place, and speedily. Open and unreserved as my conduct toward you has ever been, I have no reluctance to confess to you that the *measure is diametrically opposite to my judgment; for I have not yet despaired of an honorable reconciliation; and whilst I can entertain but an hope of that, both interest and inclination lead me to prefer it to every thing else upon earth.*

As in bargaining, to obtain a fair and equal price you must frequently ask more than you wish to take. *I do not really wish for independence. I hope there are few who do.* I have never heard the reasonings of those, who have proved that if we did not declare for it we should fail to obtain the constitutional subordination to which we are entitled, fairly refuted. I would not have you therefore hastily conclude that if, in this struggle, we fall short of every thing we have claimed, we are worsted; *perhaps the very worst thing that could befall us is that we should gain all.* I do assure you that, in my opinion, the next misfortune to that of being thrust from our just rank in the order of freemen, *would be the giving us up, and leaving us to ourselves.* But this Great Britain will never do voluntarily; for, if even she does, whatever may become of us, from that moment she may date the commencement of her own downfall. * * * Continue to write to me frequently, freely and fully, the hearing of my dearest friends and family's welfare being the only true happiness I have any chance to enjoy amidst the perpetual hurry in which I live.

I am, my dear Jack,

Your very affectionate friend and father,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

June 18, 1776.

The reader will see in the above Washington's alleged hope of reconciliation, and his lack of desire for independence; also the suggestion that their success in this point might prove the greatest misfortune, added to which is the idea that for Great Britain to acknowledge our independence would be the beginning of her own downfall. This is an ingenious and tremendous prophetic warning. Next comes Lund again, and the reader will notice the reference to *doctor*, now *Brigadier-General*, Mercer, this being intended to ridicule the manner in which generals were made.

NEW YORK, *July the 8, 1776.*

TO MR. LUND WASHINGTON, a Mount Vernon:

DEAR LUND.—We are still going on with all imaginable briskness and success with our works. * * * If, in every thing else, we could but come up to our exertions in these fortifications, I should hardly know how to doubt the judgment of those who think that we may bid defiance to the world. But I know not how it is. *I am diffident of every thing.* Whilst almost every body else seems to have persuaded themselves that we have nothing to fear, I, alone, torment myself with thinking that *every thing is against us.* Even from these very words which have inspired us with such confidence, *I anticipate only misfortune and disgrace.*

* * * * *

Doctor, now Brigadier-General, Mercer is here, and is a great comfort to me. *Like myself, he wants experience,* but he is very shrewd and sensible. * * * Let us, since war must be our lot, distinguish ourselves as freemen should, in fields of blood, still remembering, however, that we fight not for conquest, but for liberty.

I am, with the truest esteem, dear Lund,

Your faithful friend and servant,

G. W.

NEW YORK, *July 16, 1776.*

TO MR. LUND WASHINGTON:

DEAR LUND.—How cruelly are all my hopes in one sad moment blasted and destroyed! I am positively ordered to wait for the enemy in our lines; and lest I should be mad enough not to obey their mandates, not a *single tittle of any thing I had asked for is granted.* Thus has a second opportunity of rendering *my country an essential service, in the way of my profession, been unwisely, and in the most mortifying manner, denied me.* I profess I hardly know how to bear it. * * * *Managed as matters are, we neither are, nor ever shall be, a military people,* and yet in the train in which things are now put, unless we are, it were *idiotism to hope for either freedom or independence.*

I remember well, in a conversation I once had with a friend (now most unjustly, as well as unwisely, driven from his friends and his home), on the subject of monarchies and republics. He objected to the unavoidable slowness and dilatoriness of the executive power in the *latter.* Aiming to answer him in his own way, I replied that popular councils were slow, they yet were sure, and that *in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.*

His answer was prophetic. If ever (he said) we of these countries should rashly put these things to the proof it would be found, that, however, true this adage might be in the *cabinet,* it was not so in the *field.* *Convinced by melancholy experience, that this is the case, and that without some different system, we shall but expose ourselves to contempt and ruin,* I resolved this evening honestly and openly to say so to the Congress.

I will go farther; and add, that if they cannot in fact, as well as in appearance, trust me with the uncontrolled command of their armies, *I will no longer be their puppet. Why should I? it being now morally certain that by going on as we have hitherto done, I can neither bring honor nor profit to them, and yet am sure to lose all the little of either which I have or might have possessed.*

I want words to express to you what I have felt, and still do feel on this disappointment of all my hopes. I had allowed myself to build too much on my scheme, and I seem to be in the situation of one who should be allowed to *rise, on purpose only to be thrown down.* The enemy, in the midst of *all our blunderings,* must despise us; and did not shame or some better principle restrain them, I should be but little surprised to find General Howe even with his present little handful attacking us, yes, *attacking us in our entrenchments.*

What shall I do? *To retreat is to entail on myself the curses of every public man in my country, and to go on is certain ruin and disgrace.* Were the world to know only my true history on this trying occasion, I persuade myself, all the candid and considerate in it would acquit me of blame. But this the world can know only by my resolving to tell a tale, which considering the rank I now hold in it, must involve my country in such internal broils and quarrels, as must be fatal to the glorious cause in which we have embarked. And this I trust I shall have the virtue never to do, be my private wrongs and sufferings ever so great.

I have finished my letter to the Congress, to whom I have at length spoken in a more *peremptory tone* than I fancy they have been used to. It was absolutely necessary, and I should ill deserve their confidence, if through any mistaken complaisance or diffidence, I hesitated to point out to them the mischievous consequences of their interference. * * *

'Tis all fearful expectation. Every man I see seems to be employed in preparing himself for the momentous recontre which every man persuades himself must shortly come on. There is an ostensible eagerness and impetuosity amongst us, I could willingly have excused. I should have been better *pleased with that steady composure which distinguishes veterans.* * * *

I can as yet, give no guess, where or when they (the British) will approach us. I conclude, however, that they will hardly stir till they are joined by all the men they expect. Desponding as I am, I wish they were arrived, and that, at this moment they were in a condition to attack us. They may gain by procrastination, but we are sure to lose.

* * * * *

I am, my dear Lund,

Yours most affectionately,

G. W.

The reader will notice Washington's confession that he lacks experience, but what is still more important the re-

fusal of Congress to grant him the smallest request, thus showing their lack of confidence in their chosen leader. Then he also admits the idiotism of hoping for either freedom or independence, and he determines to be no longer the puppet of Congress. What a confession of blunderings is added to this miserable picture which is so well calculated to convince the British that the rebellion could easily be suppressed. Here is another :

NEW YORK, July 15, 1776.

TO MR. LUND WASHINGTON :

DEAR LUND. — Last Friday the British fleet was seen off Staten Island, they have since been employed, uninterruptedly by us, in debarking their men, stores, etc., and as they must now, I should imagine, be pretty nearly as strong as they expect to be this campaign, no doubt we shall soon hear of their motions, I have reason to believe their first essay will not be on this, but on Long Island; *where injudiciously, I think, we also are, or soon shall be in force.* Yet if we do but act our parts, as becomes us, be the issue as it may, we shall at least give them no pleasing earnest of what they have to expect in the course of the war. *But there is no relying on any plan that is to be executed by raw men.*

You have heard much of the powers with which commissioners were to be invested for the purpose of settling this dispute. There are but two (the two Howes), and their powers are extremely vague and undefined. It is a pity, methinks, that Congress had not had better information on this subject; if they had, it is not to be presumed *they would not have precipitated the declaration of independence*, so as to preclude all possibility of negotiation. I may venture to whisper in your ear, that this excepted, I firmly believe that America might have carried *every other point.*

Whether in the present posture of affairs, it still be so, is another question; I can answer only for myself, that I would not even ask so much. Different men will judge differently with respect to this conduct, on the part of Great Britain; I own I am bewildered and puzzled to account for it. After such an astonishing experience as they have been at and with such *fair prospects as they have before them of being soon in a capacity to prescribe their own terms, it certainly is extraordinary to find them condescending to be friends with us, on conditions as mortifying and degrading to them, as they are flattering to us.* I can account for it but in one way. I really ascribe it to their magnanimity, that reconciled me to the measure of taking up arms. I see, however, the world around me viewing it in a different light; every concession is made to us, they attribute to timidity only, despondency. I own appearances make for this conjecture.

I have not adopted this opinion, that we might have peace with

Great Britain, on terms which would once have been thought most honourable, on slight grounds. Yesterday a letter was brought to me, making overtures for a negotiation from Lord Howe. I had expected it, and had my instructions. It was addressed to me, as I had foreseen, as in my private character only. On the ground of independency, if we chose to maintain it, this was not a mere matter of punctilio; it was the critical moment of trial, whether we would assert or recede from our *pretensions*.

* * * I confess to you, *I felt awkward upon* the occasion. The punctilio seemed (and it could not but seem) to be my own, and as such it looked, methought, *as though I were proud of my titles*. Put yourself in my place and see me *longing, as you know I do most earnestly, for peace*, yet turning my back on a gentleman, whom I had reason to consider as the harbinger of it, only because he asked for Mr. and not General Washington. How often it is my lot to find it my indispensable duty to *act a part contrary to both my own sentiments and inclinations!*

* * * * *

But I shall exhaust your patience, which I should not do, foreseeing, as I do, that I shall, hereafter, have occasion to put it to the trial.

I am with the truest regard,

Dear Lund, Yours, etc.,
G. W.

NEW YORK, July 22, 1776.

To Mr. LUND WASHINGTON:

I wish I could say I thoroughly approve of all the new regulations in the new institution of government in my native State. It could, however, hardly have been expected that a reformation so capital and comprehensive should be perfect at first; the wonder is, it is not still more exceptionable.

* * * * *

I gave this in answer to my friend Mr. Carter's objections to the first procedure of the new government. No doubt (Patrick) Henry is, in many respects, the unfittest man in the state for Governor of Virginia. *He has no property, no learning, but little good sense, and still less virtue or public spirit*; but he is the idol of the people; and as it is by their means only that you can hope to effect the grand schemes, which you have meditated: you must humor them, and indulge them with their rattle: they will soon tire of him; and the opportunity must then be watched gently to lead them to a better choice.

* * * * *

You would be mortified to hear the criticisms which are common here on Henry's inauguration speech. It is indeed a poor and pitiful performance; and yet I can believe that, set off by his smooth and oily delivery, it would appear clever when he spoke

it. Why did he not ask Mr. Page to prepare it for him? There is not a man in America more capable.

* * * * *

I am, etc.,
G. W.

In the above we have reference to Washington's refusal to accept a communication from the British commissioners, addressed to George Washington, Esq. To have done otherwise would have been surrendering all national claims, but in the above letter he is made to regret his determination. His fling at Patrick Henry would naturally show a division among the leaders.

June 24, 1776.

TO MRS. WASHINGTON:

* * * * *

I am far from sure that *that restless madman*, our quondam Governor (Henry), from the mere lust of doing mischief, will not soon betake himself to the carrying on of a predatory war in our rivers. And as Patomack will certainly be thought most favorable for his purposes, as affording him scope to keep without the reach of annoyance, I have little reason to flatter myself that it would not be particularly pleasing to him *to vent his spite at my house*. Let him; it would affect me only as it might affect you, and for this reason, among others, I wish you out of his reach. Yet I think I would not have you quit your house, professedly from an apprehension of a visit from him. An appearance of fearfulness and timidity, even in a woman of my family, might have a bad effect, but I must be something more or less than a man, not to wish you out of the way of danger, which, to say the least, must be disagreeable to you, and could do good to no one.

All this makes for your going to Philadelphia a place of perfect security, and it would almost be worth while to be innoculated if it were only for the fair pretense it furnishes you with of quitting Virginia, at a time when I could not but be exceedingly uneasy at your remaining in it.

I would have Lund Washington immediately remove all the unmarried and suspicious of the slaves to the quarters in Frederick. The harvesting must be got in by hirelings. Let him not keep any large stock of grain trod out, especially at the mill, or within the reach of water carriage, and in particular let as little as may be, be left at Clifton's. * * * All our preparations of war aim only at peace. Neither do I, at this moment, see the least likelihood of there *being any considerable military operations this season, and if not in this season, certainly in no other*. It is impossible to suppose that, in the leisure and quiet of winter quarters,

men will not have virtue to listen to the *dictates of plain common sense and sober reason*. *The only true interest of both sides is reconciliation.*

We must at last agree and be friends, for we cannot live without them, and they will not without us; and a bystander might well be puzzled to find out why as good terms cannot be given and taken *now* as when we shall have well nigh ruined each other by the mutual madness of cutting one another's throats.

Pity this (reconciliation) cannot be accomplished without fixing on *me that sad name, Rebel*. *I love my king, you know I do*; a soldier, a good man, cannot but love him. How peculiarly hard then is our fortune to be deemed *traitors to so good a king!* * * * You know how I am circumstanced; *hardly the promotion of a subaltern is left*. And free and independent as I am, I resolve to remain so. I owe the Congress no obligations for any personal favors done to myself, nor will I run in debt to them for favors to others. Besides, I am mortified to have to ask them what, in sound policy (if other motives had been wanting), they ought to have granted to me unasked.

I cannot describe to you the inconveniences this army suffers for want of this consequence being given to its commander-in-chief. But as these might be increased, were my peculiar situation in this respect generally known, I forbear, only enjoining you a cautious silence on this head.

Your most faithful and tender husband,
G. W.

In sending his wife such caution concerning a predatory war, Washington conveys the idea of internal faction, and this would also encourage the British. The orders that Lund remove the suspicious slaves, even if he had to hire others to do the harvesting, is also strongly suggestive of danger close at home; and then he again avows his desire for reconciliation. He even adds, "I love my king," and he objects to being called a traitor. Such a letter to his wife must have been very powerful when read in London, especially when placed in contrast with the tremendous indictment against the king in the Declaration of Independence.

ADDITIONAL HISTORY.

These letters were published in London, probably in 1776, but the first issue that can be found is in a pam-

phlet published by J. Bew, London, 1777. On the 14th February, 1778, Rivington began their publication in his *Gazette*, which continued until the whole series appeared. They were then copied by the *Royal Pennsylvania Gazette*, issued in Philadelphia by a Tory printer named Robertson, and, of course, had a tendency to discredit Washington's sincerity, but his denial was generally accepted. Eighteen years afterward (1796), when Washington (then president) was so virulently assailed, Rivington reprinted them; adding some genuine letters to fill out the volume, and, though he knew Washington's denial, he states in the preface that the letters are genuine — a bold and malignant lie, and this led to the following procedure, extracted from Irving's Washington :

On the morning of the 3d of March, the last day of his official career, Washington addressed a letter to the Secretary of State on the subject of the spurious letters, heretofore mentioned, first published by the British in 1776, and subsequently republished during his administration by some of his political enemies.

He had suffered every attack on his executive conduct to pass unnoticed while he remained in public life, but he conceived it a justice due to his character solemnly to pronounce those letters a base forgery, and he desired that the present letter (of denial) might be "deposited in the office of the Department of State," as a testimony to the truth, to the present generation and to posterity.

RIVINGTON THE MAN.

No other republication was made until Worthington Chauncey Ford, in 1889, issued a small edition, in quarto, giving an extended and valuable commentary, with some theories concerning the authorship. First was mentioned the London theory, that they were written by a young English clergyman who had passed some time in New York; Ford, however, justly dismisses the charge, and yet fails to fasten it upon any other person, though he states that Tilghman thought they were written by Jack Randolph.

I, however, suspect James Rivington, and I think the

proof is as conclusive as that which fastens the Junius letters on Sir Philip Francis.

Rivington's printing office had been destroyed by popular violence, and after the city had been captured by the British he went to London for another outfit. He probably took the letters with him, as they would assist his importance, especially as he had claims on the government for indemnity. They were really his capital. He could arrange for their publication in London, and their republication in New York followed as a matter of course.

HOW IT COULD BE DONE.

If this inquiry be raised, I reply by referring to my acquaintance with journalism. There are scores of clever men in the profession who from less data than were in Rivington's possession can manufacture just such deceptive letters. All that was required was to interview some person familiar with Mount Vernon, and there was probably more than one who would innocently reply to queries made under the garb of innocent curiosity.

Rivington was in the city during Washington's occupation, and may have talked with the negro Billy (who is mentioned in the preface), and with many of the Virginia troops.

It is very evident to my observation that the letters were the work of a printer, and a parallel instance is found in Franklin's imaginative description of the scalps taken by the Indians, which has been republished as history. Franklin wrote his harrowing picture to show the horrors of Indian warfare, and why should not another printer practice the same artifice to assist his own side?

OTHER PROOF.

This is found in Rivington's republication of the fraud.

He had not forgotten his bantling, and when Washington was under such a cruel attack it no doubt seemed a good time to add to the malignant crusade. The first issue of the fraud might have been extenuated as a military artifice, but their republication in book form showed long-cherished malice.

Rivington also prefaced these letters with the open assertion of their authenticity, after Washington had denied it. It seems like Rivington's cunning and mendacity all through the whole affair, but it proved as futile as it was malicious.

This last republication rendered him very unpopular. His paper failed and he died poor, in 1803, having lived to see the unutterable grief which convulsed the nation when the man whom he hated was laid to rest. There is a portrait of Rivington in the New York Historical Society, which also contains a file of his *Gazette*.



